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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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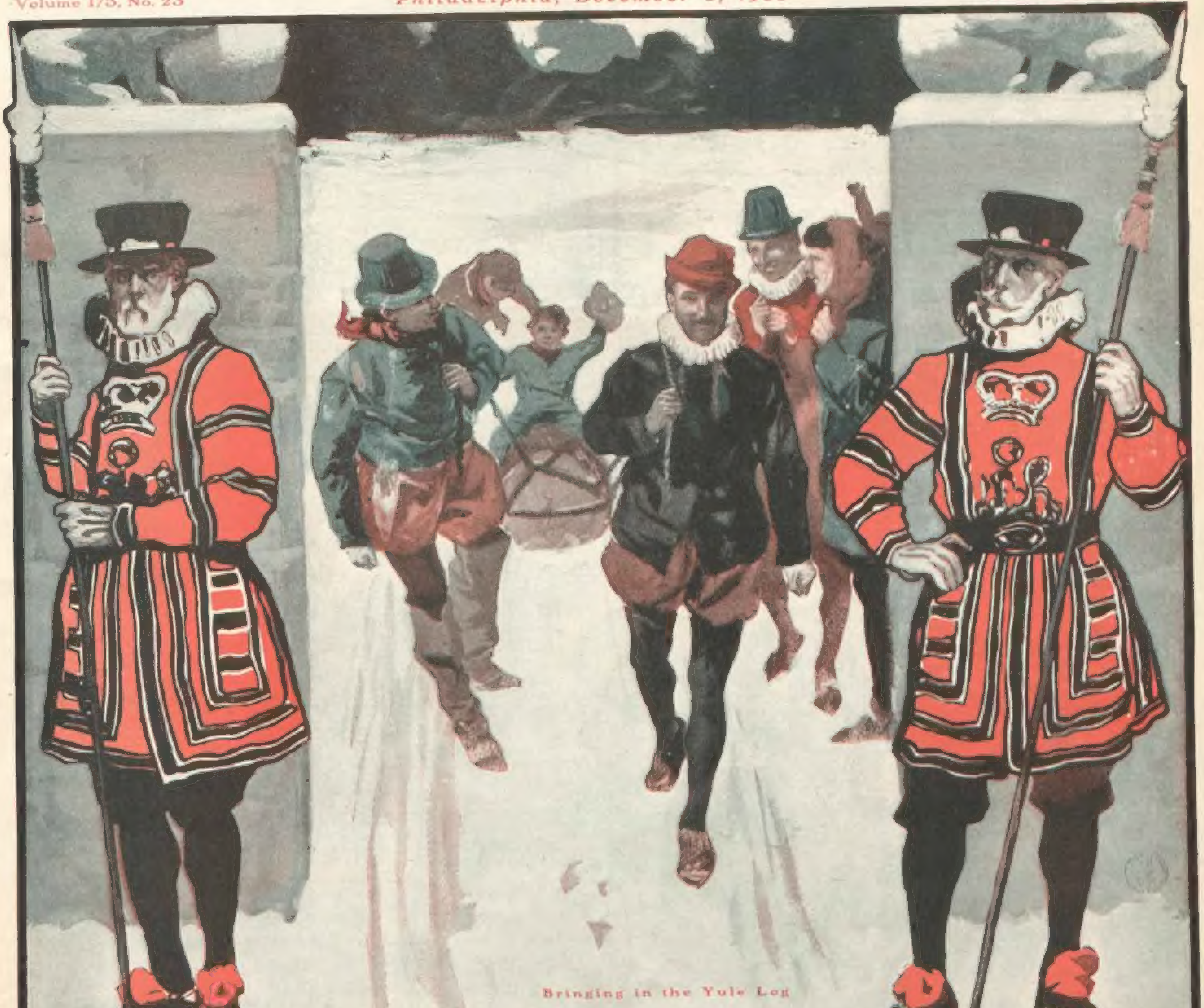

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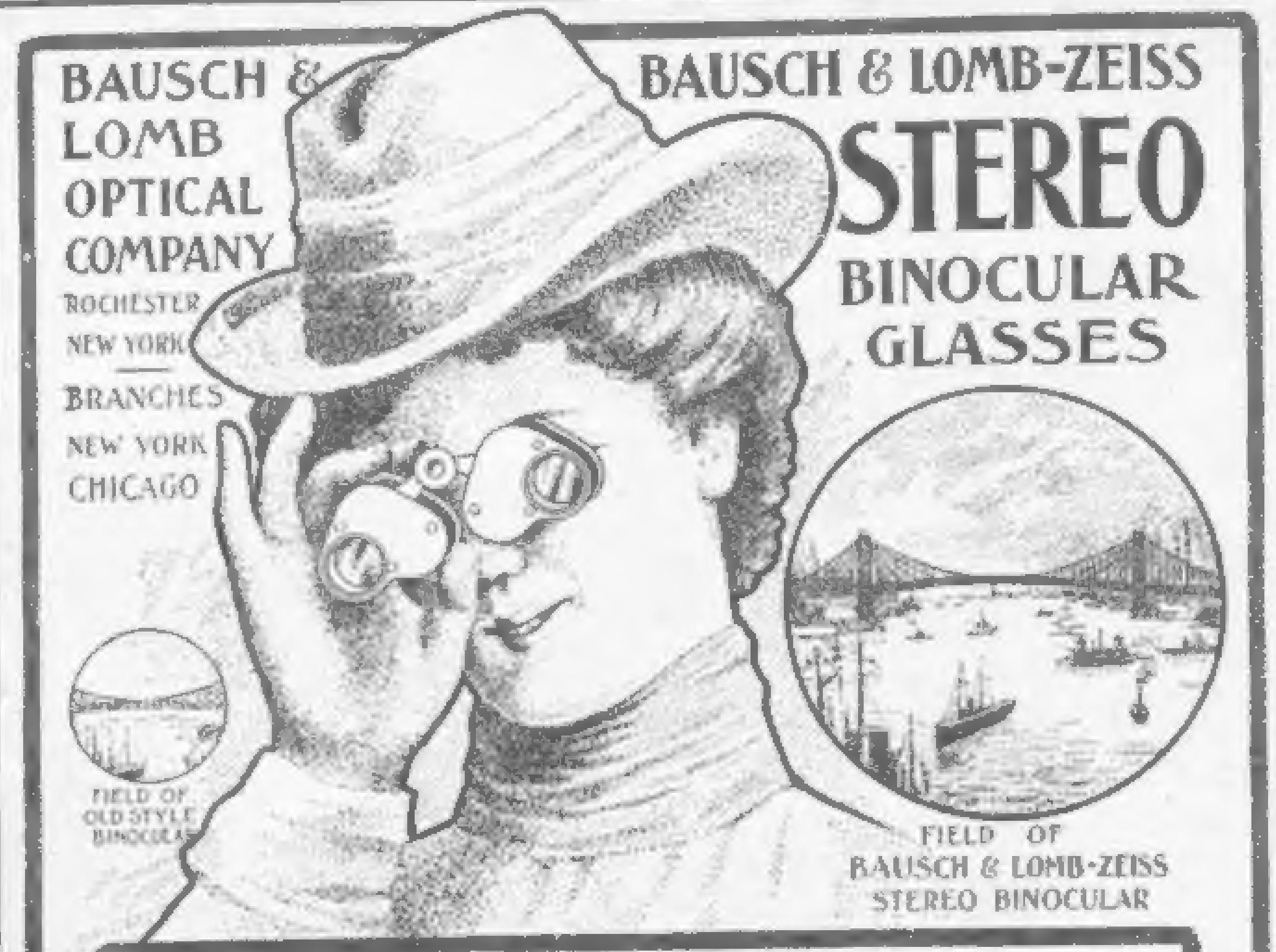

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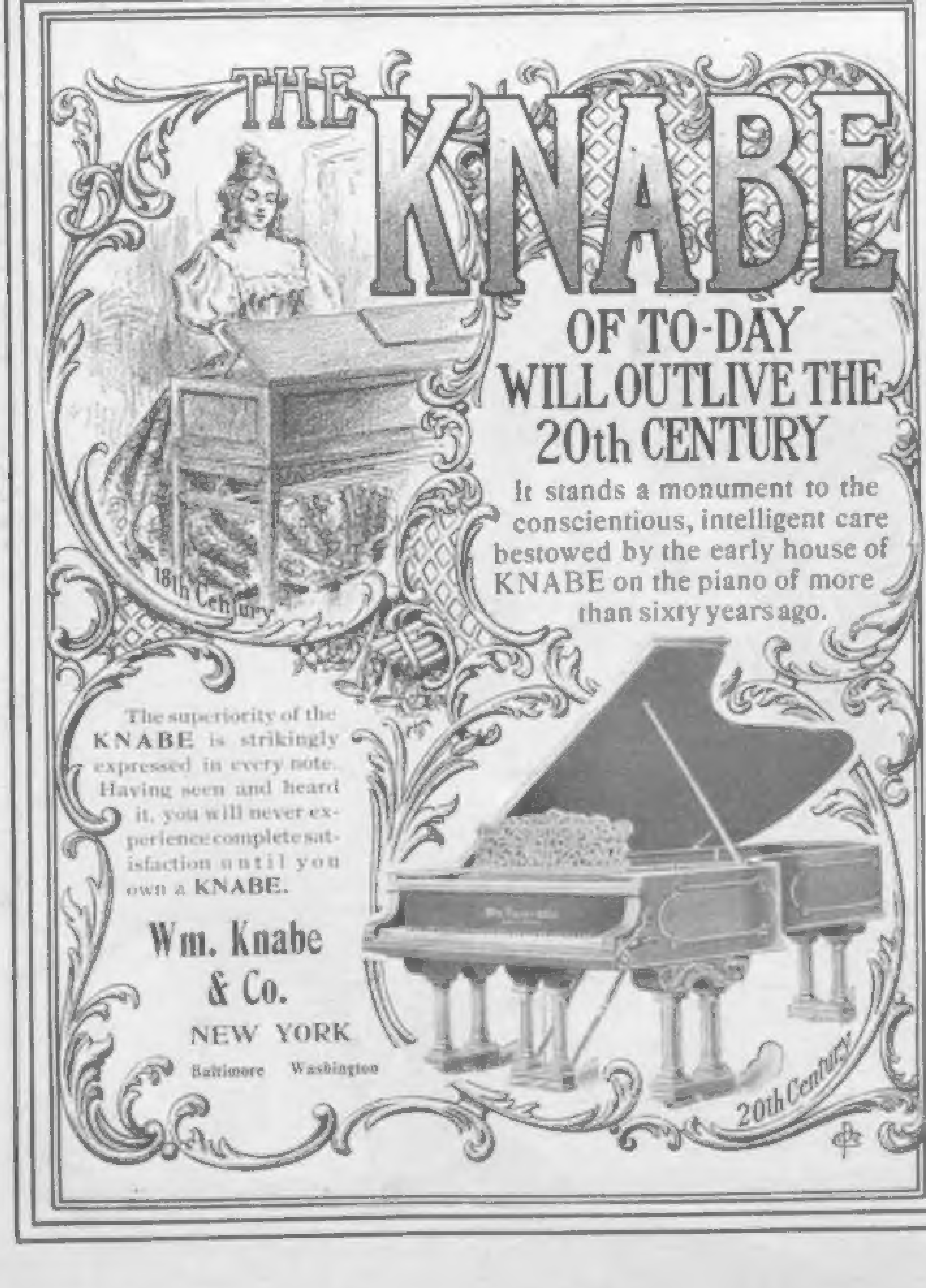

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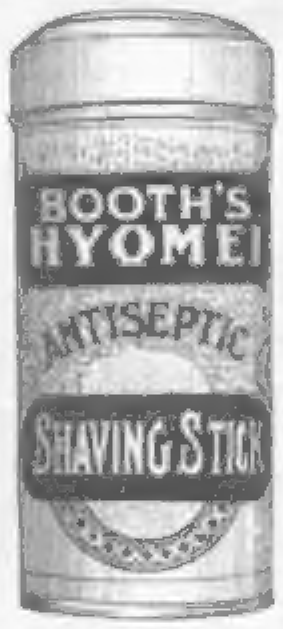

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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Man, be merie as bryd on berie,
and al thi care let away.

DECORATION BY FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

The singing of the waits

Little Miss Johns:

A Christmas Tale of North and South

By Joel Chandler Harris

I

YOU remember St. Ephrem? It is little to remember if you have gone much about the great world. Flavian Dion used to say it was well on the way to nowhere. But Flavian!—well, that man was always saying and doing queer things. On his wedding day he chucked his old *grand'mère* under the chin, saying, "Hello, sissy!" in the English. Think of that and judge whether such a man could have seriousness when he places St. Ephrem on the road to nowhere. It is not in the way of travel—that is true. But, living here always, suppose you were to go on a journey somewhere—to the fair at Montreal, or to the feast of Ste. Anne de Beaupré: it would be fine, certainly, for a little while, a day, perchance; but presently a longing would take hold of you, and you would be unhappy until you came again in sight of the shining spire of the little church at St. Ephrem—the little church that stands in one corner of the garden of the dead—and of the dark green river flowing gently along. Then and only then you would have the feeling of happiness and content; you would feel like shaking hands with every one you met, even sour old Grandet, who drove his daughter away from home.

But yes, it was here that Flavian Dion lived. His house is yonder—you go by the church, turn to the left and leave the village a little behind you. Oh, but he was queer, that Flavian! Of all who have lived here and gone away he is the only one who has never returned. But he has thought about it, he has tried to come—oh, you may depend upon that.

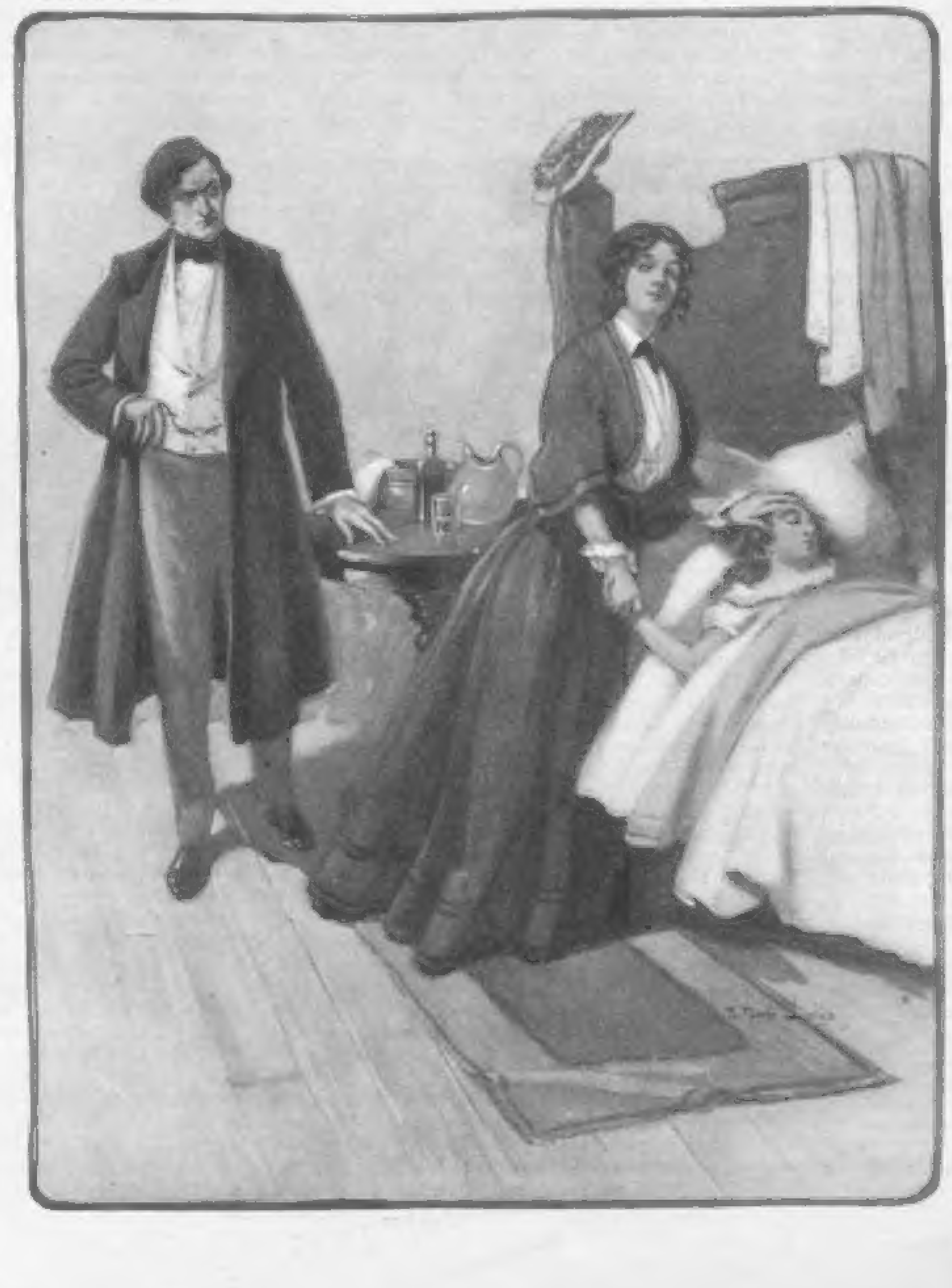
Flavian went away; he left his wife and child! Ah, but softly, madame! gently, m'sieu'! have no impatience. You know not the conditions. Flavian Dion was the artist born, having the gift from Heaven. From Heaven, you say? Well, let it be so. But among those who labor and toil with their hands for the bread they eat, there is the feeling that the artist, the poet, is both light-headed and lazy, having queer dreams and strange fancies. But yes; he is one possessed. With evil spirits? *Ciel!* Ask no questions, or be content with short answers. You may have your own opinions; but we—we who have no time for play; we who dig and plough, and toil and spin; we who sow or reap in weather fair or foul—depend upon it, we know the light-headed and flighty. Alas! none better.

Well, then, behold this Flavian Dion sitting at home while the sun is shining, playing his flute and his violin for himself, his little daughter, his dog and his pig—the daughter smiling with tears in her eyes, the dog whining, and the pig grunting with satisfaction; or worse still, pouring into their ears his droll tales of *le Loup Garrou*. Oh, fine! yes; and his poor wife toiling in the fields, or drudging in the house from sunrise to sunset and later.

That was the din raised about Flavian Dion's ears at home and abroad, and all over the village of St. Ephrem. And the good wife made matters worse by slapping the child, kicking the dog, beating the pig, scolding, fretting, worrying with every waking breath she drew. She had cause; but yes—great cause; for a hard-working woman, who knows that her goodman, for all his strength and gifts, is a good-for-nothing, is not to be loudly blamed for any lack of patience or any show of temper. Very well; but could Flavian Dion be blamed for the nature which the good God had given him? And had there not been days long ago—yes, and moonlit nights, for that matter—when Suzette Desmoulins had listened to Flavian's music as if it came from Heaven, and laughed at his drolleries until the tears ran down her cheeks?

Well, Heaven is over us all, and little enough do we know of its purposes. Working a little here and there, and idling a great deal, if the invention of heart-breaking melodies is to be called idling, Flavian Dion allowed the din about his ears to grow and increase until Zepherine, the daughter, was old enough to be placed in the school of the good Sisters of the Sacred Heart at St. Hyacinthe. Then, having no one to hearken to his flute or violin, or to laugh and cry by turns at beautiful stories, he took his flute and his fiddle, and his necessary belongings, and went singing along the road to the States. He disappeared and was swallowed and digested in the great maw of the outer world, which, like the sea, knowing neither hunger nor satiety, continues to engulf and overwhelm all who respond to its invitations. He disappeared and was not heard of again until long after Suzette, his wife, had been laid to rest in the little churchyard. Then, some wayfarer, returning home, reported that he had met the wanderer in New Orleans.

DRAWN BY A. MARTIN JUSTICE



"But, if I won't, what then ?"

It was queer, the neighbors thought, but after Flavian went away his wife was inconsolable. Her grief was genuine, too, for they do not play at make-believe in New France—they with the hard hands, the bent backs and the tanned faces. It was indeed true that Suzette was heart-broken. No other ever was or could be as handsome, as gentle and as kind as her Flavian now seemed to be in the light of her sorrow and remorse. Ah, if the good God would but lead her goodman home again, she would take vows of penitence, she would make any and all sacrifices, she would work her arms off to the shoulders, so that he might have time to compose his lovely music. Ah, just Heaven! she would sit and listen to his wonderful stories as in the old days, and never tire of them. She had no thought but of her Flavian, and with his name on her lips she died. It is pitiful; ah, yes! but, after all, life is life, and God is good.

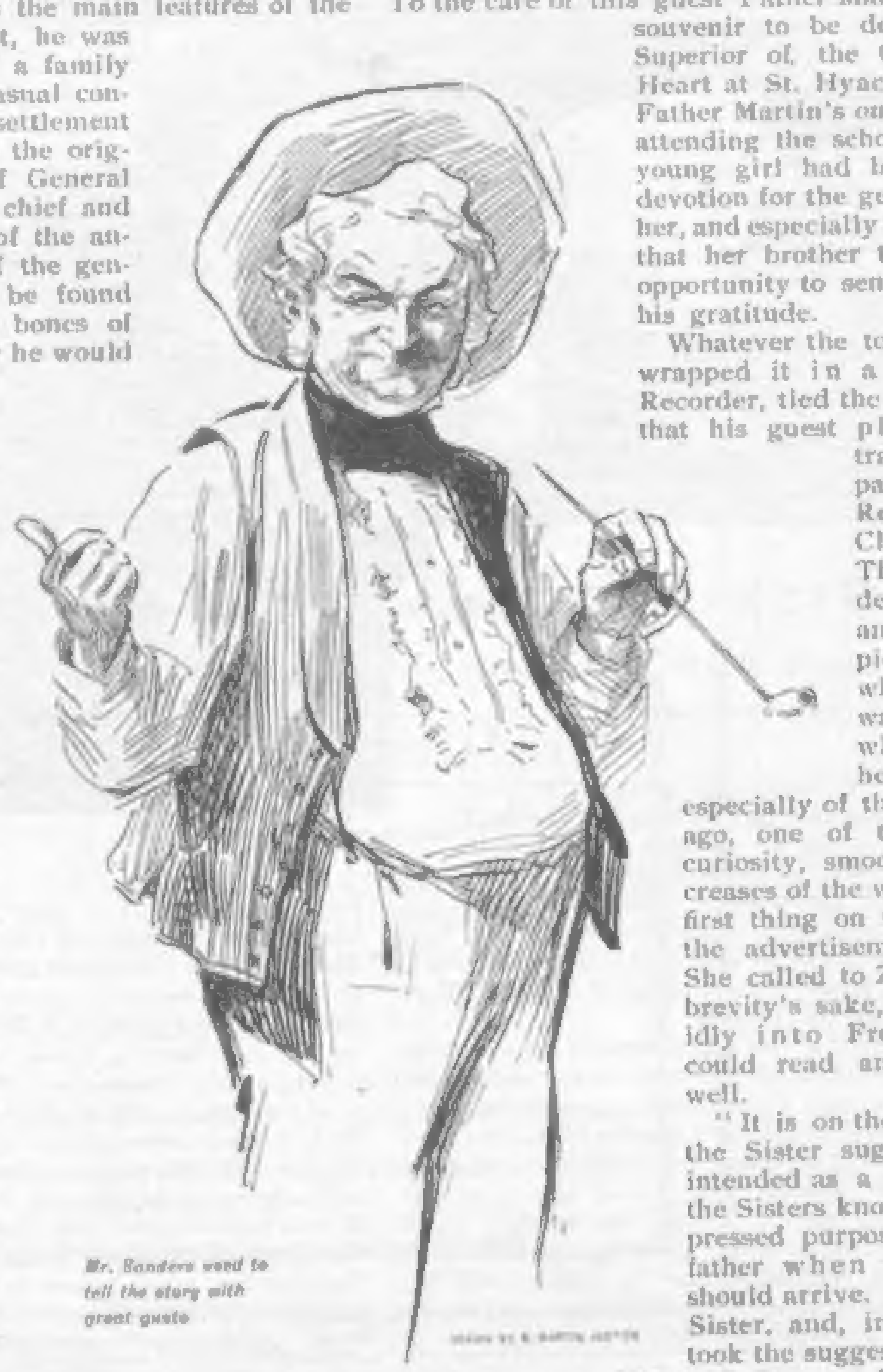
Good, indeed, for there was Zepherine, the daughter of Flavian, to be looked after. She was in the hands of Providence in a very real sense. This was not her view alone; it was the belief of the good sisters of the Sacred Heart. She was what is called *une fille de noël*—a Child of Christmas—that being the day on which she was born. She grew with the growing years, and was happy with the rest. She had very vivid memories of her father and his gentle ways. He lived in her heart as a man who was as handsome and as gifted as the Prince in the fairy tales. The melodies he had called forth from his flute and violin still lingered in her ears; the wonderful stories he had told were still fresh in her mind. They were a part of her daily life. They made for her, indeed, a romance, which was not less beautiful because it was full of sadness and sorrow.

She knew where her mother was; yes, full well. Many and many a time she had knelt before the little white cross that marked the spot in the garden of the dead at St. Ephrem, and prayed for the peace and repose of her mother's soul. As for her father—well, at the proper time the good God would take her by the hand and show her where he was. She had not the slightest doubt of this, and she prayed that, when the time should come, she should be prepared to follow the guiding Hand. So the years went on until at last, one Christmas Day, it seemed to Zepherine Dion that this unseen Hand was beckoning to her, and she made haste to obey the summons.

II

NOW, for more reasons than one it is to be regretted that Mr. Sanders, of Shady Dale, cannot have the privilege of telling the rest of this story in his own inimitable way. He used to tell it, and tell it well; he gave it a coloring and a humor all his own, and he added to it the eloquence of gesture and the appropriate play of his happy countenance. But such is the pallor of the printed narrative that it would fail to respond to treatment necessary to reproduce, even feebly, the effects produced by Mr. Sanders' genial methods. He used to tell the story with great gusto, and he told it so as to bring out with startling emphasis the main features of the various episodes. More than that, he was able to lay upon it the burden of a family history with which it had only casual connection. He would tell about the settlement of Shady Dale by the Cloptons, of the original deed in the handwriting of General Alexander McGillivray, the great chief and statesman of the Creek Nation, of the antiquity of the Clopton family, of the genealogical records that may still be found in the church under which the bones of Shakespeare repose. In this way he would account for the remarkable individuality of Sarah Clopton, the eldest daughter of Matthew. And such was the art or instinct with which he handled these apparently burdensome details that his hearers never suspected that the course of the narrative had been interrupted.

Mr. Sanders knew, none better, how to work up a mystery from the most commonplace material, and how to kindle curiosity by a word or a gesture. Sometimes he would begin: "Did any of you-all know that we had a Christmas gal in this neck of the woods?" and then again: "Did you ever hear the facts about little Miss Johns, our Christmas gal?" After which he would rub his chin and say: "Well, the most principal fact is that they never was no sech person as little Miss Johns. You see that house over yander wi' the big, long peazzer an' the tall, red chimbleys? She lives right thar, an' sh's rockin' 'long purty comfortubble, considerin' all the ups an' downs an' drawbacks she's had to endyore." The person whose curiosity would fail to respond to such a sharp fillip as that is certainly to be pitied.



Mr. Sanders used to tell the story with great gusto

Well, first and foremost, there was Sarah Clopton, who, in 1859, was mistress and manager of Shady Dale. As age crept slowly upon him, Matthew Clopton had gradually surrendered the management of his domain into the hands of his daughter, who had early developed executive abilities of the rarest kind. This daughter had never married. The years of her young womanhood had been given to the rearing of her nephew, Francis Bethune, and to this task she had devoted the largest part of her time and quite the largest share of her affections. At forty, Sarah Clopton still preserved much of the beauty of her younger days. Time had neither dimmed the lustre of her eyes nor marred her features, and there was a mature, an almost masculine strength in her face that gave an added charm to her conversation.

It cannot be said that Sarah Clopton was lonely, for she had large resources and exacting duties to fall back upon. What she longed for and most needed was companionship. There are moments when the busiest of women are thrown back upon themselves — intervals when their natures demand communication with some thoroughly congenial person. This was eminently true of Sarah Clopton. Francis Bethune had arrived at an age when he could be depended on to take care of himself, and it was not to be supposed that he would continue to hang to the apron strings of his aunt.

Besides Francis Bethune, there was Elise Clopton, the young widow of Sarah's brother, McGillivray Clopton; but there were streaks of frivolity and folly in the character of Elise that the elder woman found unbearable. A widow with the airs, ways and romantic notions of a schoolgirl is not the most attractive person in the world; and Elise was hopelessly given over to the cheap and childish folderol that is sometimes observable in silly girls, but is rarely to be seen in those who have passed through the enlightening experience of marriage and bereavement. The young widow had some attractive qualities, but none that so far offset her silly romancing as to commend her to Sarah Clopton's intimate friendship.

Then there were Dr. Randolph Dorrington and his daughter Nan. Both of these were indeed the objects of Sarah Clopton's affectionate appreciation, but they were what they were; one a practicing physician, busy sometimes day and night, the other the most delicious and surprising little girl in the world — and not so small, either, when you came to think about it, but bubbling over with the high spirits of a joyous and innocent youth.

Moved, therefore, by an impulse which she could not have explained if she had tried, Sarah Clopton caused an advertisement to be inserted in the Malvern Recorder. This notice was worded to the following effect:

> WANTED, by a middle-aged lady of means, a companion. A young woman of education and refinement, and possessed of some musical accomplishments, preferred. The position will not be a servile one. Applicant should come well recommended.

To this were added the necessary details covering the address.

It seems that no sooner had the advertisement appeared than Providence intervened and began to take a hand in the matter. A few days after the notice appeared in the Malvern newspaper, Father Martin, who had charge of the small Catholic community in that city, gave entertainment to a missionary priest, who was on his way to Canada from New Orleans. To the care of this guest Father Martin intrusted a trifling souvenir to be delivered to the Mother Superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at St. Hyacinthe. At this convent Father Martin's only sister had died while attending the school. The letters of the young girl had betrayed such love and devotion for the gentle women who taught her, and especially for the Mother Superior, that her brother took advantage of the opportunity to send some small token of his gratitude.

Whatever the token may have been, he wrapped it in a copy of the Malvern Recorder, tied the bundle neatly, and saw that his guest placed it safely in his traveling satchel. This particular copy of the Recorder contained Sarah Clopton's advertisement. The souvenir reached its destination in due time, and was received with pious appreciation. Then, when the Mother Superior, was finding a place for it, where it would remind her of the sender, and especially of the young girl, dead long ago, one of the Sisters, moved by curiosity, smoothed the wrinkles and creases of the wrapper, and almost the first thing on which her eyes fell was the advertisement of Sarah Clopton. She called to Zepherine Dion, and, for brevity's sake, turned the matter rapidly into French, though Zepherine could read and write English fairly well.

"It is on the way to New Orleans," the Sister suggested. Now this was intended as a piece of pleasantry, all the Sisters knowing of Zepherine's expressed purpose to go in search of her father when the opportune moment should arrive. To the surprise of the Sister, and, indeed, of all, Zepherine took the suggestion seriously.

"But yes, my Sister," she remarked with gentle gravity; "it is true. It is on the way there. Do I go by your advice?"

"Silly child!" the Sister cried, taken aback; "you will do nothing of the kind. You take me too seriously."

Zepherine shook her head solemnly. "No, my Sister; to-day I am eighteen. I have finished here. Now I must find my dear father. He is there." She waved her hand toward the South.

"Oh, folly, folly!" cried the Sister, alarmed at the serious attitude of the girl. "You know not where your father is, the poor man. Perhaps the good God has taken him; you know not."

"But I feel that he is there, my Sister," Zepherine persisted. "Hourly I pray to be set right; but it is always the same. I have the strong feeling that he is there waiting for me, my Sister."

"But will you have reason, silly child?" cried the Sister. She felt that she had made a serious mistake in calling Zepherine's attention to the advertisement.

"It is reasonable, my Sister, to have the strong desire to find my dear father," replied Zepherine.

At any rate, it seemed reasonable to the girl, and as she was to go away from the convent and out into the world in any event, the Mother Superior decided to take the matter into her own hands, and, if everything should be found to be favorable, to forward the hopes and desires of Zepherine Dion. So she wrote to Father Martin at Malvern, making such inquiries as the nature of the case and her strong interest in the girl called for. Father Martin knew the Cloptons well, and he lost no time in placing in the Mother Superior's hands such information as was calculated to set her mind at rest. So, at last, after considerable correspondence, and many long delays that seemed interminable to Zepherine, the matter was arranged definitely, and the young girl came South to begin, as she thought, the search for her father, who was the one precious memory of her childhood.

It was Christmas Day when the Malvern Recorder was opened and read in the convent at St. Hyacinthe, but it was the beginning of summer before Zepherine reached Shady Dale, the reason being that stage coaches were more popular in 1860 than they are to-day. As for Zepherine, she felt she was taking a long step in the direction of her father, and there was never a moment when she regretted it, save during the last hour of her journey, when depression seized her, and all sorts of doubts and fears and grim forebodings took possession of her mind. But, after all, matters fell out very well. It was like coming home, only it was different — oh, quite different; for who could have dreamed that Sarah Clopton would take the girl in her arms at the first moment of their meeting?

"Ah, my dear," she said afterward, "it was very fortunate for you and for me that you came upon me just when you did. Five minutes later I should have shaken you coldly by the hand, and begged you to take off your things, as we say in Georgia, and then and there I should have plied you with a hundred and one impertinent questions. Did I ask you about yourself at all?"

"Except so — if I was tired," replied Zepherine. "You had not the time," she went on, laughing and blushing. "I told you everything. It was like meeting the dear friend you have not seen for long — oh, so long!"

The little French Canadienne, shy as a wood blossom, very quickly made a place for herself in the hearts of those who came to know her well. She was timid and sensitive to a degree, and yet had a certain form of pride that stood her in good stead. For one thing, this pride compelled her to learn English very rapidly; and there was a certain daintiness in her way of speaking the difficult tongue that tickled Mr. Billy Sanders immensely.

"Be jigged ef she don't know the dictionary by heart!" he declared on one occasion. "She's like the gal in the candy store that guesses what you want by the way your mouth dribbles. This French girl picks out the purtiest words you ever heard in all your born days. You mayn't have heard 'em before, but your reason tells you that they're the identical words that ever'body would pick out ef they know'd how purty they sounded."

And there was a good deal of truth in what Mr. Sanders said, and he was partly responsible for it. With no particular knowledge of literary English, Mr. Sanders, nevertheless, had a very keen ear for the vernacular, and a broad smile used to spread over his benevolent countenance when Zepherine tripped in her English. There were times when she thought she hated Mr. Sanders, but his smiles spurred her on until she came to handle the vernacular much more correctly than any of her acquaintances — but always with a quaint accent, which Nan Dorrington thought the most beautiful sound her ears had ever heard.

Mr. Sanders used to contend that he had but three weaknesses — Nan, Zepherine and John Barleycorn. Nan, who was only thirteen, spent more than two-thirds of her waking thoughts in the land of romance. To her Zepherine was a beautiful girl who was the victim of some malicious fairy. She would find her father, and then the spell would be broken. If she didn't become a princess, she would at least marry some handsome young man, and be happy forever after. As for Mr. Sanders, Nan regarded him as a man who could work magic. If he had turned into a beautiful prince right before her eyes, she would not have been in the least surprised. She knew perfectly well that he could find Zepherine's father, or tell her how to find him, whenever he thought the proper time had come. Such was her confidence in the powers of Mr. Sanders that she used to say to him when they were alone together: "Don't let's find Miss Johns' father too soon; she might go away."

"That's a fact," Mr. Sanders would reply; "let's put it off jest as long as we can in jestice to her feelin's. Let's git her fixed so she'll have to stay, an' then we'll go git her daddy, wharever he is, an' fetch him home to her."

Mr. Sanders always humored Nan's romances; for she was a sort of a fairy herself, and could change from a dreaming girl into the worst sort of a tomboy in two shakes of a sheep's tail, as Mr. Sanders put it. When her mischievousness became unendurable, Mr. Sanders had a way of making a very demure young woman of the child. "Don't be sech a rowdy, Nan," he would say. "Frank Bethune owes you a whippin', an' I'll make him pay you off ef you don't behave." The mention of Bethune's name always had a sobering effect on Nan. The two were supposed to be sworn enemies, and were not even on speaking terms.

After the advent of Zepherine the old Clopton homestead no longer had an empty appearance. Nan came every day, and in fact spent more than half of her time there, and Sarah Clopton concluded that she had made a very profitable investment when she paid the Malvern editor seventy-five cents for the advertisement which brought Zepherine into the house.

Mr. Sanders took a great fancy to the stranger from the first. It was a favorite remark of his that "ef you'll bile your ches'nuts the worrums won't bite you," and not infrequently he would add the information that "they's diff'rent kinds of ches'nuts an' a heap of ways to bile 'em." A little reflection will show that the original maxim, when viewed in the light of Mr. Sanders' footnote of explanation, covers a multitude of instances, both ancient and modern. The reference is appropriate here for the reason that Mr. Sanders, as soon as he became fairly well acquainted with Zepherine, laid his broad hand on her shoulder, saying: "Honey, it looks to me mighty like all your ches'nuts is purty well biled; ef they ain't, here's what'll help you to bile the rest on 'em."

Of course this was worse than Greek to Zepherine, but she was fully enlightened when the old man drew her gently toward him, as she had seen him draw Nan, and said: "I'll be your pappy, honey, till you find a better one." She knew from the kindly light in the clear and honest blue eyes that looked into hers that Mr. Sanders had pledged to her both his friendship and his protection; and it was very pleasant to have it so. She knew that it would be a very easy matter to become fond of the tender-hearted old Georgian. But, after Sarah Clopton, the dearest friend that Zepherine found in her new surroundings was Nan Dorrington. Verging on to fourteen, Nan was still a child. It could be coldly said that she was no beauty; yet she was lovely in her artlessness and simplicity, and was as graceful as some wild thing fresh from the woods or fields. Her face glowed with health and high spirits, and was full of intimations of mischief; and no one knew whether these intimations peeped from the dimples in her cheeks, or lurked in the laughing corners of her rosy lips, or sparkled in the brown eyes veiled with long, dark lashes. As tricksy as Ariel, her hoyden ways rhymed true to mirth and innocence.

Nan was not always hot-foot in pursuit of fun and mischief. No, indeed! There were long hours when she would sit and watch Zepherine at her 'broidery work — watch the white floss grow into beautiful shapes, butterflies hovering over lilies of the valley, and delicate vines weaving themselves into beautiful wreaths. And at such times it would have been a wonder if Sarah Clopton or Mr. Sanders were not also engaged in watching the deft fingers weaving the figures.

On one occasion, when Mr. Sanders was watching the fairylike work; Zepherine raised her eyes and cried: "Oh, they have change my name! I think it is too bad."

Nan, who was also sitting near, smiled faintly as she caught the eye of Mr. Sanders. "Yes," she replied; "your name is Miss Johns. I think it very pretty — I called you Miss Johns from the first."

"But Johns is not Dion; I think it is cruel," protested Zepherine. "How will my dear father know me as Miss Johns?"

"Well, I'll tell you, honey," said Mr. Sanders; "the way you pernounce the two names makes 'em sound jest like they was twins. Don't you be afeared about your pappy not knowin' you. Ef they's any trouble about it, I'll interduce you to him."

Zepherine hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, and before she could make up her mind to do either, Sarah Clopton, who had heard a part of the conversation, remarked that Mr. Sanders had a very bad habit of changing names, and she reminded him of the havoc he had played with the family name of poor old Peter Valicombe.

"Well, to my mind, Sarah, I holp him out'n a mighty big difficulty." But it was plain that he had little relish for the subject.

The reference to the matter, however, kindled the curiosity of both Zepherine and Nan, and they insisted on knowing all the facts in the case. Mr. Sanders arose, cleared his throat, and said he believed he would go out and see which way the wind was blowing. Nan jumped up and caught him, and made him sit down again, and he proceeded to tell them how the family name of poor Peter Valicombe had been so changed that none of the friends of his youth would know him if they should meet him in the road. It was, indeed, a peculiar episode, and one that had far-reaching results. One of these results, it may be said, bore directly on the fortunes of Zepherine Dion, and in a way as curious as could be imagined.

In 1858, Mr. Valicombe was the only shoemaker in the town of Harmony Grove, the little town to which Shady Dale lies adjacent; in 1870, he was the proprietor of a shoe and leather store there, and yet Mr. Sanders could have said of him, as he frequently said of Miss Johns, that there was never any such person in Harmony Grove. The explanation is very simple, and it is also very characteristic of a neighborhood where humor ran riot from year's end to year's end. When Mr. Valicombe went to Harmony Grove, in 1858, the small tin sign that hung over the door of his modest shop bore this inscription: "Pierre Bienvenue, Boot and Shoe Maker." The name, with its alien tang, attracted the attention of Mr. Sanders the very day the shoemaker began to ply his trade in the town. Forthwith, the humor-loving Georgian went into the shop and engaged in friendly conversation with the newcomer. His first remark was characteristic. "Why, you ain't much bigger'n your name," he exclaimed.

"Oh, some bigger — you thing so?" smilingly replied Pierre Bienvenue, whose stock of English was somewhat limited, owing to the fact that he had spent the largest part of his life in the French quarter of New Orleans, where he had no need to employ any other language than French.

"My name is Sanders — William H. Sanders," remarked the Georgian, by way of introduction. "Some folks older'n me go so fur as to call me Billy."

"Oh, yes! Billee — me, I have some frien' name Billee. I like it if I make some shoes for those name."

Mr. Sanders smiled leniently. "Well, when I take a notion for to have my name shod, be jigged ef I don't give you the job," he declared; "an' whilst you're fixin' to do that, maybe you'll up an' tell me what your name mought be. I seed it on the sign out thar, but we ain't livin' in 'postolic times, an' tharfore I can't lay no claim to a gift of tongues." The shoemaker paused in his work and looked inquiringly at Mr. Sanders, puzzled, but still smiling. "How do you call your name?" The Georgian was persistent.

"'Ow I call my name, me? Bienvenue — Pierre Bienvenue."

"You'll never git me out of the bog at that gait," remarked Mr. Sanders. "What is the English of your name? Give it to me in plain Georgy talk."

The shoemaker paused again, scratched his head with the point of his awl, and reflected. Finally he made reply, but whether he answered, "Peter Velcoom," or "Vallcoom," makes little difference. What he tried to say was "Peter Welcome," but Mr. Sanders didn't understand it that way, and when he issued forth from the shop he carried in his mind the name — Valicombe — by which the shoemaker and his descendants were to be known in that region henceforth. Such a thing could not have occurred in a community or a section less given over to humor. As the name fell from the lips of Mr. Sanders, so it has been preserved. Forty years have served to change the map of the world and to alter the destinies of nations, but they have failed to expunge a single letter of the name which Mr. Sanders so generously bestowed on the little French shoemaker at Harmony Grove.

Now, the most interesting part of this recital, so far as Zepherine was concerned, was the fact that the Frenchman was still in the village, and that he was from New Orleans, where her dear father had been seen a few years before. It was interesting — yes, indeed, it was important — to know that there was some one close at hand who had been in the same city with her father, and had probably met him, or passed him on the street. This was something — oh, a great deal — and, fortunately, Nan thought so, too. Sarah Clopton was not enthusiastic, but she said nothing to cast the cloud of doubt over Zepherine's hopes. As for Mr. Sanders, he was of the opinion, as he expressed it, that if there wasn't but one chance in a hundred it was a mighty big chance; and then he went on to philosophize about it, remarking that, through his neighbors and acquaintances, a man is brought in mighty close touch with the rest of the world; "them that one man don't know the rest on 'em does, an' so on an' so on an' so forth, world wi'out eend."

In fine, Mr. Sanders, who was of a very sanguine temperament, gave little Miss Johns great cause to hope that Peter Valicombe would be able to give her valuable information of some sort. Nevertheless, Nan Dorrington was more enthusiastic than all of them put together. She was in her element when a mystery was on foot. She was perfectly sure that Mr. Valicombe, even if his name had been changed, could tell Zepherine something about her father; and why not go to see him at once? Yes, why not? Nan had a pair of shoes that needed new soles, and she'd have them fixed without delay. In fact, since she came to think about it, her father had told her positively to have new soles placed on the shoes, and she had forgotten all about it.

The case became very urgent. She must have the soles on at once, before popsy discovered that she had failed to obey him. Nothing would satisfy her but an immediate visit to the shop of Mr. Valicombe, and of course Zepherine must accompany her. When this was all settled Mr. Sanders said he'd go along to keep Nan straight and to prevent her from begging the clerks in the stores for candy. Nan made a low courtesy to Mr. Sanders and thanked him for his slander. She was now nearly fourteen, and whatever she had done when she was a child, she would have everybody to know that she was far above begging candy from any person, much less a silly clerk in a store.

Well, the trio went to Mr. Valicombe's shop, and he was not there; his prosperity had reached such a point that he was able to employ a journeyman or two, and at this particular time he was on a visit to his old home in New Orleans. But he would soon be back, if not to-morrow, certainly the next day.

Zepherine was plainly disappointed, and Nan was really angry; but Mr. Sanders remarked that it was very lucky that Peter had taken a notion to go back home on a visit. It might be, he said, that he would be able to give Miss Johns the very latest information about her pappy.

The next day and the next Nan made it her business to watch the old stage-coach as it came in from Malvern, and on the third day she noted that Mr. Valicombe arrived in it, being the only passenger. He had no sooner alighted at the tavern than Nan pounced upon him, and blithely informed him that a beautiful young lady had been trying to make his acquaintance. No; she wouldn't tell who it was, but it was a young lady who spoke French, and who intended to ask Mr. Valicombe a very important question, and he must be sure to give her a favorable answer. Naturally this puzzled the simple-minded old Frenchman, and this was precisely what Nan, delighting in mysteries, had intended to do.

The next day, when Zepherine and Nan called to see Mr. Valicombe, they were told that he was ill in bed and could see no one. A few days afterward, Nan having failed to put in an appearance, word came to Shady Dale that she, too, was ill; and this news was immediately followed by the announcement that she had the smallpox! This was nothing less than terrible. There is nothing better calculated to create a panic in a country community than the appearance of smallpox, and it was well for Nan that her father was a physician.

But where did the disease come from? How did poor Nan take the infection? It was the wonder of a long day, until it was discovered that Peter Valicombe, who had been ill in his room for several days, had the same disease. You may well believe the people were properly indignant that such a malignant distemper should have been brought among them. It was bad enough that it should have been brought at all, but that it should have been brought by a foreigner was almost past endurance. There was some pretty hot talk by those who had small children; but Dr. Randolph Dorrington, who, if anybody, was the one to complain, took it all as a matter of course. He tried to quiet the fears of the foolish, and to cool the anger of the indignant. He it was who took prompt measures to isolate the two cases, securing for that purpose a vacant dwelling in the outskirts of town.

It was a tumbled-down old place to all outward appearances, but the interior was all that it should be. The rooms were large and well-ventilated, and in fact it was precisely such a building as Doctor Dorrington would have chosen, even if he had had the choice of a dozen. But after the patients had been removed, a feat which the doctor accomplished unaided and alone, he was confronted by the most serious difficulty of all. Who was to nurse Nan? And if Nan found a nurse, who was to nurse poor Peter Valicombe? It was a very serious matter, and while he was sitting by Nan's bed, trying to solve the problem, he heard a light step in the hall, and the next moment in walked little Miss Johns, as cool as a cucumber and as fresh as a daisy.

"Oh, but this won't do!" cried Dorrington, as Zepherine started to Nan's bedside. "You must get right out!" he commanded. His voice was stern, and indignation sat on his countenance.

"But, if I won't," she said with a smile, "what then?" She took off her hat and hung it on the bedpost, placed her bundle of clothes in a chair, and went and leaned over Nan, who was in a raging fever, and rather flighty in her mind. All this was done so quickly and so quietly that Dorrington had no opportunity to interfere unless he could have made up his mind promptly to use forcible means to eject the young woman from the room. She placed her hand on Nan's brow, and in a few moments the child ceased to mutter and throw her arms about.

"Now, what you think?" said little Miss Johns, turning to him with a smile of triumph.

"Why, I think you are very silly," he replied angrily.

She was sitting on the side of the bed, but she rose as suddenly as if he had slapped her, her face red as fire. "I think you ——" She caught herself, and then her face became very pale. "I have shame for you," she said, all trace of indignation gone; "I have shame for any one who does not want his sick child to have the attention of her friends. Well, then, if that is your feeling, I can nurse the other — Monsieur Valicombe. Where have you placed him?"

"He is in the room across the hall. But why do you come here? What business have you here? Have you thought of the risk?"

"You have no need to take off my head," she replied. "If I say what I think it will make your ears burn. Go get me some — some — what you call this grease that is on the pigskin when it has been in the smoke?"

Angry as he was, Dorrington was compelled to laugh at this description of bacon rind, and his smiles made Zepherine angrier than ever, for she was very sensitive about her ignorance of English. "I don't care if you get it or not!" she exclaimed.

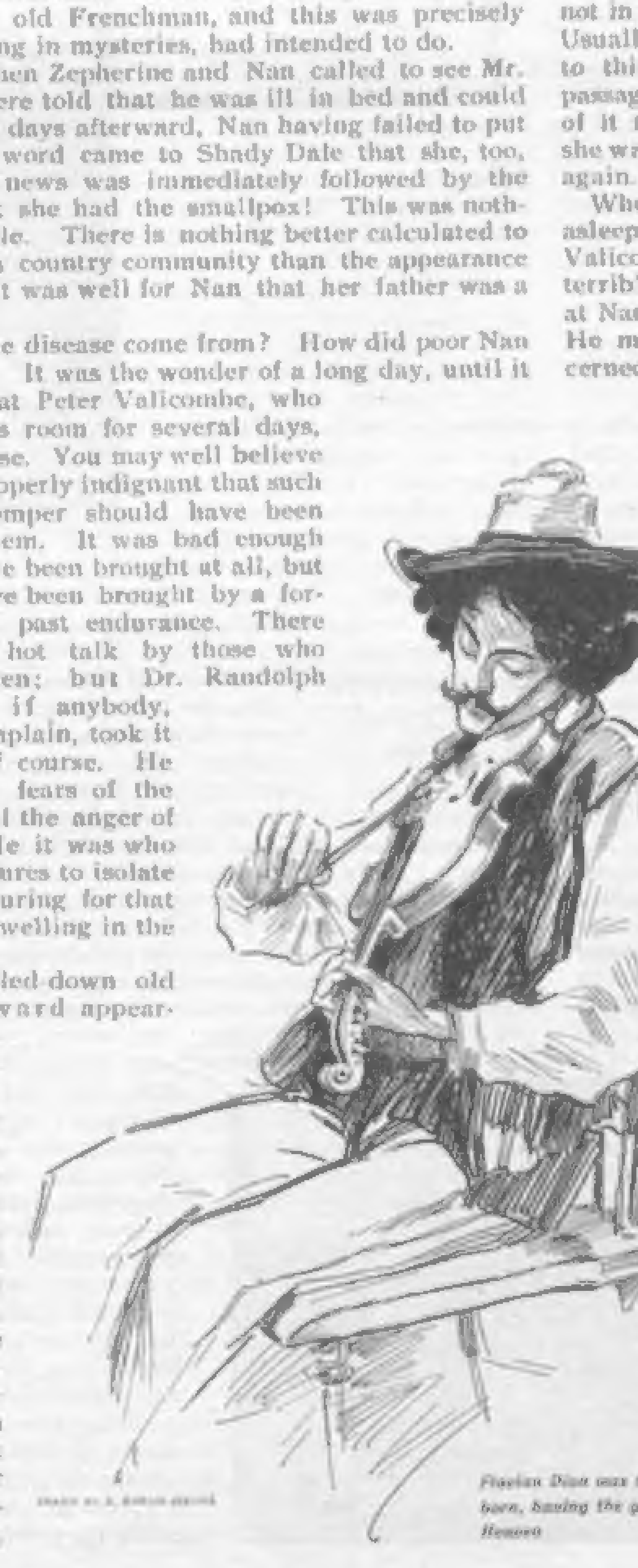
But the doctor made haste to do as he was bid, feeling that he was in nowise responsible in the matter. He had given the foolish girl fair warning. But had he? He paused on the threshold on his way out, and reflected. Did the girl know it was smallpox? Did she know that smallpox was infectious — dangerously malignant? He returned to the room and put the questions as they occurred to him. The only answer he got was: "Oh, silly! Will you get the laughable pigskin?" He regarded her with amazement. Dr. Randolph Dorrington's friends and acquaintances were not in the habit of dealing with him in this cavalier manner. Usually, he stood very much on his dignity. He shuddered to think that Mr. Billy Sanders might hear of the little passage-at-arms, and report it about town. But the truth of it never came to Mr. Sanders' ears. As for Zepherine, she was far more on her dignity than he was when he saw her again.

When he returned with the bacon rind Nan was sound asleep, and little Miss Johns was in the room with Mr. Valicombe, and the two were rattling away in French at a terrible rate. Doctor Dorrington went in there, after looking at Nan, but neither one paid the slightest attention to him. He might have been in Halifax, so far as they were concerned. Finally, he asked Mr. Valicombe if he didn't think that he was talking too much for a man in his condition.

"If 'twas in English — yes," replied Peter; "but in French — oh, no. It will make me well. Oh, I am much better at once." And it seemed to be true. His eyes were brighter, and he seemed to be doing better every way; but Dorrington thought the eyes were a little too bright, the voice a little too strong, and he said so very curtly, as Zepherine thought.

It turned out that the doctor was right. In a short time Mr. Valicombe showed symptoms of a slight relapse, and from that time forth it required the most patient and painstaking nursing to keep the breath in his body. It was fortunate for both the victims of the infection that they had little Miss Johns to nurse them, and it was even more fortunate that this young woman had been taught how to nurse the sick by the good sisters at the convent. Her art in this matter was a revelation to Dorrington, who had an idea that all the trained nurses of that period were to be found in the large hospitals, in some of which he had practiced when he was studying his profession. It seemed to him that the vitality of the girl was abnormally developed. No matter how long she had been on her feet during the day, no matter how much sleep she had lost, a sigh from Nan would bring her to the child's bedside in a flash, and she was as prompt with poor Peter Valicombe.

It was a trying time when she had to tie Nan's hands to prevent her from scratching her face to pieces. But she was heartless in this matter; no entreaty could move her. The father ceased to be a physician when Nan's pleadings reached their height. "You must untie her hands," he declared.

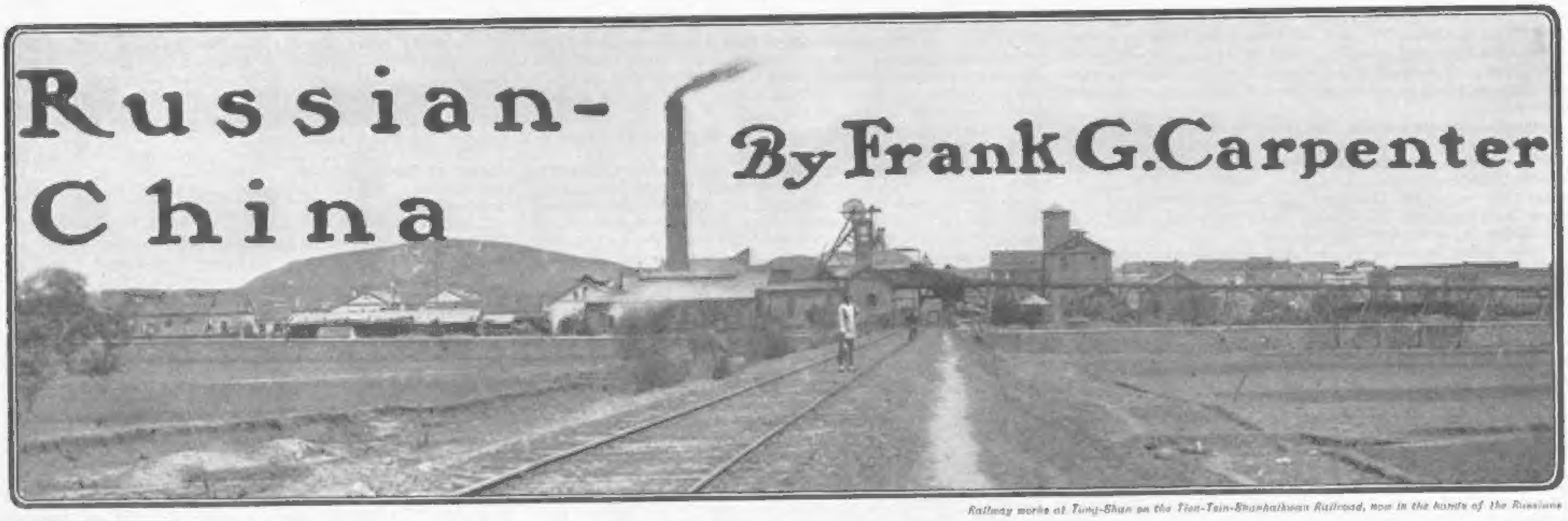


Flavian Dion was the artist born, having the gift from Heaven

(Continued on Page 25 of this Number)

Russian-China

By Frank G. Carpenter



Railway works at Tung-Shan on the Tien-Tsin-Shanhaikwan Railroad, now in the hands of the Russians

Nankow Pass through the Great Wall

THE Powers have practically agreed that Manchuria is to be the property of Russia, and within a short time, in all probability, all the Chinese territory beyond the Great Wall will belong to the Czar. The boundary line between Siberia and Mongolia is being slowly pushed southward, and every crisis in China shoves it a bit farther down. Russian diplomacy has proved itself more than the equal of Chinese diplomacy, the results showing that the Slav is quite as peculiar in the ways that are dark as is the "Heathen Chinee," and also that his tricks are less vain.

During a visit to Peking some years ago I heard a tradition as to how Russia once acquired a big slice of China. There was a dispute about the boundary line, which the Russians had moved out so as to include a large amount of Manchurian and Mongolian soil. A war was imminent, and the Chinese, as usual, wanted to settle matters by compromise. The Russians consented, and brought forth a map showing the territory they demanded. The Chinese threw up their hands in horror and said their lives would be endangered if they presented such a treaty to their emperor. "All right," said the Russians; "if that is so, we will take less;" and they thereupon showed a second map, one-tenth the size of the first, but in which the latitude and longitude of the territory taken were exactly the same. The Chinese looked. The space within the red lines on the map was very much smaller, and they recommended the treaty without further dispute.

Unrealized Extent of Russian-Asia

Few people realize the enormous extent of Asiatic Russia. It is about one and two-thirds the size of Europe, and twice as big as the United States without Alaska and our outlying islands. It comprises, in fact, more than one-third of all Asia, Siberia alone being half as big as our country. To this vast territory is now to be added Manchuria, with a possibility that Mongolia and Ili will soon come the same way. Mongolia is fully half and Ili about one-third the size of the United States, while Manchuria is equal to ten States as big as Ohio.

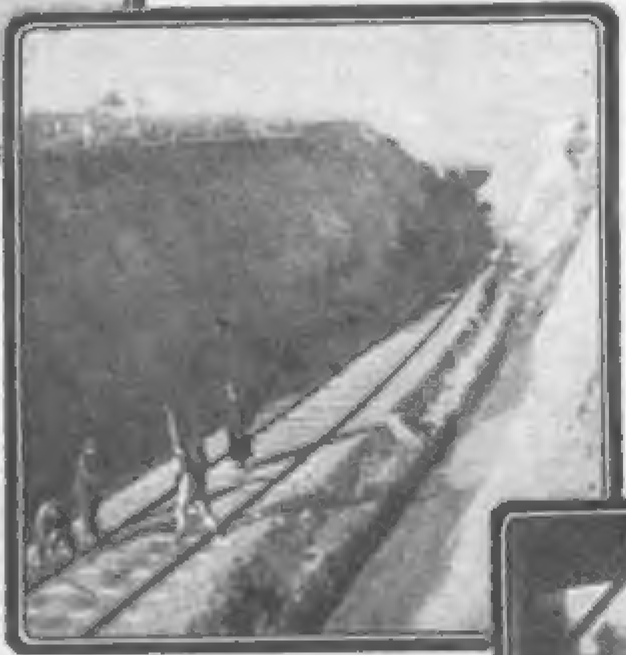
The title to Manchuria is now practically conceded to Russia. The Western world already speaks of it as Russian-China, and the Russians are dictating as to its development. They have a concession for a railroad through it to connect with their great Trans-Siberian system and have begun to plant their colonies along its track. They are bringing in regiments of troops to guard it; and, as many of the soldiers have their families with them, they have evidently come to stay. There is no greater colonizer than the Russian Government. It has its emigrant steamers which carry peasants by the thousand from Odessa, on the Black Sea, to Vladivostock and up the Amoor River, and it is rushing people into Siberia over the great Trans-Siberian road. Its emigrant ships will now probably land at Port Arthur or Talienwan, and Russian villages will grow up in Manchuria.

The new railroad has the title of "the Eastern Chinese Railroad," and it is nominally under control of the Russo-Chinese Bank, a private corporation; but it really belongs to the Czar. It is being built as the Russian Government builds railroads. You remember how Nicholas I laid out the road from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The engineers who made the survey wound the line about like a snake, taking in all the large towns. When Nicholas saw their map he took a ruler and drew a straight mark from one great city to the other. "There is the line of my railroad!" said he. And so they built it, and so it stands to-day. It is in the same spirit that the Russians are building their Manchurian road, which I describe further on.

In the shops in China

You may also remember how Peter the Great took a notion to have his capital on the Baltic, saying that he wanted a window to look out upon Europe; and how, by the magic wand of his autocratic power, he made St. Petersburg arise out of the swamps of the Neva, building its churches and palaces upon thousands of piles. It is thus that the Russians are constructing their city in Manchuria, which is to form the terminus of the great Trans-Siberian system. So far, not a lot has been sold, nor has a private individual been allowed to have a voice in its building. Still, more than nine million dollars have been appropriated for laying out the city, and many millions have already been spent upon it. The Russian Government alone has made the plans, and its agents — who are directly responsible to it — are the ones who are carrying them out.

On the platform



The mark of the Russian in Manchuria

The Wonderful New City of Talienwan

The name of the new city is Talienwan, from the bay on which it lies. Talienwan Bay is about ten miles from Port Arthur. It is about six miles long and six miles wide, is well protected from the storms, and, when the improvements now being made are completed, will be one of the best harbors on the Western Pacific. The Russians are building breakwaters out from the shore, inclosing a space about two and a half miles wide, facing the city. They are dredging to the depth of thirty feet between the breakwaters, and are making a thirty-foot channel out to the sea. They are also building piers for the steamers, arranging them so that the passengers can step from the cars to the ships, and so that baggage and freight can be cheaply transferred. They are putting up great warehouses. Near the western breakwater they have constructed a pier for vessels loaded with heavy cargoes, and are laying out lumber-yards and coal-yards and building freight warehouses near by, and connecting them by switches with the main line of the railroad.

Talienwan is to be a beautiful city. It will be a free port for all the world, and is being laid out on a scale commensurate with its possibilities. It is in the shape of an obtuse-angled triangle, with its northeast side facing the harbor. It has wide streets, laid out in oblong blocks and crossing one another at right angles. Buildings for bazars are being put up, and along the harbor an esplanade has been planned. There are reservations for public squares, parks and gardens. Sewers and water-works are being put in and an enormous amount of work is being done. It will be more than a year before the skeleton of the city, as prepared by the Government, is ready to put on the flesh and blood given by people and trade. At that time there will be an open sale of lots, and the town will probably grow rapidly. The Chinese will be confined to one part of the city, and the foreign part will be exclusively foreign.

Talienwan is to be strictly a business and residence city. It will not be a miliary station or a naval depot. All such matters are to be at Port Arthur, which is already connected with Talienwan by rail. There the Russians are building all sorts of fortifications and improving the harbor with military and naval conveniences. Port Arthur has a small foreign colony, including a branch of the American Trading Company and several other mercantile establishments.

The work on the Eastern Chinese railway has been much delayed by the war, and the Russians will not be able to complete it, as they had hoped, in time to connect with the Trans-Siberian road this year. They have already built it to some distance beyond Mukden. This is two hundred and eighty miles from Port Arthur, and marks hardly one-third the distance the line must pass through Chinese territory before it reaches Siberia.

As to the purely Russian character of the road, the concession provides that the stock can be held by Russians and Chinese, but that the bonds are to be under the control of the Russian Government. The head offices of the railroad are to be at St. Petersburg and Peking, but the real direction of it will be from St. Petersburg. Russia is to build, maintain, operate and protect the road, and all misunderstandings concerning it are to be settled by the Russian Minister of Finance. Russian mails and Russian officials will be carried upon it free of charge, and its materials will be free of duty. The road is nominally built under a lease for eighty years, but long before that the Russians expect that not only it, but everything else in North China, will belong to them.

Waiting for the train

An interesting thing to us, about the road, is that the greater part of its materials is American. Its rails, ties, engines and other rolling-stock come from the United States. The Russians like our machinery and they like us. They say that the American engines are better than those of other countries, and that they would rather buy of us than of the English.

A look at Manchuria and its population shows that this road will be a success from the start. The province contains about twelve million people, and among them many Chinese. It has a vast number of Tartars, or Mongols, and certain parts of it are inhabited by tribes which have never been much controlled by the Chinese Government. The country has a great trade, and much of the transportation is by means of camels. In the country north of Peking, and beyond the Great Chinese Wall, you see long caravans of these ungainly beasts, loaded with skins, furs and bean-cakes which they are carrying from Manchuria and Mongolia down to Peking and Tien-Tsin, and other caravans loaded with brick tea and all kinds of merchandise on their way home. I have seen five hundred camels in one caravan slowly moving along, in single file, over the country. I have traveled for miles side by side with these camels, talking, through my interpreter, with the copper-faced men and women who rode them, and have again and again been threatened by the fiercer of their leaders as I passed them on my way through the country.

The Russians expect much from the coal, iron and other minerals of Manchuria. There has never been a geological survey of the country, although it is known to be rich. There are vast deposits of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, in the hills about Mukden, which need only this road to give them an outlet to the sea. As a steaming coal it is better than the Japanese, and equal to the best of the English and American coals. At present the coal is carried over the country in rude Chinese carts, a ton and a half at a load. The mines are operated by the natives, and that in such a rude way that the coal costs $3.50 a ton at the pit's mouth.

There have been several gold excitements in Manchuria. There are placer mines on the Moho River which are producing fair quantities of coarse gold. One mining company took out three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold in 1897. There are also silver, copper and lead.

Restriction Placed Upon Mining Rights

It is a matter of much interest to mining people as to how the Russians expect to deal with their Manchurian property. So far they have not claimed to control the mines, and it may be that in the treaty made by the Powers the province, in this respect, will be thrown open to all. If so, it will be different from the policy of Russia in Siberia. There the right to mine is practically restricted to Russian citizens, and the gold taken out must be sold to the Government. The Siberian gold deposits are enormous. They are found all along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, much of the product coming to the Government laboratory at Irkutsk, where, within the past decade, an average of ten million dollars a year has been assayed and reduced.

The Eastern Chinese Railroad will open up a large agricultural territory. It goes through rich valleys, as well as through a wild, mountainous region. Manchuria may some day be the granary for North China. It grows wheat, barley, millet and buckwheat, as well as tobacco, opium and rice. Among other of its chief exports are pease and beans. Indian corn is cultivated, and the land is noted for its cattle and hogs. Mongolia and Manchuria have always been the great horse-breeding lands of the Chinese, and they will probably furnish the supplies for Russia's Asiatic cavalry in the future.

It is generally believed that the Russians are now having trouble with their railroad about Mukden. Mukden has been the metropolis of Chinese Manchuria, and will probably be the great city on the line. It was the seat of the Manchu Emperors until 1631, and in recent years it has been the residence of the Governor-General and many Manchu officials.

Its sympathies are entirely with the Empress Dowager and her party, and the latest reports are that thirty Russian railway employees, engineers and guards, have been horribly treated. The Russians have been rather brutal in their handling of the Chinese, and it may be that a terrible vengeance will be inflicted upon Mukden for this outrage. The city is one of the finest of the Chinese cities, and it will probably be the capital of Russian-China. It has been beautified by the Manchus, and, as the home of the military governor of the province and his court, it has many good houses and large public buildings. Mukden has been called "Peking in miniature." It has a low mud wall about ten miles in circumference outside it, and within this another wall, three miles long, which incloses the city proper. The latter wall, like that of Peking, is of brick, about forty feet high, and so wide at the top that two carriages could be driven abreast upon it. It has eight gates, and the main streets cut across the city from gate to gate, with narrower streets and alleys intersecting them. The city contains about two hundred thousand people. It has a large trade, and owing to the coal and iron near by may become a great industrial centre.

Wonderful Development Anticipated

Another town which promises soon to become Russian is the open port of New-Chwang, situated on the Liao River, about thirteen miles from its mouth. It is not on the main line of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, but a short branch has been built to it. The Russians have a military station there. In these troublous times they are in charge of the customs, they have a military band which plays weekly for the people, and they act as though they owned the city.

New-Chwang contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. It has a foreign settlement, including several English, German and American houses.

It has, up to the present time, been the chief port on the Liao-Toung Gulf and the chief port for Manchuria. Its foreign trade is steadily growing, having more than quadrupled within the past ten years. In the summer season a score of steamers and as many as two thousand junks may be seen lying before the city at one time.

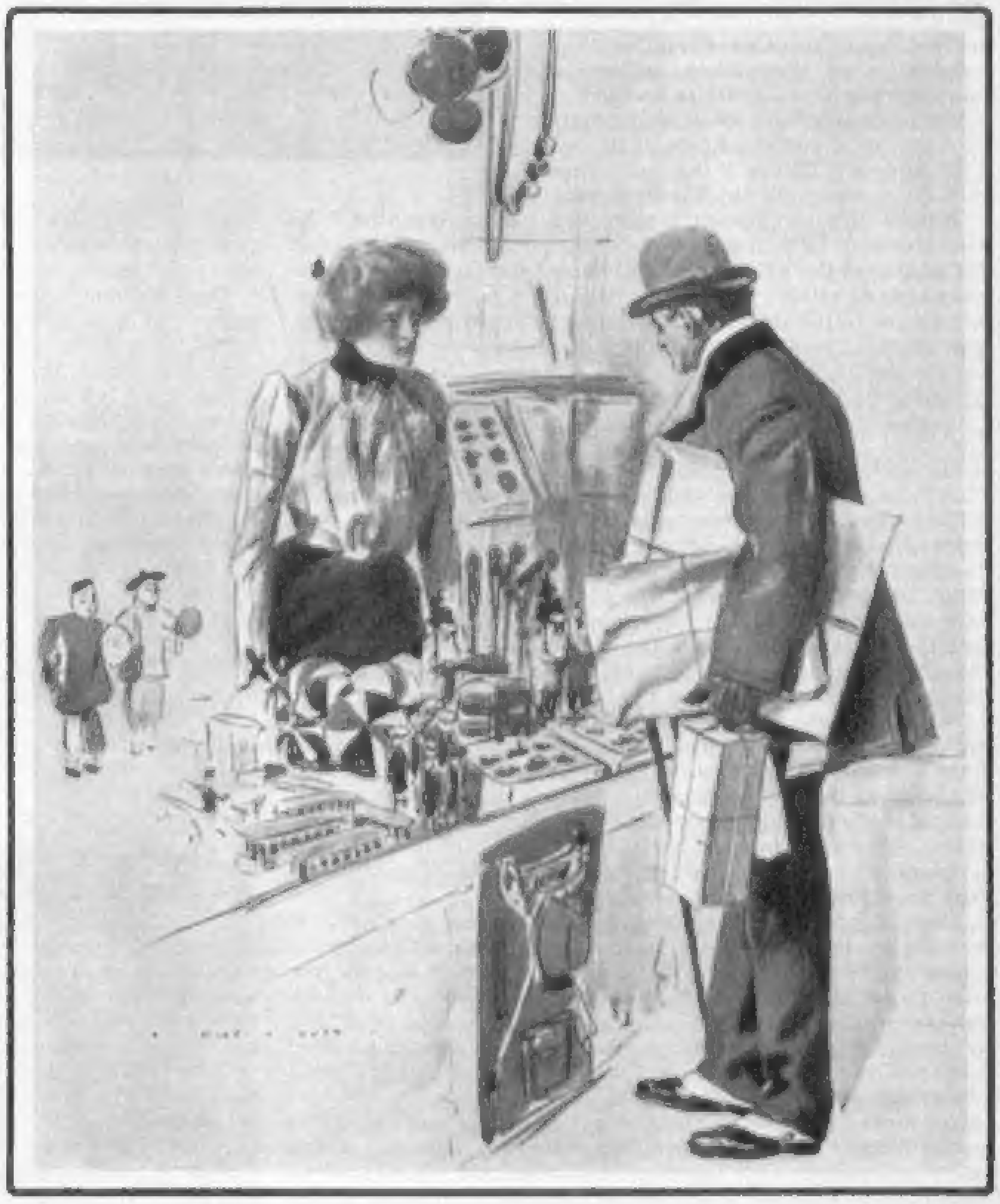
An important factor in the development of Manchuria is the railroad from Tien-Tsin to Shanhaikwan. Shanhaikwan is situated on the gulf where the great Chinese Wall comes down to the sea. The road has been extended through the wall northward as far as Kin-Choo, on the upper part of the gulf, and it is to be carried on to New-Chwang. This will give New-Chwang a direct line with Tien-Tsin and Peking. The road was built by the Chinese, but with English money, the terms being that it is to belong entirely to the Chinese when they have paid back the money borrowed.

Indeed, it is difficult to tell just where the Russian railroad interests begin and end. According to the latest dispatches from North China, they have taken possession of the Tien-Tsin-Shanhaikwan Railroad, and also the road which connects Tien-Tsin with its seaport, Tongu. These it may keep, or, at the demand of the Powers, it may give them back to China. As to railway concessions, the Russo-Chinese Bank seems to be the agent of the Russian Government. It has its offices in Shanghai, Peking, Tien-Tsin and at other ports, and is interested in all sorts of undertakings. It is whispered that it furnished a large part of the money for the Belgian concession for the Peking-Hankow road, and that this road will eventually be under Russian control. A later rumor is that it has a concession for a railroad along the great caravan route from Peking to Kikhata, through the Nankow Pass, and another, with a more substantial foundation, gives it a concession for a railroad from Taiyuan-fu, the capital of Shan-See, to Chenting-fu, in Chee-Lee, on the line of the Peking-Hankow Railroad.

This last concession is a very important one. Shan-See has some of the richest coal and iron fields of the world, and this would bring its coal and iron to the great trunk line running from Peking to Hankow, and thence on to Canton. All of the concessions are valuable, and, if the Russians really have them, in connection with the Tien-Tsin-Shanhaikwan system and their Manchurian line, they will hold a railway net which, with its branches, might easily bind the greater part of North China to Siberia and Russia.

Man and His Christmas Shopping

By Kate Masterson



MAN'S mere masculinity is never more in evidence than during the gift-giving season of Christmas time. Custom has decreed that the sentiment of mystery must be preserved as to the identity of the present until the dawn of Yuletide. Man is called upon to be a strategist, a diplomat and a politician, as well as a mind reader and a connoisseur, during the holiday time, and in the face of these demands ordinary manhood fails flatly. There is a certain pathetic humor in the inherent weakness of the masculine nature as shown up in this annual crisis.

Few men are brave enough to drop the mask and admit their inability to grapple with the situation. To come out boldly and discuss the matter with the women of the family they consider would be an indication of weakness, as well as unpardonable form. On the occasion of Christmas buying, man hugs the delusion that he possesses tact, originality and a knowledge of the fads and foibles of his women relatives. If he suspects his weakness he suffers silently like a Spartan without betraying his frame of mind. He waits and watches for clues, like a philanthropic Sherlock Holmes, and it may be said to the eternal credit of the sex that there are some noble women souls who do not hesitate to furnish such clues in the shape of broad hints as to their choice of a present.

Even then the man gropes blindly, for though he may know the actual need or wish he is still confronted with the matter of selection. He throws himself in most cases upon the mercy of the shopkeeper and thus becomes the owner of some weirdly impossible jewel, garment or article of furniture which happily, thanks to the custom of modern days, is exchangeable when the time of Christmas rejoicing is passed.

In the purchase of flowers as an offering at feminine shrines a man is always safest. The fashionable florist of to-day is an æsthete and something of a sentimentalist. He knows how women appreciate the accompaniment of sumptuous ribbons with their floral tributes, and of late has even deftly added a corsage pin to attach the blossoms to my lady's bodice.

In selecting flowers, then, for women relatives and friends, a man is sure to be right; but the American woman is a cormorant in the closer relationships of life, and the fiancée, the wife, the sister or the daughter of to-day expects flowers only as an accompaniment of the more substantial and satisfying gift — an automobile, a piano or a tiara.

Many cozy-corner writers are fond of expatiating on the fact that it is the sentiment that pervades a gift and not its actual value that is of importance. This is a delightful idea, but the man who observes it in the making of his Christmas presents will never attain any large degree of popularity with his women friends. Women among themselves frequently bestow hand-painted clothespins and other such airy trifles, that are returned in kind with apparent satisfaction and mutual appreciation; but woe to the man who adopts this economic sentiment as a guide at holiday time. He personally may be inundated with befrilled match scratchers and embroidered *mouchoir* cases, but in his making of gifts he must add some pecuniary weight to his offering.

Most men would be more than pleased could they discharge their holiday indebtedness from their check-books without any further trouble than the mental rasp that must always accompany the detachment of a coupon, but here, again, the delicate question of sentiment comes up. The balance of the masculine Christmas gift must be adjusted to a nicety. A check can never be more than a check, and only the extremely practical woman can value it. What can one do with a check, after all, but spend it?

There are some men, occurring here and there, who are specially gifted in the selecting and purchasing of Christmas gifts, not only for women but for men and children and servants. Such men can even help their wives select hats and gowns, but they are rare, and frequently their real talent consists in giving *carte blanc* to dealers in the matter of expenditure.

The temperament of a woman is the important consideration in selecting her gift. A woman fond of society and dress always welcomes an addition to her jewel box, and few women there are who do not prize a gem of some sort. The girl fond of sport appreciates the accoutrements of her favorite pastime, whether in the hunting-field or on the golf links.

There are many women really fond of books whose ambitions centre in the possession of a fine library of their favorite writers, irrespective of library ethics; there are others enthusiastic on the subject of rare prints or of blue china and pottery; there are those who understand rugs; there are butterfly and bug collectors; and it is comparatively easy to select a gift for the woman faddist. It is only when she is a simple, womanly creature that the subject becomes complicated.

It used to be the custom, in times when housewifely pride ranked higher than to-day, for the mistress of the household to regard the attainment of some new possession in the way of house furnishing as a personal gift. She would gratefully accept a parlor carpet for her birthday, or a new sideboard or china cabinet as the choicest of holiday offerings, but the custom has fallen into disfavor ever since women began to retaliate by presenting afternoon tea-tables and self-feeding stoves to the men of the family. This was one sauce that the gander absolutely refused to share.

In Christmas buying men are subject to much the same form of hysteria that affects women in a milliner's shop. They buy under a spell, and, as women become the possessors of impossible bonnets, men secure parlor ash-sifters, self-playing pianos, and automatic toys of all sorts that loom up darkly when the holiday time is over—unanswerable illustrations of man's incapacity to solve the problem of Christmas shopping.

Cold Comfort on the Road to the Pole

By Frederick A. Cook, M.D.

FEW of us ever have a long run down a hill of happiness without stumbling over several ups and downs of misfortune, but we soon forget this, and altogether life seems easy enough to most of us who live in temperate climes. It is not the same, however, with the men who seek the realm of the great frozen lands in the Arctic and Antarctic. Their path is over a series of ups and downs, but mostly ups. Their comfort, if they have any, is involved in the effort to overcome the ever-present discomfort. The men who aim to reach the pole are kicked about by giant seas, are pounded by heavy storms, are brushed by freezing drifts of snow, and yet they calmly resign themselves to become the footballs of a hard fate because of a few pleasures. An effort only partly crowned with success gives such elation and joy that all the sufferings and discomforts are quickly forgotten.

The explorers' tent

Herein lies the reason for the unfaltering law that "he who has once beheld the other-world conditions, and has felt the charm of the white snowy silence of the frigid zones, will ever long to return." If for any reason a polar explorer cannot return to the dream of his life he either commits suicide, gets married or dies an unnatural death in some way.

Woeful Tales of Old-Time Explorers

Individuals differ very much in their impression of the degrees of comfort and discomfort which result from the prosecution of the work of polar exploration. The old school of pioneers, who worked with inefficient implements and mostly perished, told only tales of woe. The new school, profiting by the experience of the men of old, and utilizing the more perfect modern equipment, are enthusiastic about the pleasures of the work. The fact is, that one can find both comfort and discomfort to his heart's content while wandering over the wild wastes of polar ice, but one seldom thinks of the comfort until he has returned and passed beyond the reach of discomfort.

Soon after the announcement of each projected modern expedition there have poured in hundreds of applications from young men, and from some women not so young, to join in the effort to explore the polar regions. It is curious that so many should volunteer their services for so arduous a task. Why so many applicants? Why is this pole-seeking so popular? Surely these aspirants are not familiar with the real phases of the life of an explorer.

From beginning to end the work of an exploring party is hard; to endure hardships and to suffer are the normal conditions. On such expeditions there are few servants, and few men to do the drudgery of daily work. Officers, as well as sailors, must mend their hose, wash their garments, cook and fill the places of carpenters, shoemakers, and what not. The work is like woman's work; it is never finished. People often ask, "What do you do to pass the time?" One is never more busy, or more thoroughly occupied, than when performing the duties of a well-organized expedition. There are thermometers and barometers to read and record; astronomical and nautical observations to be made; magnetic and aurora phenomena to be noted; clouds to be studied; and then there is the prosecution of the never-ending series of studies bearing upon the fauna and flora of the region. This is the work at headquarters, which must be continued every hour of the night and day, and every day of the year; and then there is the field work—the work of surveying and exploring the unknown stretches of land and water—which is the real test of endurance.

The Sledge Traveler's Isolation

Let us briefly follow the life of a sledge traveler. He starts out for a determined poleward dash, taking with him no money to buy necessities and comforts *en route*, no trunk with little luxuries; but his bed and his house, with fuel and provisions for three months or more. All of this is in such a shape that he must be prepared, at any moment, to carry his baggage on his back for miles. There are no half-way inns, no houses, no shelter, and no bazars by the wayside. If he has forgotten or lost anything, it cannot be obtained. He is far away from the familiar world, far from the accustomed comforts of life, and as completely isolated as if he were on the surface of the moon. Day after day he plods along over desolate fields of rough ice, pushing and pulling sledges, urging and whipping the wolfish dogs. He is always too tired to talk, frequently too weary to eat, and often too uncomfortable to sleep. Still, he has resolved to make the effort of his life, and he continues to press onward.

Explorers in full midsummer costume

One day he advances five miles, the next twenty miles, and again but a mile, and then comes a storm which causes a halt of five days. As the days advance the stock of provisions decreases, the load becomes lighter, but he finds his distance all too small. Half rations are now served. Heretofore the full ration would seem a starvation diet, but now it is only half, and the character of this is such as to make one's marrow shrink. Here is the day's gastronomic comfort. For breakfast: two cups of tea, a few ship's biscuits, hard and tough, a bit of pemmican, twenty years old, which is made of equal quantities of dried meat and beef tallow. No luncheon, except a soaplike cake of bacon-fat, mixed with pulverized pease. For dinner, the breakfast is repeated, with an extra treat in the form of a large drink of water, if the fuel supply will permit such a luxury. Experience has proven that this is the most practicable bill of fare, and it does not permit of much elaboration. Except the tea, everything is taken cold, and to-day, when I think of my chattering teeth and quivering muscles while trying to devour the straw-like pemmican, I am doubly glad of the comforts of home.

The Miracle Worked by Fat Pemmican

It is really remarkable to see how this scant polar diet keeps up the physical powers, and it is even more remarkable to see how a fat piece of frozen pemmican will change a hungry man's mind. Hunger is as normal to the explorer as the shivers, and both complaints are treated by the same remedy—food—for when the stomach is full the body is warm. When the day's journey is ended the tongue burns, the throat is parched, and there is an uncomfortable pinching at the pit of the stomach. One feels like eating a mountain and drinking a river, but the effect of pemmican upon this condition is marvelous. It is too hard to eat rapidly, so one nibbles away, shivers and dreams of better times. The dry, uncooked bits of meat go down with a snatch and some effort, and one is very conscious of its position in the stomach by a heavy, full feeling, which is always a joy to hungry mortals. Long before the half-pound lump, which is the usual allowance, disappears, the pangs of hunger are forgotten, and then a desire for a hot cup of tea, to take away the scratchy feeling, is all that is necessary to make life again worth living.

Pushing through the ice seas

The diet of a sledge traveler is not so bad when you have nothing else within reach, but the gods could not force a man to eat it if he had the chance of something else instead. One takes to it about as kindly as a convict does to prison diet.

It is not so bad with the bed. Among the incidents of bed going are to be found the happiest moments of an explorer's life. It is a pity that the North Pole cannot be reached in a sleeping-bag, for therein lies the foundation of most of the comforts of polar adventures. This is as it should be, for when a man forces his powers of endurance to their utmost he must have proper rest, but this rest is generally of short duration and is always carefully guarded. Much depends upon the mood of the elements, the location of camp, the cut of your sleeping-bag, and also upon your companions. If the wind blows hard it always carries needle-like crystals of ice, and this drives down your back with an unpleasurable ease. If the camp is pitched in some nook out of the wind, you are quickly buried under a drift of snow. If the sleeping-bag is too thin or too thick, if it is too long or too short, or if it has any one of a dozen faults it makes life a torture. Some prefer a "one-man" bag, others a bag for three. Now, I like a "three-man" bag, but I want to select my bedfellows carefully, and I also want to select my position in the bag. When three men are slipped into a bag, like fingers into a glove, there is not much room for discussion. Such men must not have bristles which can be rubbed the wrong way, for there is nothing worse than sulphurous language in a sleeping-bag. It does not matter how charming a companion a man may ordinarily be; he is a different sort of a creature in a bag; and then, too, men have such different ways when asleep.

Three Men Sleeping in One Big Bag

"The chronicles of three men in a bag" would make an excellent title for a story of exploring life, but I am not going to write this story just now. To illustrate the comforts and discomforts, however, I must recount a part of this experience. In field work one seldom has shelter except a small tent or a snow-house, but usually, when the weather is at all tolerable, the bag is spread out upon the open fields of ice. One man attends to the culinary business; his duties are simple. After building a wall of snow as a wind-guard for the little blue-flame oil-stove, he selects some blocks of snow to be melted for tea. The tea is several hours in preparation, and while this is being done the other two undress and slip into the bag. It is remarkable how quickly men will jump out of their clothing in a temperature of forty degrees below zero.

As the men quiver and shuffle and grunt in the bags, to overcome the chill of their cold-air bath, the cook chops off pieces of pemmican with an ax, and, with a package of biscuits, he tosses it to them. For a half hour they punch each other and munch the hard food, and then a reaction sets in—a sort of warm electric glow which raises the mind to the seventh heaven of happiness. Ah! these are the moments for which polar men will gladly shiver weeks. Then it is they lie down and dream of happy homes, sweethearts and friends far away.

After a time the lonely mortal upon whom the lot has fallen to prepare the tea brings over a condensed-milk can, full of steaming stuff. It is feeble, but it is hot, and anything hot is a godsend. Little things like cups and saucers, knives, spoons and table linen do not trouble the explorer. Nor does he ever think of washing dishes. The cook then kicks up some bits of ice as a pillow and stores the clothing under the bag to keep it from being blown away, after which he drops out of his garments, shivers, and pushes in the centre, like a wedge, between the other two. He has a distinct advantage over the two first bag tenants, because he gets the warmth of the others, who are by this time in a fever-heat of happiness. In a very short time all are sleeping the sleep of the just in a lonely wilderness of ice, and then what care they for the cruel outside world? There is no noise except the metallic crackling of the snow under the bag, the snores of the companions, and the steady blow of the wind as it brushes the bag.

The sleep is frequently disturbed by the "turning process." The position of each bag tenant is like that of a sardine in a box. The snow soon closes in around the bag in such a manner that any unused room is obliterated by the pressure from without. To turn, then, is a task which requires a unison of action. It is curiously easy, however, to bring about simultaneous movement even among sleeping men. The signal is usually given by one of the side men who turns, bringing his elbows against the ribs of the middle man. The middle man, in his first experience, wakes up and rams his other companion a double blow. The third man also wakes up, turns, and the process is over until the next turning period. After a few nights this turning is done simultaneously by all hands without waking up.

The three-man sleeping-bag

It is the universal opinion that polar explorers suffer mostly by reason of the intense cold, and that success or failure is due to the powers of enduring low temperatures, but this is far from the truth. True, there are snow and ice everywhere in evidence. Snow falls during the summer as well as during the winter. For this, however, we are prepared; suitable garments and experience so fit the body that we do not really suffer much more from the effects of cold than does a New Yorker in winter; and we avoid the life-reducing heat of the summers at home.

Still, I do not mean to infer that the cold is ever forgotten. The conditions are such that the absence of heat is constantly brought to mind. When we start out from our comfortable rooms at headquarters we emerge from an agreeable temperature of seventy degrees into an icy air of minus forty, which makes a difference of one hundred and ten degrees of cold within ten seconds. This causes the breath to come in jets of steam, and soon the whiskers, the eyebrows and every fragment of hair and fur about the face are covered with icicles and crystals of hoar frost; beautiful little things, but they do not seem pretty at all to the possessor, for he is constantly, in brushing them off, pulling out bunches of hair and blowing out warm phrases. One never learns the real trouble of the life of the frigid zones until he has his face bejeweled with icicles.

A somewhat similar mixture of amusement and regret is the result of grasping metal implements with the ungloved hands in low temperatures. If there is a little excitement, such as the chasing of a polar bear, or being chased by one, a man is apt to forget his mittens and pick up his rifle with the bare hand. For a few seconds there is no discomfort, but when the rifle is laid down the hand sticks to it, and before the hunter separates himself from the grip on the metal parts he leaves a part of his skin behind, frozen to the gun. This, however, is one of many little accidents which a man quickly feels and slowly forgets.

How a Man Loses Toes and Fingers

Owing to the natural laws of radiation the extremities lose their heat first. The careless traveler constantly suffers from cold hands and feet, and even a careful adept loses his fingers or toes with remarkable ease. We start out on a mission, traveling over the icy waste of white wilderness, and for a time are happy, comfortable and contented. After a few hours we become thirsty, but we well know that there is nothing to quench our thirst, for, though there is water everywhere, it is frozen. Later, we become hungry, but we must delay satisfying the pangs until our destination is reached.

We plod on and on, over the weary snows, until we find a camping-place. Then we pitch camp, but now one has a stinging feeling in his toes; after a time this vanishes and is replaced by loss of sensation in a large part of the foot. The boot is removed, and through the many thicknesses of hose the thing feels like something foreign. One stocking after another is cautiously removed, but still there is a woody touch to the foot. When the last stocking is stripped down the foot is found white and glossy, like porcelain. A more careful examination reveals the fact that one or two toes are missing, and then the stocking is shaken for the absent bits before an effort is made to restore the circulation of the icy tissues. But an explorer must learn to rise above such little discomforts. He who cannot afford to lose strips of his skin, or parts of his hands or feet, is not worthy to be counted among the braves who seek the Poles.

No! It is not the cold which makes the life of frigid explorers hard: it is the hopelessness of the unimaginable isolation from the accustomed walks of life. Perhaps it is unbecoming to the supposed austerity of explorers to admit that the withdrawal of the little home and social incidents of life are the causes of the greatest discomforts, but this is nevertheless a fact. One misses most the little touches of romance which are unconsciously a part of our daily entertainment. After being locked in the ice and forced to endure its awful monotony for a few months, what would one not give for a letter, or a word from home, from mother or sisters, or other men's sisters? Ordinarily, men do not know what it is which makes life enjoyable, but he who aims to reach the North Pole will quickly learn that he suffers not from the cold or hunger, but from the little nothings of home and social life which are there far out of reach.

The Delights of Polar Experiences

I might go on and recite a hundred other lessons which go to make up the schooling of deprivation of the Pole seekers, but I must hasten to record the comforts. These are few, but they exist to him who seeks them. For here is the world nearest to its youthful character. The moving crust of the earth with which we drift, the hardy, simple life, and even the sky, all suggest a period of the earth in its infancy, long before the advent of man. It is this strange simplicity, this other-world air of terrestrial youth, which makes the polar regions so fascinating to Nature-loving man. Everything about is new, yet old; every sight is simple, yet clothed in mystery; every phenomenon, like a shy maiden, is attractive but difficult of access. The haste and bustle of the living world are far from the mental horizon, and the mind is ready to examine the new problems. It is fortunate that one can, after a little experience, here open the book of Nature and record the causes and effects of nearly all phenomena, for then the mysterious halo which surrounds everything polar disappears.

Each point of attraction which at first bewilders us by its strangeness becomes a written page to be added to the future annals of science. There are a hundred things which, in this way, daily present new aspects and urge the mind out of its lethargy of monotony into a state of fascination. Now we see some peculiar strip on the sky, a striking series of clouds, a rare fog effect, an unusual sunburst, or an aurora; now it is something connected with the sea, or with its burden, the ice. Perhaps the surface will seem motionless, while at a little distance a small blue-ridged berg will bound and dance as if animated by some strange submarine spirit; or perhaps one of the bergs, with whose face we are familiar, will suddenly turn, offering a new face and a curious color. Again a berg is seen with black spots and discolored stratifications. What is the origin of this? Is it the output of a volcano, or is it natural glacial débris? We see the effects, but what are the causes?

And so the questions run. Hardly have we learned one lesson when another is brought to our notice. This time, perhaps, it is some speck of life, curiously embedded in a wilderness of ice. What story has it to give? To what family does it belong? We want to know its manner of life, its food, something of its migration, and so on. There is always a stimulus for an endless series of interesting observations. It is these tempting studies which lift the spirits above the even plane of white monotony. It is this fresh interest in the unknown which makes life tolerable. We all like to ponder over the days of our youth; those of an inquiring turn of mind love to reflect upon the youthful days of the earth; and looking at the polar world, as a whole, it bears a close relation to what it must have been when man first came to it. Life under such conditions brings new joys in spite of the soul-despairing discomforts.

Vest-Pocket Cook Stoves

THE Commissary-General of the Army has recently bought, for the special use of our soldiers, large numbers of little cookers of a kind newly invented. Each of them is hardly bigger than a teacup, so that the contrivance has the merit of being easily portable, while possessing the additional advantages of extreme simplicity and cheapness. With a single twist one unscrews from it a metal rim, and this, having three legs, is made to serve as a tripod-stand for holding a brass receptacle from which the cover is removed with another twist.

The receptacle, which is nothing but a small cylindrical cup, is partly filled with a whitish-looking substance that has the appearance of spermaceti. One is informed, however, that the stuff is in reality a mixture of wood alcohol and "some vegetable material," the nature of which is not explained. On being touched with a match it catches fire instantly and burns with a steady, lambent flame, which, though almost invisible to the eye, is extremely hot.

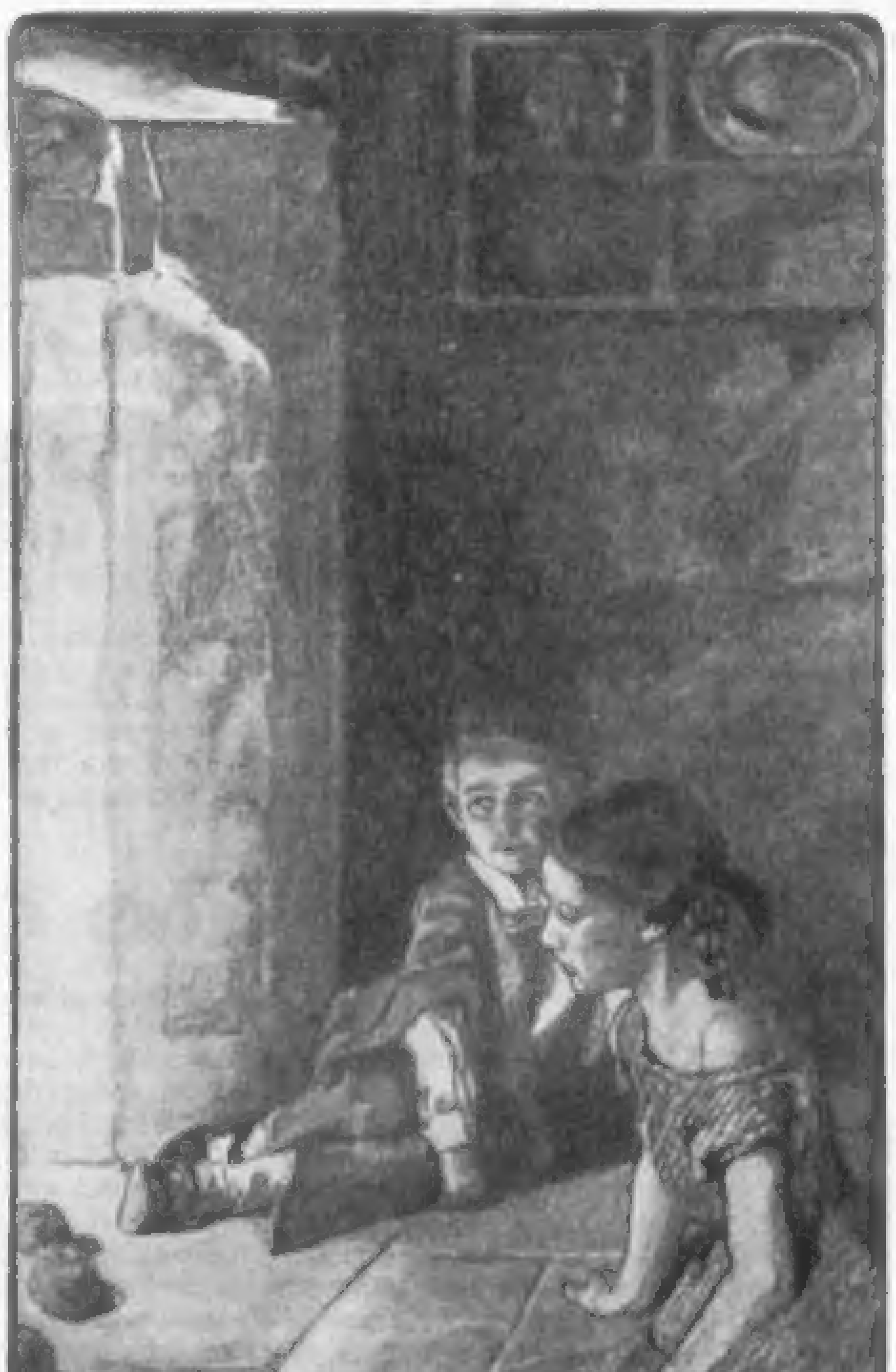
Now, the small quantity of alcohol mixture in the cup—it is quite solid—will burn for an hour and a half, and the cost of it is almost nothing. It will serve to heat water, or for any purpose of minor cookery, a saucepan or light pot being placed upon the tripod. When the fuel-mixture is used up, a fresh supply is scooped out of a pint can with a spoon and put into the brass cup, so that culinary operations may proceed. In a region where fuel is scarce—as in China, for example, or in parts of the West—such a contrivance is invaluable. It is likely to be adopted by sportsmen for use in camp.

The Navy has purchased a quantity of these impromptu cookers, and is furnishing them by way of experiment to some of the ships.

As a means for heating shaving-water, under conditions where the ordinary conveniences are not at hand, the contrivance described is specially available.

Christmas Over-Sea

By Guy Wetmore Carryl



IN THIS still hour descending of dusk and darkness blending
Unwonted turns of memory the errant fancy hold:
Dim dreams of dead Decembers, and old rekindled embers
Of fires long since extinguished, and hearths long time grown cold.
For us, the restless rangers, whose homes are made with strangers,
The wand of sweet remembrance the wraith of Christmas rears.
Sick of our ceaseless roaming, our eyes across the gloaming
Are strained to see the sunlight that brightened younger years.

Once more from slumber rousing, half waking and half drowsing,
We hear the strokes of midnight along the hallways go,
And childish thoughts run yearning to where the fire is burning,
And hopeful stockings hanging in quaint expectant row.
Once more, its progress timing, we watch the slow dawn climbing
Across the chamber rafters, until, probation past,
We find the brimming measures of trivial Christmas treasures,
Where largesse of his bounty St. Nicholas has cast.

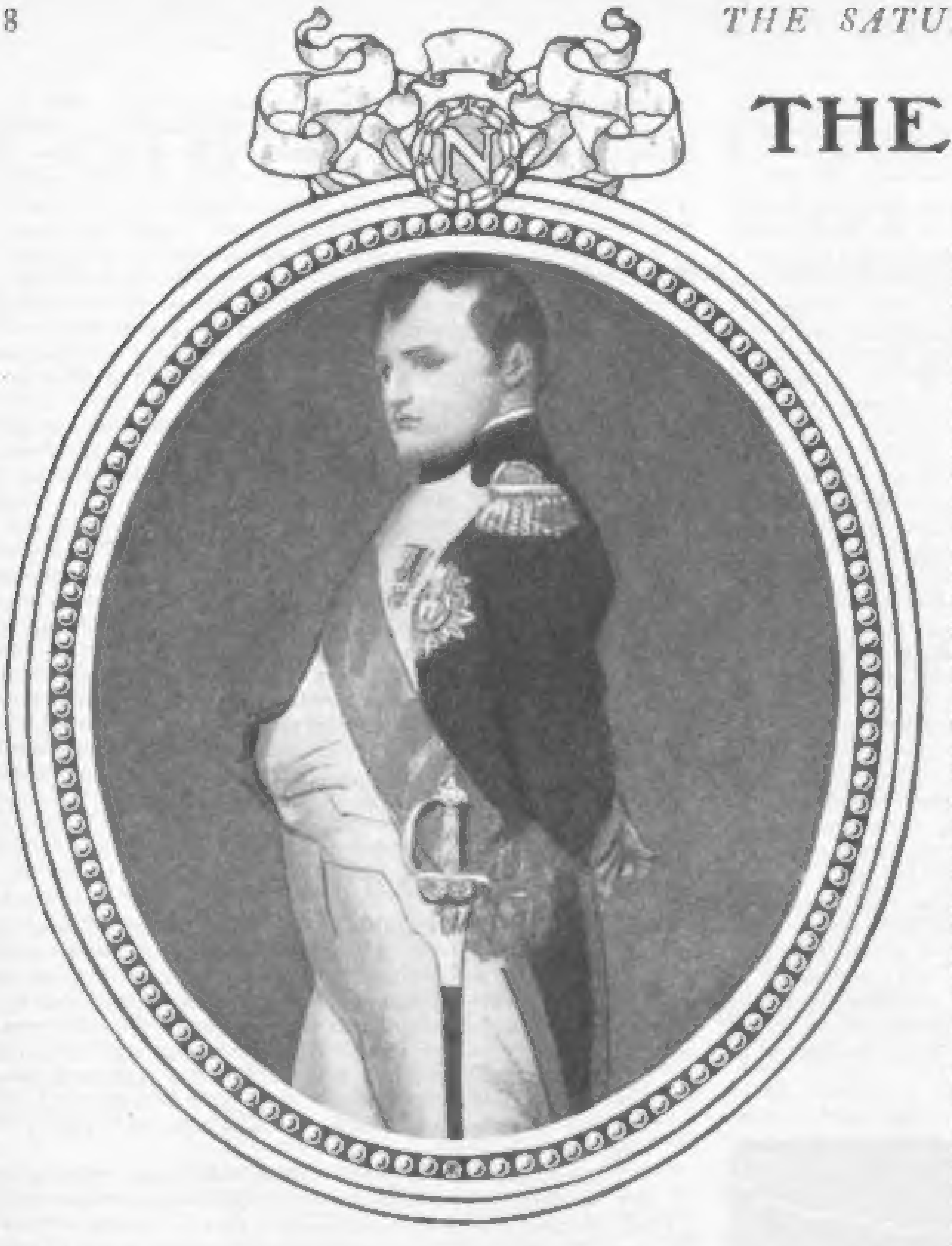
Unsinful and contented, within the chapel, scented
With box and pine and hemlock, we hear the choir again
Proclaim the lightened burden, the gain of golden guerdon,
The song of herald angels of "Peace! Good will to men!"
Ah, sweet, familiar story, how dimmed your olden glory!
Ah, strong, young creed of mercy, become so dim a wraith!
Expatriate, split asunder, we pause in silent wonder
Before the sad-eyed vision of simple childish faith!

The long day draws to twilight. Within the fitful, shy light
Of unreplenished embers lie apples in a row:
Filled are the empty places, recalled forgotten faces,
And Christmas is a Christmas like those we used to know:
Till, at our window leaning, we watch the hemlocks gleaning
New riches, as the Frost King weaves ever whiter spells,
To sink at last to sleeping, some little portion keeping
Of all the calm enchantment that woke with Christmas bells.

Ah, little ones grown older, ah, little hearts grown colder,
Sad years of sick probation, sad lives lived over-sea,
Whatever else betide you, thank God if memory guide you
On Christmas for an instant to the port where you would be!
The bars of distance breaking, the dim, dead past awaking,
The legend of our childhood, believing, we recall:—
For to whome'er remembers the spell of young Decembers
St. Nicholas has granted the dearest gift of all!

THE EMPEROR'S CHRISTMAS

By François Coppée



IT IS Christmas Eve in the year 1811: and all the evening since ten o'clock Napoleon has been working alone in his cabinet in the Palace of the Tuileries. The large room is dimly lighted; here and there amidst the shadows some gilt object glistens vaguely—the frame of an invisible picture, the golden lion heads which form the arms of an easy chair, the heavy gilt tassel of a curtain. The shaded wax candles in the two candelabra only light the large table; an atlas and many thick volumes bound in green morocco, an N and a crown stamped in their covers also, litter its surface.

The master has been working for nearly two hours, and it is over these maps and the state and situation of his armies that he is bending his massive brow—a brow marked by a deep black furrow, a brow heavy with thought, heavy as the world of whose conquest he dreams. The atlas is open at the map of Asia, and the Emperor's hand, nervous, feminine, delicate, traces slowly with his forefinger, here, there, all across Persia, a road to Hindustan. Yes, India, by an overland route. Why not? His navy vanquished and destroyed, the Conqueror has only this way before him. Yes, he will march, under the palm trees of fabulous forests, followed by his golden eagles sparkling amidst the bright steel of the bayonets, to strike England to the heart—he aims his blow at her treasure, her Eastern Empire. Already he possesses the greatness of Cæsar and of Charlemagne, and now he wishes to obtain *also* that of Alexander. He dreams this dream without any astonishment. He knows the East already—he has left there behind him immortal fame. Once the Nile has seen him, mounted on a dromedary, a thin General with long hair; on the banks of the Ganges, the now portly Emperor in his long gray coat will require the Elephant of Porus. He knows how to captivate people, and how to chain them to himself. There he will command white-turbaned soldiers with bronze faces; there he will see attached to his staff rajahs sparkling with precious stones, and there he will question the idol monsters, with their ten arms stretched out beneath their diamond mitres, of his destiny—although quite recently, in Egypt, the flat-nosed Sphinx before whom he dreamed, with both hands resting on his bent sword, had refused to yield him her secrets.

Emperor of Europe! Sultan of Asia! These are the only titles which shall be carved on his mausoleum.

There is an obstacle—Russia, the immense! But as he cannot be certain of the vacillating friendship of Alexander, he will conquer him, and the small hand of the Emperor eagerly turns over the pages of the green books which can tell him almost to a man the strength of the great army which is already massed toward the Niemen. Yes, he will conquer the Autocrat of the North and he will take the Czar as his vassal, followed by his hordes of savage Cossacks, to the conquest of the East.

Emperor of Europe! Sultan of Asia!—the undertaking is not too much for his desire or for his genius. When he has formed his mighty empire he will not hazard its continuance, as did Alexander of old, by dividing it among his Generals; for since March 20 Napoleon has a son who will inherit all his glory and all his power. At the thought of this child, sleeping so near him in the silent palace, a smile spread over the face of the Emperor.

Suddenly he raised his head with a movement of surprise—how was there such a strange and deep murmur of sound in this room so well closed in and deafened by its heavy curtains? It almost seemed as if all the gold bees on the silk hangings had begun to hum. The Emperor listened more attentively, and at last, in the murmuring sounds, he distinguished the vibration of bells. Ah! yes, it is Christmas Eve and the Midnight Mass. Truly, the bells of all the churches in Paris are celebrating the birth of Christ—the bells which had been recently replaced in all the towers and belfries by Bonaparte, when, as consul and peacemaker, he wished to reconcile in France the brothers who were at enmity. How many times had they not rung in his honor glorious Te Deums of victory, and what carillons they had sounded a few short months before—on the day on which the King of Rome was born! That was a memorable date when Heaven, in giving a son to the hero, seemed to be of the same mind as himself, and had thus recognized the legitimacy of his work and given him a pledge that it should endure. This evening, however, in the cold, clear night, they were ringing as joyously and as triumphantly as they had done for Austerlitz or Wagram, and it was in honor of a lowly Babe, the son of a carpenter, born in a stable long, long ago, when the mysterious voices proclaimed in the starry vault of heaven, "Glory to God and on earth peace."

The Emperor listens to the Christmas bells; he falls into a reverie; he remembers his obscure and lowly childhood; he recalls the midnight mass in the Cathedral of Ajaccio when his uncle the archdeacon officiated, and the return of the large family to the old home which bore witness to much poverty proudly endured. He remembers the beauty of his mother as she presided at the frugal midnight revel where they feasted on chestnuts. *His* son, the son of the victorious Emperor and of the Archduchess of Austria, would never know such misery; he should be master of the world.

Outside in the icy night the Christmas bells were still ringing. At the palace door, the soldier, marching quickly to and fro beside his sentry box, trying to warm his frozen feet, might perhaps at the moment remember a prayer or a psalm which he had learned at his mother's knee in the old village home—and a smile would pass over his face as he thought of the infant Jesus cradled in the manger.

The Emperor gave no heed to the pious appeal of the bells; he thought only of his son, and suddenly he took an irresistible desire to see him.

He arose, clapped his hands, and immediately a door which was concealed by the tapestry opened and Roustan appeared. At a sign from his master he took one of the candelabra, and lighted by the faithful Mameluke the Emperor went through the silent corridors to the apartment of the little king. He entered, and with a sign dismissed the nurse and the other attendants, and then he placed himself beside the cradle of the wonderful infant. The King of Rome was sleeping soundly, the cradle was a mass of white linen and lace across which was laid the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur. His tiny face with fast closed eyes was half hidden in the pillow, and that, with one charming little dimpled hand which rested on the coverlet, made two pieces of warm infant flesh—and over this innocent and pure babe, peacefully sleeping in his cradle, the broad scarlet ribbon passed like a stream of blood, like the river of blood which was to be shed that one day this tiny head might wear the heaviest of crowns, and that one day that delicate little hand might grasp a sheaf of sceptres.

Napoleon looks at his son; he dreams—and never did human pride caress more delicately a human heart—that the great dignitaries of his court, that his Generals more famous than those of Homer, that his Ministers and his Senators bedizened with gold lace, bend themselves before this cradle, trembling with reverence and respect, and that the Jacobin renegades themselves, the old regicides who now wear the Imperial uniform, hardly dare to aspire to the honor of kissing that baby hand. The Emperor is still lost in reverie and in the confused sound of the bells, ringing for midnight mass; he fancies that he hears the even sound of the marching of troops and the rolling of wagon wheels over there on the frozen roads of Germany and Poland. Intoxicated with paternal ambition, more than ever he dreams of the great army and of the conquest of Russia and Asia—and he swears to himself that he will leave all the thrones of the old world to his heir.

He has already given the infant the City of St. Peter as a toy, as a rattle, and he shall soon find some other holy cities among his playthings. Emir of Mecca, Rajah of Benares—these are titles worthy of the King of Rome. Alas! why has not he, the invincible Captain, a million, two millions of soldiers to command? It is the universe itself, the entire world, he desires to place in that tiny hand. He dreams—deaf to the sound of the holy bells, without one thought of Him who reigns in the skies, and in whose sight the greatest empires are as ant hills.

He dreams—but he does not see in the future his immense army overcome in the snows of Beresina. He dreams—but he does not see his eagles mown down and his battalions destroyed by English grape at Waterloo. He dreams—but he does not see the lonely rock in mid-ocean where the tortures of Prometheus await him, and, above all, he dreams and does not see in the Park of Schönbrunn, under a gray autumn sky, a pale and sad young man in a white uniform, wearing an Austrian order on his breast, who coughs as he walks among the fallen, faded leaves.

And as the Emperor follows this wonderful dream, imagining the reign of his son and of his successors over all the universe, and dreaming that he himself, Napoleon, will at last become a legend—a fabulous myth, a new Mars, a solar god ruling in the midst of a zodiac composed of his twelve Generals—the bells still ring—joyously, triumphantly, distractedly—in honor of that poor little Babe born at Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago, who has truly conquered the world—not with blood and victories, but with the word of peace and love, and who will reign in the hearts of men for ever and ever through all the ages.

The Fool Killer

By Morgan Robertson

ORIGINALLY designed for the use of a wealthy man—as a racing machine—she had shown wonderful speed on her trial trip, and this, with the insolvency of her prospective buyer, had induced the builder to offer her to the Government. The Government bought her and gave her as foster-mother the seagoing battleship Argyll. She was about fifty-five feet long, of the very lightest construction, two thousand indicated horse-power, and trial-trip speed of thirty-three knots, with power to generate superhot steam in cold-water tubes in four minutes from the time a match was applied to her automatic-feed oil fuel. A dockyard made her a bed on the Argyll's superstructure, fitted her with four strong eyebolts in which to hook a hoisting bridle, gave her a turtleback over the bow—for looks only, as it covered nothing—a closed conning-tower, a closed boiler-room for forced draft, leaving the tiller free in an open cock-pit and the tiller chains exposed, planted a torpedo tube on her stern with a Whitehead inside, and called her a third-class torpedo boat attached to the Argyll as a tender. The Argyll's crew hoisted her aboard, and later tried her, but with her change of trade her good reputation left her.

A crew was given her: Mr. Felton, a junior Lieutenant, to command, a quartermaster to steer, two machinists to handle her engines, and two trained experts from the torpedo division to work the torpedoes. In a month all were replaced. The oil feed blew up, burning their clothes and their cuticle; boiler tubes blew out and scalded them; tiller ropes parted at full speed and she rammed a dock, throwing all hands high and dry with fractures and dislocations; the Whitehead jammed in the tube and the powder charge burst the breech, ruining the Lieutenant's new coat and his eyesight; and finally, when a sea-cock opened of its own sweet will, sinking her at the swinging boom in ten fathoms, the first crew begged off. She was raised, refitted, and with her second crew behaved no better; so they hoisted her to her bed on the superstructure, christened her The Fool Killer, and the Captain appointed Finnegan, the ship's butt, as caretaker, and washed his hands of both; for Finnegan was equally useless. But in his new charge Finnegan displayed great pride when sober, spending much time scouring her brasswork and puttering over her fittings; and when he finally reported—somewhat unsteadily—to the Captain that he had repaired all breaks and made her seaworthy and shipshape, the latter gravely appointed him captain of the torpedo boat and sent him below rejoicing.

And with Finnegan rejoicing and the ship's company guying him the Argyll charged around the Cape of Good Hope to the antipodes, where international intrigue required her presence. Before she arrived intrigue had given way to ponderously polite notes, notes to ultimatums, ultimatums to requests for ministerial passports, and the world had risen to witness a war. But the Argyll, far from her last dispatches, knew nothing of the later developments, so it can hardly be considered her fault, or that of Lieutenant Felton—officer of the deck at the time—that she blundered into a squadron of the enemy's ships containing one battleship as heavy as herself. The rest were armored and protected cruisers, four in all, none of which could have withstood the Argyll's secondary battery; but the battleship was a serious proposition.

It would have been unjust in a Captain—responsible for his being officer of the deck in his half-blind condition—to blame Lieutenant Felton. He had sent word below, on the authority of the sharp-eyed quartermaster at his side, of the sighting of the ships; and as his superiors, dallying over their Christmas dinner, unaware of hostilities begun, paid no attention, he had reported again, with the enemy five miles nearer. This ended his duty under the regulations, but he might have done more had he been himself. He was not himself; he was suffering keenly from doubt and regret and remorse. He had sent Finnegan—poor old Finnegan, beloved and belittled of all hands—down to the sick bay with a request to the surgeon for some eye-water to relieve the pain in his eyes; and when Finnegan, smelling of whiskey, and vacantly forgetful of his errand to the sick bay, was caught wandering about the superstructure an hour later, he had sent again for eye-water by a responsible messenger, and on then learning that Finnegan had pilfered a bottle of sick-bay whiskey and escaped with no reference to eye-water, Mr. Felton had angrily punished him by sending him over the side in a "bosun's chair" with a swab and a bucket. A later sight of the empty "bosun's chair" swinging against the side had aroused Mr. Felton's doubts, and a wholesale and unavailing search for Finnegan by the whole watch on deck failing to bring him to light had aroused his regret and remorse. The poor old fellow was miles astern, surely; hence Mr. Felton's condition of mind

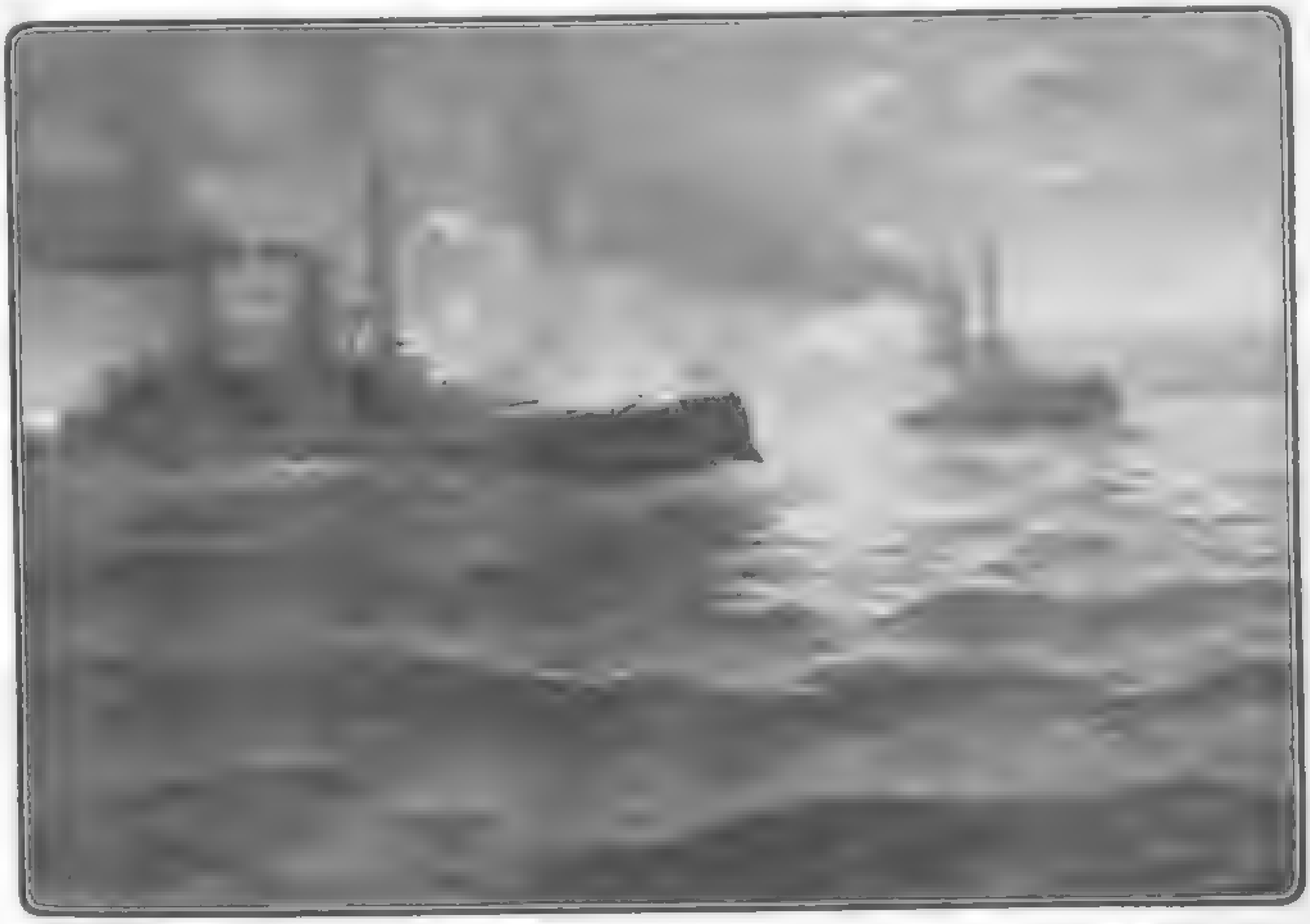
But his condition of mind was of small importance compared with that of his superiors when they appeared on the bridge. Mr. Clarkson, the executive officer, jauntily examined the oncoming ships through the binoculars, Mr. Ryerson, the torpedo lieutenant, joked him about his eyes, and the Captain listened—pained and astonished—as he told of the fate of Finnegan; but before a word of censure or comfort could come to Mr. Felton the executive had shouted "Battle flags! Look at them! They're stripped for action! War must be on!"

"Quarters, Mr. Clarkson," tersely remarked the Captain. "No time to strip;" and then, in a kindly tone to Mr. Felton: "I know how you feel, but—there will be more than Finnegan. Remain on the bridge as my aid."

A gun on the leading craft—evidently the flagship—had spoken while the Captain was talking; and for a short time the battleship seemed to quiver with internal motion as men sprang to stations and machinery moved. Mr. Clarkson, First Lieutenant, went to the forward turret; the navigating officer arrived on the bridge where, with the torpedo lieutenant, he belonged during an action; and Mr Felton entered the conning-tower. Here he was to transmit orders to telephones and speaking-tubes until the others were driven from the bridge.

As the Captain had said, there was no time to strip ship for action. Guns could be manned, compartments closed, steam generated in auxiliary boilers, hose stretched out and pumps started; but the stowing of ventilators, anchors and davits, the knocking down of wooden bulkheads, and the throwing overboard of the boats could not be thought of Thus, high over all, snug in her chocks under the great steam crane which had hoisted her, lay The Fool Killer, unharmed by the furious hail of shot and shell which battered the ship.

The initial gun was followed by others from the four ships, which the Argyll answered. She was but a mile and a half away from her enemies, and at this short distance there was hardly need of range finders. Few shots from either side went wild, and the Argyll rang like a boiler shop. The fire was from port broadsides, and the hostile squadron maintained the mile and a half distance while it circled at full speed in single column around the Argyll, which, with engines working just enough for steerage-way, turned slowly in her tracks like a huge wild animal fighting for life.



The battleship was still hammering them

But the God of Battles was with the Argyll that day. As understood among her well-trained officers and crew, large shot and shell fire were never wasted on cruisers. Thirteen-inch projectiles were meant only for battleships, and the four large turret guns were trained on her solid-walled prototype, who showed no sign of suffering as yet, and replied with an equal weight of metal against the Argyll's armor and turrets, while she drilled her soft ends and superstructure with a furious storm of steel from her lighter batteries. But the Argyll's eight-inch, six inch and secondary guns that would bear were divided up against the three cruisers; and this comparatively light fire was the first to produce results. It was marksmanship and good smokeless powder that did it; for when gunners can see their targets, and can send small shells through sponson and turret apertures to explode against the opposite walls, effects are complete. The rear ship of the column, with gun-fire stilled, belching smoke from all ports and hatches, and steering wildly, as though from damaged rudder gear, reeled out of range, and soon burst into flame.

Mr Felton sent the news down a speaking-tube, and heard shouts of gladness as the news spread in the depths; then came an injunction up the tube from the officer at the central station to "hurry up and finish the rest, as the ship was a floating morgue"; and he repeated sadly the Captain's remark, "There will be more than Finnegan."

The Captain and the two officers had remained on the bridge, sheltered from the whistling shells by the double walls of the conning tower; but now the shattering among them of the stricken starboard search-light induced them to enter the tower and close the door. Here they learned the news from below

"True enough, Mr. Felton," answered the Captain, as with strained, white face he peered through an observation slit. "And I can never get accustomed to this killing. It is horrid, and—and, too, I am—I was a little upset. There, there! See, the flagship is ablaze!"

They looked, and verified the assertion; the flagship was a splendid craft—high-sided and symmetrical, fit to lead in international parades—but surely doomed now for fighting out of her class. She had suddenly burst into a red mass of flame amidships which seemed to feed on steel, so fiercely it raged. And while they looked the noise grew quieter; there was less of the boiler-shop sound in the clanging and crashing of projectiles, and they peered through other peepholes. The battleship was still hammering them, but the remaining cruiser, apparently still intact, was showing them her stern and giving steam to her engines. She was wise just in time; no greyhound should fight a bulldog

And gunners cheered while they again changed their aim, and soon wrought marked results on the battleship. Something—no one knew what, though later all the big turret crews claimed the credit—happened to the two heavy guns forward on board the enemy. They swung in open barbettes, not turrets, and were vulnerable to a bursting charge just above; yet it hardly seemed probable that any shell exploding in air could swing those two guns around until they pointed to starboard, and elevate them at different angles. This much only was seen, and that the guns did not come back. But a broadside of eight-inch, two stern guns of thirteen inch, and a whole masked battery of smaller calibre guns were still at work, and demanded attention

With but one antagonist it was wisest now that the Argyll move faster, and Mr Felton, at the Captain's order, signaled "full speed" to the engine-room; also, to satisfy his misgivings, the Lieutenant asked Mr. Clarkson, in the forward turret, if Finnegan had reported at his station there. The answer was negative

Still maintaining their broadside bearings and an approximate mile and a half distance, the two monsters thundered around in a circle—the Argyll stronger in gun protection and efficiency, but weaker in side armor and totally vulnerable in her ends, which were already battered out of all semblance to bow and stern. It was a death duel for one, perhaps for both. Around they charged, sputtering and roaring with quick-fire and heavy turret guns. Little by little, as gun positions behind light armor were shot away, the port battery of eight-inch guns on board the enemy yielded to the marksmanship of the Argyll's gunners, until there was nothing to be seen or heard from her but the belching and roaring of the two heavy after barbette guns and the spitting chatter of her quick-fire secondary battery. Then came a moment when a quiver went through the Argyll; and when it had passed there was a stillness and a silence that had not been there easily missed over the voice of her batteries. Those in the conning-tower looked aft through the slits and saw yellow smoke oozing from midship ventilators, then a man, naked to the waist, staggering out of a chasm that had once been a companionway. He reeled a little, found his footing and sped forward, bursting into the tower just as the Captain had anticipated his message by a trial of the engine room tubes and telephones.

"Engines both gone to h—l," he gasped "Half the crowd are dead, the rest dying—and I'm alive, but I don't know how." He was the chief engineer

"But we've got her whipped!" sang out the navigating officer joyously from a peephole; "the after guns are done for."

They crowded to look; the two huge rifles, plainly discernible at the distance, were farther apart, no longer parallel, and her quick-fire guns were silent also; but there was no sign of flags coming down—the toothless monster still rode along, silent and sullen. Then they noticed that she was turning toward them

"Going to work his starboard broadside," said Mr Ryerson in a deprecating tone "No good; might as well give up."

"He is not," responded the Captain, pale-faced through it all. "He can ram—he is a fool if he does not. We cannot avoid him, and we cannot penetrate his armor. See—he is steadying himself for us. All hands on deck, Mr. Felton Give each a chance to swim. The ship is doomed."

"Why—how——" yelled Mr. Ryerson excitedly "What about the torpedo boat? Can't we get her over? The Whitehead's all ready."

"Get steam up in no time," said the engineer. "Let's get her over, Capt'n No need for volunteers. I'm out o' commission—Felton to steer—you can spare him now Ryerson to shoot the torpedo"

"Let me go Capt'n," said Mr Felton anxiously. "I can see to steer, and I was once in charge—I am familiar with her"

"It is sure death for you all."

"It is death for all hands otherwise"

"Boilers are intact," said the engineer "Plenty o' steam for the crane. Give us two men to ride down in her and unhook. We'll do the rest"

"Go," said the Captain gravely, "and may God watch you Have you called down for all hands, Mr Felton? No? Don't then. There will be gun fire again, and men may be killed I will call them, if necessary. Hurry, gentlemen, and God help you. Quartermasters," he added to the man at the wheel and the signalman listening from the staircase above, "go with them and help launch the boat, but you are not to go Come back."

"Very good, sir," they answered, and away went the five—out on the superstructure and up to the "strongbacks," where, snug and serene in her chocks, lay The Fool Killer, unharmed—as though the mystic symbolism of her name might have protected her. The engineer started her fires and climbed to the platform of the steam crane; the others rigged the steel-wire bridle and hooked on the heavy block of the crane tackle; then the two quartermasters entered the boat to unhook in the water and hold her to the ship's side until the others could man her. The engineer opened valves and turned levers; the boat rose from her bed, swung over the side and descended, while the two Lieutenants followed down the shattered superstructure to join her; and before she struck the water her tubes were hissing with steam and the small arm fire of the oncoming battleship was resumed

It was a terrible fire at the closer range, and it was aimed low; for the work on hand could easily be seen by the gunners. But, though they aimed low enough to clear the engineer—vociferating from the crane platform to clear away the after bridlehooks first, as the Argyll was still moving at a twelve-knot rate—they did not aim low enough to hit the boat. They hit the ship and laid the two Lieutenants on their backs, unconscious from the impact of flying steel fragments; they hit the two quartermasters and killed them—both tumbling overboard; they hit the lower block of the steam crane tackle, and the boat finished her descent by a drop of four feet; then, as she plunged and pitched, they aimed lower and hit the small conning tower, shattering the steering-wheel within, and knocked off the hatch cover which closed the deck entrance to the turtleback forward. And out of this hatch, as the little craft drifted astern, emerged a frowsy head followed by a limp figure of uncertain poise and motion. In the half-closed eyes and in the puffed and wrinkled face were the wonder and fright and bewilderment of a suddenly awakened sleeper. It was Finnegan. He stood up, turned around, and fell to his hands and knees

"Finnegan," roared the chief, climbing down from the [illegible] 'Finnegan! Give her steam and bring her up to the side. Turn the valve at the left of the engine—draw the lever half way—slow motion.' Then he joined the Captain and navigating officer on the bridge—safe from harm now, as the other ship was firing solely at the torpedo boat. The Argyll had ceased firing and the deck was filling with men, smoke-begrimed, bloody and unclothed, for with the loss of the torpedo boat the Captain had sent the order through the ship: "All hands on deck—each man for himself—stand by for ramming."

It is doubtful that Finnegan in his muddled frame of mind understood the order of the engineer, for when it was given the Argyll's guns were still speaking Yet, somehow, out of his inner consciousness he knew what to do. They watched him crawl aft to the engine and stoop down; then the little craft shot ahead with a suddenness which threw him backward. He had given her full speed, and she was headed straight for the Argyll's stern. Men shouted at him, and he arose, scrambled forward and peered curiously at the wreck of the wheel and conning-tower. Again his inner self must have guided him. With a startled glance ahead at the big steel ship he was ramming, he reached down and seized the slackened starboard tiller rope where it lay along the rail, and pulled on it, drawing the tiller hard over. The boat answered, and nearly hurled him overboard as she heeled and circled under the Argyll's stern, barely clearing by a foot. The rudder straightened as he dropped the tiller rope, and the torpedo boat Fool Killer, at a thirty-knot speed, rushed away to port, straight for the approaching enemy, in the face of a fusillade that churned the sea into foam. And then only did Finnegan seem to realize that he was under fire. He scrambled aft, hurriedly and unsteadily, and launched headlong into the cockpit, which screened him from sight

"What a death for any man," said the Captain explosively. "Who of us would not chose it? And it is given to Finnegan. Living or dead, he will be a hero before the world if a man of us lives to speak of this."

"No fear of it, sir," answered the navigating officer. "We will all go down in the suction—too far down to come back—unless—shall I order the men to jump on the chance of swimming clear?"

"Not yet; they might exhaust themselves. Wait until she is almost on us. I shall go down with my ship."

"I shall swim if I can," said the engineer grimly, as he shed his trousers. "I'd rather be a live prisoner than a dead [illegible]"

Mr Clarkson and other officers had joined them; the men on deck were stripped; some held tightly to cork fenders and life-buoys, some to disconnected doors, planks, gratings and ladders, brought from below; but most of them had secured hammocks and removed the mattresses. All watched intently the little craft speeding away from them between two high waves, and the oncoming monster, rushing to meet her behind two mightier waves, and greeting her with a rain of small shot—sixty a minute from each gun—which bored her through and through, but seemed as yet to strike no vital part.

On went the Fool Killer and on came the Fool, on parallel tracks that would leave them but a hundred yards distance in passing, until, when each bore four points off the port bow of the other a vital part was struck. The watching crew of the Argyll observed the torpedo tube, which had been pointed dead ahead on the boat's stern, slued almost squarely around to port on its spindle by the blow of a projectile; but only the trained apprehension of Mr. Ryerson, who, cut and bleeding, had crawled to the bridge, took cognizance of a little puff of white smoke arising from the stricken breech, and a long, black spindle leaping from its throat.

"The Whitehead's overboard," he exclaimed excitedly as he hung to the bridge rail. "Didn't you see it? Didn't you? I did. I'll swear to it. They've aimed it themselves, and exploded the breech charge. It may hit her. It *may*—it's just about the right angle. Where's the glass? Watch for the bubbles."

Nothing could be seen of bubbles at that distance; but it needed no glass to see the great ship lift amidships a few seconds later, and to see the dense masses of thick, yellow smoke and white steam bursting from ports, ventilators and the riven hull. Then, while she settled low on her port side, they heard a thunderous boom and a rushing of steam which told of exploded magazines and punctured boilers. Her gunfire ceased, men dotted her decks, and she came on with lessening speed and a perceptibly lower bow wave, until, at a quarter mile distance, she buried her bow, lifted her stern, and dived to the depths, with the air each side of her filled with men leaping from her rising stern. In the chaos of whirlpools, bursting bubbles, heaving waves and wreckage which took her place could be seen a very few of these men swimming toward the Argyll. But they did not swim long

"It is horrible," groaned the Captain. "We cannot save them. We haven't a boat left"

He was trembling from the reaction of feeling, and leaned heavily against the bridge rail

"Some may reach us," said Mr. Clarkson, equally unnerved. "We can pull them aboard. And it was the fate meant for us."

"Finnegan's luck," said the engineer. "I'll bet he isn't harmed. It wouldn't be consistent. Where's the glass?"

"I hope so," answered the Captain. Then turning to a white-faced and bleeding wreck crawling up the stairs he said "I congratulate you, Mr. Felton. We thought you were killed

"I thought so, too, sir," answered the officer. "And I remember at the time thinking that it was a judgment

"On account of Finnegan?" asked the Captain, smiling weakly. "Mr. Felton, there is an inscrutable Fate behind all Finnegan's actions. Alone and unaided he has done what the whole ship's company could not do. He has destroyed our enemy"

"Is he alive?"

"Yes, by Jupiter—he is," roared back the engineer joyously, with the glass at his eyes "He's coming back! He's [illegible] back! He's at the tiller! Told you so. Finnegan's luck."

They could see plainly with the naked eye the little craft turning around in the distance. And soon they made out the head of Finnegan rising over the edge of the turtleback

"But she's sinking," said the First Lieutenant, who had seized the glasses from the engineer. Then, after another look, he continued: "She's low down—she may run under yet

He stepped down and ordered ropes' ends, life buoys and ladders prepared for the rescue of Finnegan; and the men responded with cheers On came the Fool Killer, nearer and nearer, and slower as she came, Finnegan at the tiller in the cockpit, the lapping water occasionally lifting over the midship rail, the engines barely moving, until at fifty feet distance from the ship she gently settled under and left Finnegan swimming. Twenty men sprang over with yells of encouragement. More would have gone, but Mr. Clarkson stopped them. The hero was seized, pushed and lifted toward the ship. They punched him playfully and swore at him lovingly; and Finnegan, who had been swimming well until they reached him, was nearly drowned by his enthusiastic rescuers. He swore back at them, and when they slipped a bowline under his shoulders and men on deck hoisted him up, he protested against such unseamanly treatment [illegible] him down on deck and he remained there, looking [illegible] bewilderment, swaying [illegible]

"Finnegan!" yelled Mr Clarkson over the noise of cheers and shouts; "Finnegan, do you know what you've done? Do you know you're a hero?"

"Whash matter, sir?" he answered thickly as he brushed his dripping hair from his eyes. "Whasha throw me overboard for, sir? Who hit me?" (He felt of his ribs where the bowline had pinched.) "Whash all 'bout, anyway? Might 's well kill a man 't onsh as scare him to death"

The Gospel of Saving

By Russell Sage

"Out of every dollar earned save twenty-five cents"

RUSSELL SAGE

THRIFT is so essential to happiness in this world that the failure to practice it is, to me, incomprehensible. It is such an easy, simple thing, and it means so much. It is the foundation of success in business, of contentment in the home, of standing in society. It stimulates industry. I never yet heard of a thrifty man who was lazy. It begets independence and self-confidence. It makes [illegible] of the individual who practices it.

I think the greatest fault that characterizes our education of the young to-day is the failure to teach thrift in the schools. From the very outset a child ought to understand the value of saving. In some schools, I understand, penny savings funds are now established. Out of these funds, if they are administered with practical common sense, will grow more sound teaching than out of anything else in the curriculum. I mean teaching that will make for success; and that, after all, is what the mother hopes for for her child and a nation for its citizens

Failure in the world is impossible if a young man will start out right. If society will take hold of the matter in the proper spirit, every young man will start out right. Of course, even under the most favorable conditions there will be exceptions to this rule. But there are exceptions to every rule. Of them we can take no account. But the great body of young men would go right if they were taught the road at the outset. You may not be able to make good morals by legislation, but you can make a successful man by proper teaching and example.

As matters stand now, all that the average child ever hears in school of the value of saving is contained in some dry text-book or essay. There is nothing living, vital or forcible in such material as this. It is of very much greater importance that a child or young man should know how to proceed on the road to success in the world than it is that he should know the road to Cape Town or London, or that he should know the involved principles of the higher sciences.

Resolve that You Will Not be Hard Up

This is a tremendously practical world, and that man is going to get the most out of it who is not hampered by a constant want of money. It is absurd to suppose that great riches always bring happiness, or even that the accumulation of great riches is essential to success. The man of moderate means is, on the whole, perhaps happier than the extremely rich man, and he who makes for himself a safe place in any field can be set down as being quite as successful as the man who accumulates millions. But the man who is perpetually hard up cannot under any circumstances be happy, no matter what the foolish in the world may say, and no man can win a safe place in the world if he is hampered with debts. Helpless poverty is the most crushing affliction that can come to a family, and is the affliction most easily avoided. The man who starts out right will never be poor in the extreme sense, no matter how limited his income, or how circumscribed his opportunities.

Let him lay down the rule for himself that he will invariably spend less than he makes; then he is safe. No man can be happy in this life for any length of time if he does not live up to this principle, no matter how dazzlingly he starts out, or what his prospects are. If he deviates from this rule he will sooner or later come to grief. He must save to succeed. He must succeed in something to be happy. That man surely faces acute misery who at thirty is not better off than he was at twenty. It is a simple process, and for its non-observance there can be no possible excuse. Let the boy or man live so economically that he always has something to lay by, and he is certain to have, in the end, a competence to protect him against all ordinary worries. Of course, there may come unavoidable accidents; but even these will be more easily combated if, as a young man, the habit of economizing has been cultivated I wonder constantly, when I meet examples of misery caused by unthriftiness, how such things can be with a human being whose brain is normal

Much of the fault lies in the strenuous and unnatural life that we find in cities. Country people rarely suffer such extreme poverty as we find in the great centres of population. The farmer's boy is instinctively saving and careful. He sees all about him examples of husbandry. The bees, the ants and the squirrels all provide carefully for a rainy day. Man alone violates this natural instinct, and he violates it more generally in the luxurious life of the city than in the plainer and simpler life of the country

Avoid the Barbarism of Luxury

A man should at no time spend more than is necessary for decent living Extreme luxury and lavishness are signs, not of cultivation, but of barbarism Their existence sets a very vicious example. It is because they see on all hands such an extreme waste of money that the youth who grow up in cities go into the world with perverted ideas. They want to dress beyond their means, eat beyond their means and live in houses that are beyond their means.

No matter how fast a man may make money, he owes it to society as well as to himself to be economical. He should always make all the money he can in an honest, legitimate way, and save all he can. He should try to live not for himself alone, but for others. He should manage to give away something to charity. If his income is so limited that he can afford only ten cents a week for charity, let him [illegible] that ten cents. Besides doing good to others, he will stimulate himself and help his own character

Nothing is more harmful and nothing is sillier than the endeavor to emulate others in the spending of money or in extravagant living The young man working at a desk wants the most stylish cut of clothing and the most expensive pleasures, simply because his neighbor indulges in these extravagant fancies. He is not strong willed enough to resist, and of course that leads to inevitable ruin

I am no prophet, but I venture to assert that any young man who will live up to the following set of rules will get more genuine happiness out of life than his neighbor who violates them. I will also prophesy that he will inevitably win success. Not, necessarily, such success as will lift him above the seventy-five million people in this country, but moderate, comfortable success.

Follow These Rules of Life for Success

Out of every dollar earned save twenty-five cents. Save seventy five cents if you can, but never less than twenty-five.

Get up at a regular hour every morning, and work until the things that are before you are finished Don't drop what you have in hand because it is five o'clock

Be honest; always have the courage to tell the truth

Don't depend on others. Even if you have a rich father, strike out for yourself

Cultivate independence at the very outset

Learn the value of money. Realize that it stands, when honestly made, as the monument to your value as a citizen.

Be jealous of your civic rights. Take a wholesome interest in public affairs, but do not let politics, or anything else, interfere with the rigid administration of your private duties The State is made up of individuals.

Be clean and decent. Don't do anything that you would be ashamed to discuss with your mother

Don't gamble

Be circumspect in your amusements.

In connection with amusements, I have never been able to understand why the young men of to-day deem the theatre an absolute essential in seeking diversion. After all is said and done, the theatre, even at its best, is neither so elevating, nor so instructive, nor so satisfactory as a great many other avenues of pleasure An evening with a good book is, or ought to be, more satisfying to the young man of brains than an evening in a hall where a lot of make-believe characters are strutting up and down the stage, like children at a masquerade. When the human race reaches its highest mental development there will probably be no theatres. The people will then require neither stage settings nor actors to interpret the writings of their poets, scholars and story-tellers. But that time is probably still far away. Meanwhile, it behooves the young man to get all the satisfaction that he can out of books rather than out of theatres. It is less costly, and from any standpoint more desirable.

Every young man who wishes to succeed should study carefully the human race. There is even more instruction in the people who are about us than in the books that lie on shelves. All we want is the faculty to read the people as we read the books. And this faculty may, with patience and perseverance, be cultivated with reasonable certainty.

Few things so well equip a man for competition with his fellows as a thorough knowledge of human nature. It will teach him that men are not bad, but weak. He need but avoid their weaknesses to avoid their failures. Not that a negative character is desirable. But as matters stand, even such a character is almost sufficient to insure a reasonable degree of success. But to make this success certain a positive character is necessary. The young man must not only avoid the vice and weakness of his neighbors, but he must practice the virtues that they do not possess or do not give evidence of possessing.

Join a Church and Help to Support It

At the very outset a young man ought to join a church. He ought to bear the burden of the church support to the full extent of his ability. What this ability is he must judge for himself. As in charity, he should give a dime if he can give no more; and this dime, if it represents the full measure of what he can spare, is just as important as the dollar or the thousand dollars of the rich man. Communion with the church helps tremendously in building up a solid character. There will be met clean, wholesome men and women. Acquaintances will be formed that are helpful in every way. It is natural that the people of a church should take more interest in the success of one of their young communicants than they do in the success of an outsider. That is human nature, and human nature prevails in a church just as much as it does outside. The only difference is, that the church human nature is cleaner. But unless a young man joins a church through conviction it is far better for him to remain away. If the utilitarian advantages are uppermost in his mind, if he has no true religion, church communion, instead of helping, will harm him. He may find success more easily, but not happiness. The man who joins a church simply because he can make something out of the connection is a hypocrite of the meanest stripe, and a hypocrite is not only a very unhappy man, but he must also be the most contemptible being in the sight of the Lord I can conceive of no more miserable existence than that which is led by a pretender. And the more carefully a boy realizes the hollowness of shams, religious and otherwise, the more placidly he will sleep of nights. The man who joins a church because it offers an easy short-cut to a competence will probably find some pretty unpleasant experiences in his way. There are sincere young men who may be deterred from joining a church from this very reason. They have not a sufficient religious conviction, or perhaps no religion at all In such cases (always providing that he is honest and sincere) it will nevertheless benefit a young man to attend a church With most of us religion has come as a matter of education. It is never too late to begin this education, and, as a purely ethical problem, it is a fine thing for a thinking young man to spend part of his Sunday in a place where he can hear good, instructive discourse on religious topics

Always Keep in Training for Hard Work

A certain portion of every young man's time ought to be given up to outdoor exercise. Most of the men who win riches and distinction in the great cities come from the country. They are farmers' boys as a general thing. The free outdoor life they have led equips them with a physique that defies hard work and long hours. Boys raised in the cities have no such advantages. Consequently they cannot stand the physical strain that is thrown on every man who comes to the front Of late years this fact is becoming better understood. The boys are going to gymnasiums in the evenings, where they can get a taste of active life. But even a gymnasium, to my mind, does not produce the same result that exercise in the open brings. No sickly lad can in these days hope for a place in the front ranks. The struggle is too fierce, too trying.

The boy who will win must be prepared to work eighteen or twenty hours a day, if necessary. He can do this only if he has taken such good care of his body that he is a good specimen of manhood. All the outdoor games that are coming to the front of late are excellent things, especially for city boys. I don't believe the advantage in the next generation will be with the farmer's boy so much as it has been in the past generation. Thanks to the better understanding of physical culture, the city boy now has excellent opportunities for getting all the healthy sort of exercise that he needs. And he has, in addition, the advantage of being in close touch with his fellow beings. He has also numberless opportunities for cultivating and improving his mind. This ought to give, and no doubt will give, the city boy a big start in the new century. In a measure, of course, this start is offset by the fact that the farmer's boy of to day has advantages for securing education that were denied to his father. Every little settlement now aspires to its college or high school, and the courses are so arranged that a farmer's boy may still do a good day's work and yet find time for acquiring an education. When all other means fail, we have the correspondence schools, which, when honestly conducted, as most of them presumably are, are a boon to the ambitious boy who lives hundreds of miles away from the nearest institutions where he could hope for higher education

Approach a College with Cautiousness

But extreme care should be taken in this matter of higher education. It is sometimes doubtful whether, in our great endeavor to educate all boys beyond the measure known to their forefathers, we are not overdoing it in some places. The boy who reaches fifteen or sixteen should very carefully consider, and his parents should consider for him, whether or not he is fitted for higher education. With many of us, in fact, most of us, I believe it would be better if we were turned into the active work of the world at fifteen or sixteen. There are not very many brains where there is room, after that age, for a mass of general knowledge and at the same time a thorough stock of that special knowledge which, as matters are shaping themselves industrially, will be more and more required As in law and in medicine, so in the industries of the world, work is falling into specialties. The specialist will be the important man in the future. At sixteen it is not too early to adopt a specialty and to work up to it thoroughly.

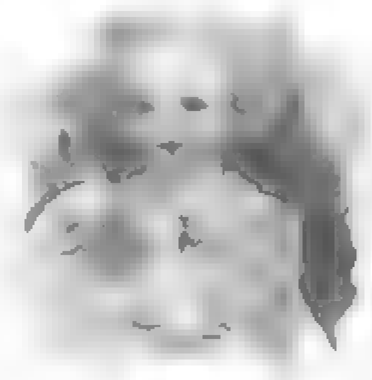
A college course means four years spent in acquiring general education, which may or may not be useful hereafter. I believe that every young man ought to know everything that he can. But where he has to make his way in the world he wants to exercise great care, and his guardians want to be careful for him, lest he put four or five years in building up a mental structure that will prove useless. It seems to me that too many young men are to-day crowding into colleges Many of these would be better off, and the world would be better off, if they should go to work instead. The college graduate will probably find himself handicapped when at twenty one or twenty-two he goes into business in competition with men of his own age who have been at work since sixteen or seventeen. Therefore, there should be careful thought on the part of young men, after they have finished their common-school education, about their future course.

But whether in college or in business, whether the young man is making three dollars a week or three dollars an hour, he should make it the fundamental business of his life to see that a large part of his salary is saved. To spend ten thousand dollars a year no doubt is a delightful sensation to a young man, but if he is only making ten thousand the delight of spending it will sooner or later be dearly paid for. In the end, the man who makes a thousand and saves two hundred and fifty will get vastly more out of life

* * *

Deep-Water Superstitions

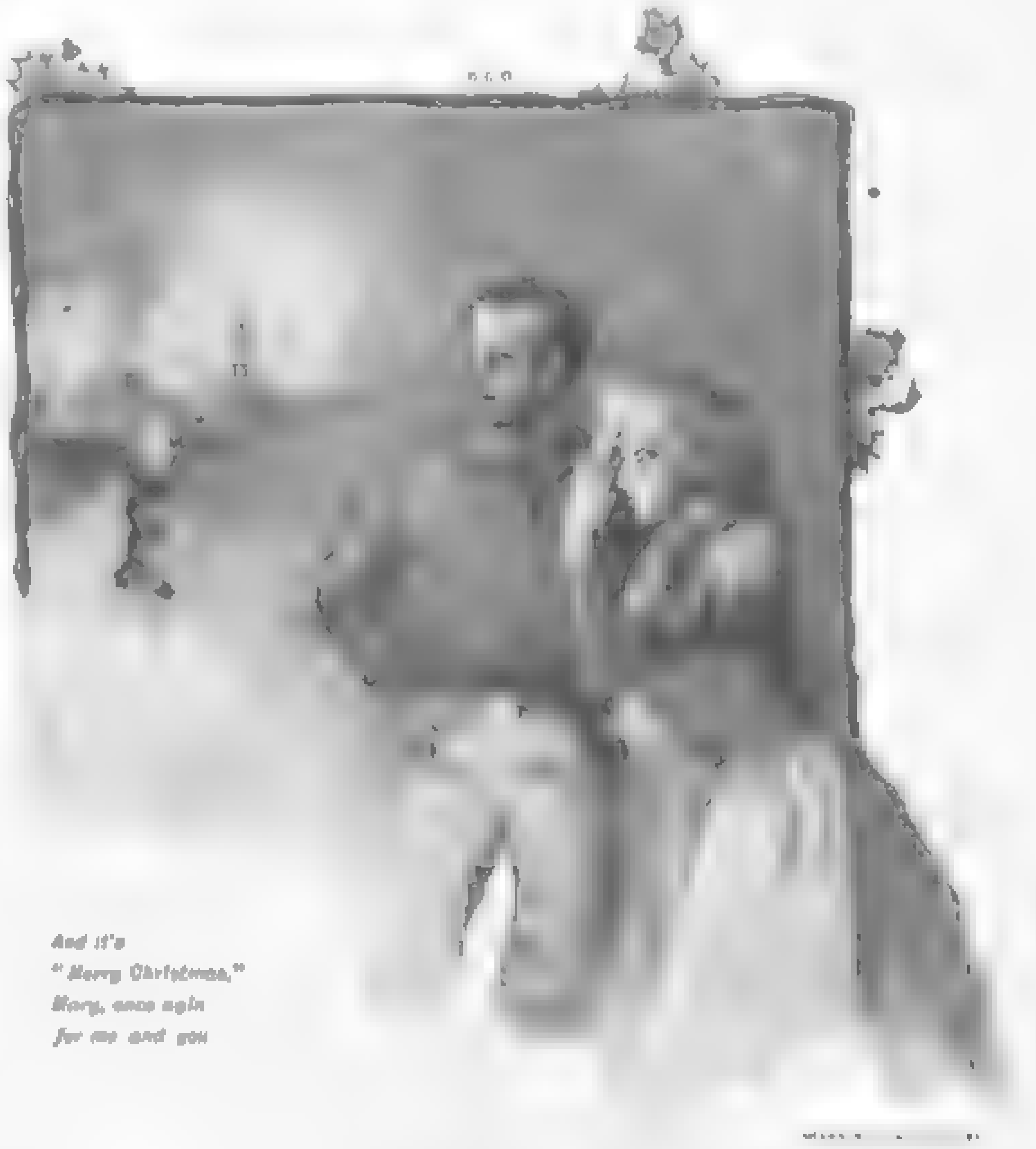
FISHERMEN think certain articles of personal property or apparel to be "Jonahs." A man carrying a black valise, or wearing white woolen stockings or blue mittens, would find much difficulty in shipping on board a Gloucester vessel. The almost universal use of white mittens is largely due to this prejudice. The black valise is simply impossible. Some fishermen think that it is a "Jonah" to make toy boats on board a vessel; others that a fiddle or a checker board is a "Jonah," and others that it is a "Jonah" to leave a bucket half full of water on deck. Some skippers imagine that it is a "Jonah" to keep the vessel's decks clean when on the fishing grounds. Since the United States Fish Commission has been sending out collecting tanks full of alcohol on some boats it has come to be regarded by many fishermen as a matter of good luck to have one of these on board. One of the most successful Gloucester captains went on a voyage without the tank which he had been accustomed to carry and the trip proved a failure. On his return he came to the headquarters of the Commission and begged for a tank, saying that on no account would he go again to the fishing ground without collecting materials on board. Among other superstitions is one that forbids fishermen to have their hair cut except when the moon is increasing in size. A man who has wounded his finger with a hook will immediately stick the latter into a piece of pine wood, thinking thus to hasten the cure of his hurt. In dressing codfish some fishermen always save the largest fish to dress last



The Little Feller's StocKin'

By

Joe Lincoln



And it's
"Merry Christmas,"
Mary, once agin
for me and you

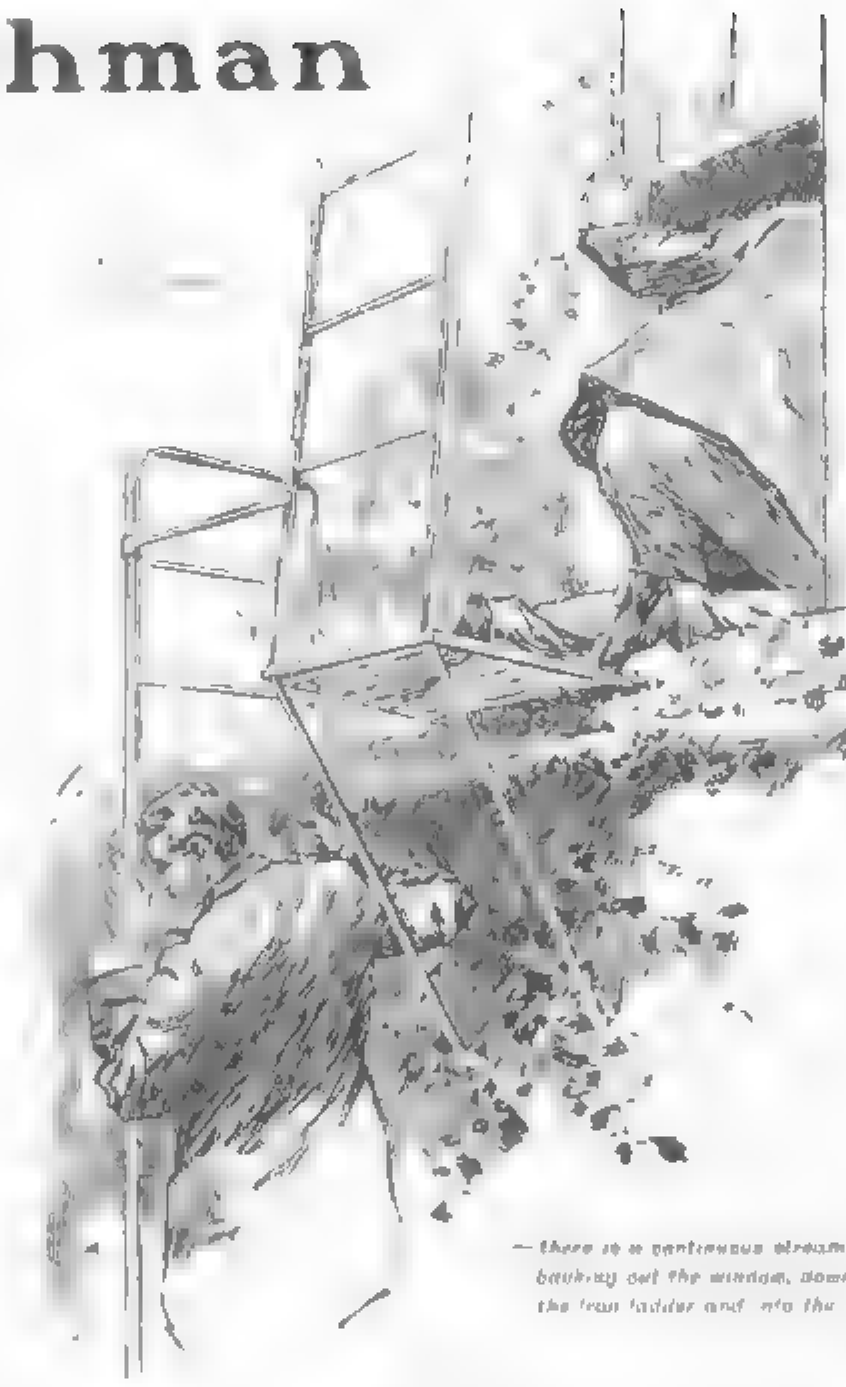
OH, IT'S Christmas Eve, and moonlight, and the Christmas air is chill,
And the frosty Christmas holly shines and sparkles on the hill,
And the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle, and the Christmas laughter rings,
As the last stray shoppers hurry, takin' home the Christmas things;
And up yonder in the attic there's a little trundle bed
Where there's Christmas dreams a-dancin' through a sleepy, curly head,
And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, once agin fer me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

'TISN'T silk, that little stockin', and it isn't much fer show,
And the darns are pretty plenty round about the heel and toe,
And it's color's kinder faded, and it's sorter worn and old,
But it reelly is surprisin' what a lot of love 'twill hold;
And the little hand that hung it by the chimbly there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that is mighty firm and strong;
So old Santy don't forgit it, though it isn't fine and new,
That plain little worsted stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

AND the crops may fail, and leave us with our plans all gone ter smash,
And the mortgage may hang heavy, and the bills use up the cash,
But whenever comes the season, jest so long's we've got a dime,
There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—won't there, Mary?—every time.
And if, in amongst our sunshine, there's a shower er two of rain,
Why, we'll face it bravely smilin', and we'll try not ter complain
Long as Christmas comes and finds us here together, me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

By Charles Macomb Flandrau



— there is a continuous stream of men backing out the window, down the iron ladder and into the Yard

THOMAS IN STRAITS

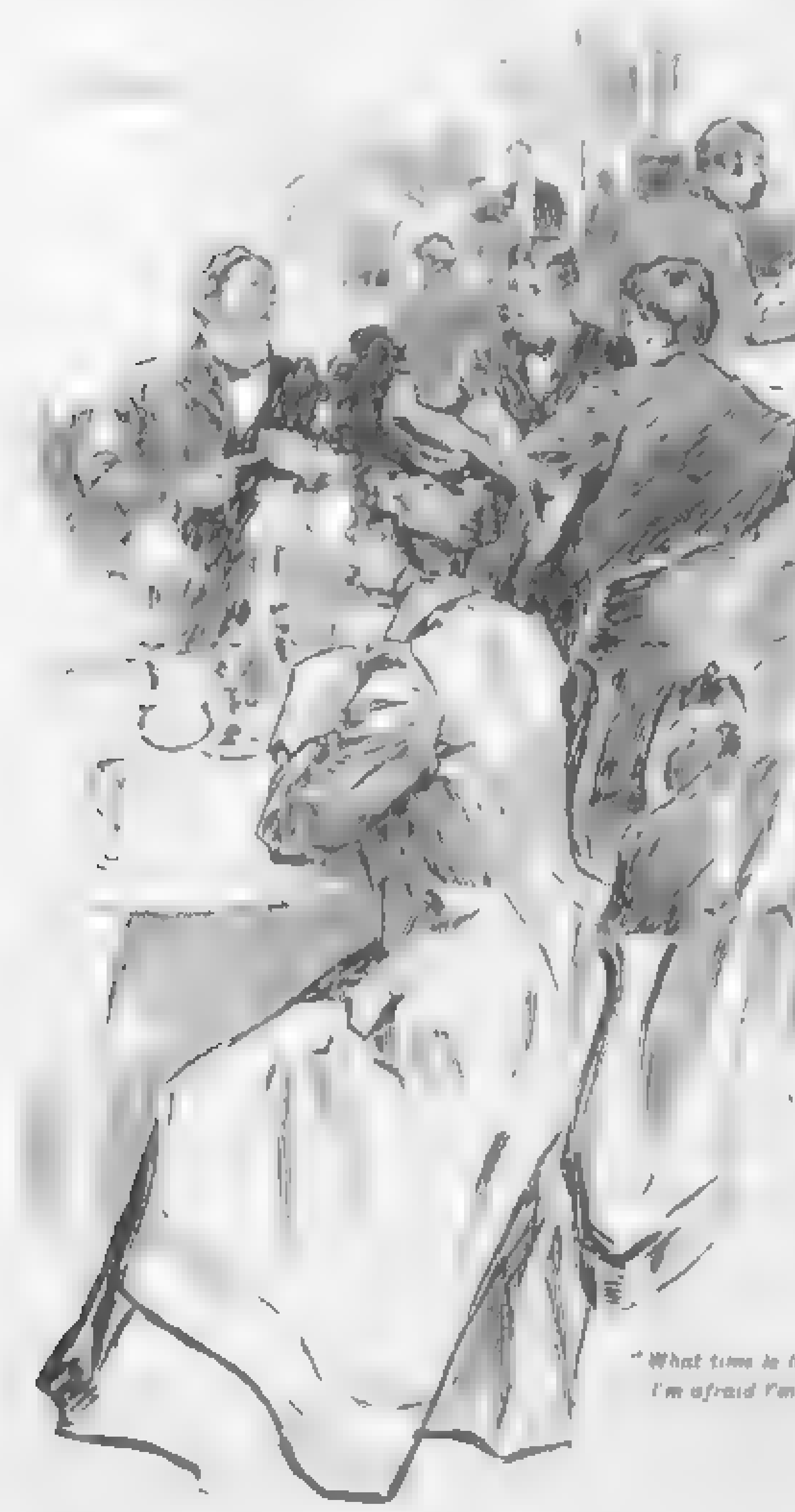
OF COURSE I went to the dinner—and what is more, I arrived almost on time. I can't give myself any particular credit for this achievement, however, as it was luck, pure and simple, that got me there. There is no doubt about it, I am marvelously lucky; I seem to have a knack of falling on my feet, and although Duggie has taken to worrying about my "shiftlessness" (as he is pleased to call it) in money matters, and the calmness with which I regard the approaching examinations and the academic side of college in general, I have a feeling that everything will come out all right somehow

It would sound heartless, I suppose, to speak as if I thought it fortunate that Jerry Brooks had been stricken with appendicitis just in time to get me into the dinner, if it weren't for the fact that he is recovering so splendidly. (I went up to the hospital this afternoon to inquire.) But under the circumstances it is hard not to look upon his sudden seizure rather cheerfully—as I know he will enjoy hearing about it when he is well enough to see people. I was in despair that evening when his roommate came clattering up our tin steps and pounded on Berrisford's door; but the instant I ran into the hall and saw him my heart gave a great throb of hope. He had his dress clothes on; but he didn't look in the least like a person on the way to dine in town—and I felt with indescribable relief that, if this were the case, I could have his coat

"Isn't Berrisford here? Has he gone?" he exclaimed excitedly. (I had never seen him before—although I knew his chum, Brooks, slightly.) "We were going to dine at the same house in town, but my roommate, Jerry Brooks, got sick just as I was starting and I can't go, and two doctors have taken him up to the hospital, and the Hemingtons haven't a telephone, and I thought I'd let Berrisford know, of course——"

Well, his coat didn't fit me in a way to make a tailor expire with envy exactly, but I was mighty glad to get it—and anyhow, I think people are inclined to take a dress-suit for granted Berrisford attached no importance whatever to the fact that his beast had ruined my coat, but merely said reproachfully: "I hope you let him have the pieces to play with, he'll be so lonely this evening with no one in the house except Mrs. Chester."

I have mentioned the fact that of late Duggie has given intimations of having me "on his mind." Of course when a man like Duggie finds time to care one way or the other about what he thinks you ought to do, it's a great honor He is the busiest, hardest worked and most influential person I ever knew. He belongs to no end of clubs, and besides being captain of the team he's at the head of a lot of other college things. Almost every day there's a reporter or two lying in wait for him out here to ask about the team, and whether he approves of the athletic committee's latest mandate, and what he thinks about all sorts of things in regard to which he hasn't any opinion whatever—and wouldn't express it even if he had. Besides all this he manages in some way to study awfully hard and to get high marks in everything he takes. Furthermore, he's in training most of the year, and just now he has to go to bed every night except Saturday at half past nine or ten. He's almost always amiable and kind to people, and I think he's great. I can't help liking the fact that he drops into my room and sits down and talks the way he does. Some of the fellows at our table found him there the other day and were scared to death. But at the same time I have a feeling that he doesn't think Berrisford and I are just what we ought to be. As if people could be different from the way they're made! I know that sometimes he would like to say things that, after all, he never quite does



"What time is it, Tommy? I'm afraid I'm slow"

Of Berrisford, I'm sure, he doesn't approve at all. I don't, of course, believe for a moment that he was anything but amused at the way Berrisford conjugated the French verb for him the other day; but as it is the sort of thing that Berri takes an uncontrollable joy in doing, I think Duggie has an idea that he isn't good for anything else.

Duggie—I can't imagine why—has never studied French until this year. He enrolled in a class only a week or so ago, and though it's merely an extra course with him and he could get his degree just as easily without it, he goes at it as if it were all-important. Berrisford knows French as well as he knows English, and volunteered to help him with his exercises. The other afternoon Duggie ran into Berri's room and said: "I've an idea that we're going to have '*je suis bon*' in French to-day; I wish you would write out a few tenses for me so I can learn them on the way over—I simply haven't had a minute to myself for two days." Naturally Berrisford seemed delighted to help him, and gravely wrote something on a piece of paper that Duggie carried off just as the bell was ringing. When he got into the Yard and slowed up to look at it, this is what he found:

Je suis bon
Tu es bones
Il est beaux
Nous sommes bonbons
Vous êtes bonbonnières
Ils sont bon-ton

Of course he didn't actually care; but I don't think the incident helped in Duggie's opinion to throw any very dazzling light on Berrisford's really serious qualities. Duggie regarded it, I'm sure, as about on a par with the way we get out of sitting through our history lecture

One day when the dreamy old gentleman who conducts the history course was trying to prove that Charlemagne either was or wasn't surprised (I've forgotten which) when the Pope suddenly produced a crown and stuck it on his head, a ripple of mirth swept gently across the room, very much as a light breeze ruffles the surface of a wheat field. No one laughed out loud; but when between three and four hundred men all smile at once it makes a curious little disturbance I can't quite describe. The old gentleman looked up from his notes, took off his spectacles, chose one of the other pairs lying on the desk in front of him (he has three or four kinds that he uses for different distances) and inspected the room. But by the time he had got himself properly focused there was nothing to see; the fellow who had made every one giggle by climbing out of the window and down the fire-escape was probably a block away. So, after a troubled, inquiring look from side to side the dear old man changed his spectacles again and went on with the lecture.

Now, although it had never occurred to any one to crawl down the fire-escape until that day, every one in our part of the room has become infatuated with the idea, and three times a week—shortly after half-past two—there is a continuous stream of men backing out the window, down the iron ladder and into the Yard. In fact, the struggle to escape became so universal and there were so many scraps at the window and in mid air on the way down over who should go first, that Berrisford evolved the idea of distributing numbers the way they do in barber shops on Saturday afternoon when everybody in the world becomes inspired with the desire to be shaved at the same time. It works beautifully; but of late the undertaking is attended by considerable risk.

At first Professor Kinde stopped lecturing and fumbled for his other spectacles only when he heard the class titter; I don't believe he in the least knew what was going on. But recently he has become extremely foxy. Although he hasn't spoken of the matter, he realizes what is happening, and I think the ambition of his declining years is to catch somebody in the act of darting toward the window. At irregular intervals now, throughout his lectures, he—apropos of nothing—drops his notes, seizes a fresh pair of spectacles, makes a lightning change, and then peeks craftily about the room while the class tries hard not to hurt his feelings by laughing Then, disappointed, but with an air of "I'll-surely-strike-it-right-next-time," he changes back again and continues. The lectures have become so exciting and fragmentary that Berrisford and I are torn with the conflicting desires to stay and see what happens and to get out into the wonderful autumn weather. Usually, however, we leave, and the last time, just as I was preparing to drop to the ground, Duggie strode in sight. Berrisford, half-way down, happened to glance over his shoulder. When he saw Duggie he swung around, struck an Alexandre Dumas attitude and exclaimed dramaticall

"Sire, we have liberated the prisoners, cut away the portcullis and fired the powder magazine. Is't well?" Duggie laughed.

"Powder magazines aren't the only things that get fired around these parts, monsieur," he answered as he passed on.

Now, there was nothing disagreeable either in the remark or the way Duggie made it; he seemed perfectly good-natured, and, although in a great hurry, very much amused. But somehow, it wasn't quite as if any one else had said it. I don't know what "reading between the lines" is called when there aren't any lines to read between, but anyhow that's what I couldn't help doing. Duggie's little thrust was made at Berri—but it was intended for me. And that's what I mean when I say Duggie has me on his mind. He would have Berri there, too, if he liked him; but he doesn't I think he firmly believes that he regards us both with the utmost impartiality; yet I know (this is recorded in all modesty, merely as a fact) that he likes me, and that for poor Berri he has no use at all. Berrisford is tactless, he had no business, for instance, to tell Duggie about the watch

One Saturday morning when Berrisford had finished his lectures for the day, and I found that a cut was to be given in my last one, we strolled along Massachusetts Avenue, without really meaning to go anywhere, until we came to the bridge across the Back Bay. We leaned over the rail a while and watched the tide clutching viciously at the piers as it swirled out, and then, farther up, I noticed a flock of ducks paddling about in a most delightful little mud-hole left by the falling tide

"I could hit one of those birdies if I had a shotgun," I said, closing one eye. (It just shows what a trivial remark may sometimes lead one into.)

"It wouldn't do you any good," Berrisford yawned; "you couldn't get it."

"I don't see why not. I could borrow a boat from the Humane Society and row out," I answered, rather irritated by Berrisford's languid skepticism.

"Well, what on earth would you do with the poor little beast after you did get him?" he pursued

What do you suppose?" I exclaimed "What do people usually do when they shoot a duck?"

"I think they usually say that they really hit two, but that the other one managed to crawl into a dense patch of wild rice growing near by," Berrisford answered

"I should have it cooked and then I'd eat it," I said, ignoring his remark

"What an extremely piggish performance There would not be enough for any one but yourself. I would much rather go into town with somebody and have one apiece at the Touraine"

"Oh, Berrisford," I murmured; "this is so sudden!"

When we reached the other side of the bridge we got on a passing car, and after we sat down Berrisford said: "You'll have to pay for me; I haven't any money either here or in Cambridge." As I had just eight cents in the world and had taken it for granted that Berri was going to pay for me—we jumped out before the conductor came around, and resumed our walk

"If you haven't any money and I haven't any money, I'm inclined to think the ducks will not fly well to-day," I mused; for the last time we had been to the Touraine the head waiter—a most tiresome person—told me we couldn't charge anything more there until we paid our bills

"I suppose you would just sit on the curbstone and starve," Berrisford sniffed And as we walked along I saw that he had some kind of a plan. He took me through one of the queer little alleys with which Boston is honeycombed and out into a noisy, narrow, foreign looking street lined with shabby second-hand stores and snuffy restaurants—the kind that have red tablecloths. At first I thought it was Berri's intention to get luncheon in one of these places—although I didn't see how even he could manage it very well on eight cents However, I asked no questions. Suddenly he stopped and took off his sleeve-links. Then we walked on a few steps and went into a pawnbroker's.

It sounds absurd, but when I discovered what Berrisford was about to do I felt curiously excited and embarrassed Of course I knew that lots of people pawn things, but I had never seen it done before, and like most of the things you can think about and read about in cold blood, I found that it made my heart beat a good deal faster actually to do it. In fact, I didn't care to do it at all, and told Berrisford so in an undertone; but he said

"Why not? There's nothing wrong in it. You own something more or less valuable and you happen for the moment to need something else; why shouldn't you exchange them? If the soiled vampire who runs this place (what's become of him, anyhow?) would give me two small roasted ducks and some bread and butter and currant jelly and two little cups of coffee and a waiter to serve them, and a mediæval banquet hall to eat them in, and a perfectly awful orchestra behind a thicket of imitation palm trees to play Hungarian rhapsodies while we ate — instead of five dollars and a half, I should be just as well pleased; because it will amount to about the same thing in the end

Just then the proprietor of the shop emerged from behind a mound of trousers and overcoats and shuffled toward us very unwillingly, it seemed to me. But Berrisford said he was always like that

"You can't expect a display of pleasing emotions for a paltry five per cent. a month," Berrisford whispered in my ear. I don't think, however, that the pawnbroker could have looked pleasant no matter what per cent. he got. He took Berri's beautiful sleeve-links (they're made of four antique Japanese gold pieces), went into a sort of glass cage built around a high desk and a safe, and did all sorts of queer things to them. He scratched the under side of two of the coins with a small file; then he dabbed some kind of a liquid that he got out of a tiny bottle on the rough places and examined them through one of those inane spool things that jewelers hang on their eyeballs just before telling you that you've busted your mainspring. Next he weighed them in a pair of scales that he fished out of a drawer in the desk, and finally he held up his claw of a hand with all the fingers distended, for us to inspect through the glass

"Why, you dreadful old man!" Berrisford exclaimed indignantly. "You gave me five and a half last time I wouldn't think of taking less

For a moment I supposed that the game was up and we'd have to walk all the way back to Cambridge and be too late for luncheon when we got there; for Berrisford took his sleeve-links and strolled over to the door, saying in a loud voice

"Come on, Tommy there's a better one across the street." But just as we were leaving, "the soiled vampire" made a guttural sound that Berrisford seemed to understand, and we went back and got the amount Berri considered himself entitled to

"The quality of mercy is a little strained this morning," he said when Mr. Hirsch went into the glass cage again to make out the ticket. I always had an idea that a pawn ticket was a piece of blue cardboard — something like a return theatre ticket. But it isn't, at all. It's simply a thin slip of paper resembling a check — only smaller

Well, we had a delightful luncheon. After luncheon we thought of going to a matinée and sitting in the gallery, but Berri all at once exclaimed, as if the idea were a sort of inspiration

"I'll tell you what we'll do: let's economize. I've always wanted to; they say you can be awfully nice and contented if you never spend a cent, but just think noble thoughts."

"We might go and look at the pictures in the Public Library and then cross over to the Art Museum," I suggested "It's free on Saturdays, you know." Berri thought that would be charming, so we walked up Boylston Street to Copley Square

Berrisford didn't care much for the Puvis de Chavannes pictures in the library — that is, after he found out that they were as finished as they were ever going to be. At first he was inclined to think them rather promising, and said that by the time they got the second and third coats of paint on they would no doubt do very nicely

"But the artist is dead," I explained "And anyhow, he always painted like that

"Why didn't some one speak to him about it?" said Berri

"There wouldn't have been any use; he painted that way on purpose. It was his style — his individuality," I said

"Do you like it?" he suddenly demanded. He was looking at me very intently, and I didn't know just what to say; for although I've gone to see the pictures several times it never occurred to me to ask myself whether I really liked them or not. I supposed — as every one says they are so fine — that I did

"I don't mean do you know how much they cost, or what people say about them in the backs of magazines when they were first put up. What I want to know is — Does looking at them give you great pleasure?

"I think they're simply preposterous," I said; and then we went outdoors again and over to the Art Museum

We spent the rest of the afternoon there, sitting in front of a painting by Turner called The Slave Ship, and listening to what the people who passed by said about it. I didn't think there was very much to it — it's merely some small, dark brown legs in a storm at sea with a fire burning. But the people who came to look at it murmured all sorts of things in low, sad voices, and several of them read long extracts from a book that Berri said was by Ruskin. When I asked him how he knew, he answered that it couldn't well be by any one else. (A great many people say that Berri's a fool but I think he knows an awful lot.)

It makes one tired and hungry to criticise pictures all afternoon, and when we left the gallery Berri sat down on the steps and said he could never walk all the way to Cambridge in his exhausted condition, so once more we found ourselves confronted by famine

Now, if mamma were only here I know I could explain everything to her, and she wouldn't think me so lacking in respect for my ancestors — so utterly lost — as she evidently does But until she gets my letter (and perhaps even afterward) she will be unhappy over the crude, unqualified fact that I pawned my watch

It belonged to my great grandfather and is a fine old thing with a wreath of gold and platinum roses on its round gold face. I got twenty-five dollars on it. Nobody but Berri would have known, and there wouldn't have been the least fuss if Uncle Peter hadn't come to town

He was in Boston on business and appeared in my room one afternoon a few days afterward. I was ever so glad to see somebody from home, and I introduced him to Berri who helped me show him the gym and Soldiers' Field and the glass flowers and pretty much everything open to visitors He had a lovely time and asked us to dinner in the evening

We had a pleasant dinner — only Uncle Peter kept glancing at his watch every few minutes (he was leaving on an early train). Finally he said "What time is it, Tommy? I'm afraid I'm slow

From force of habit I felt for my watch and then, I suppose, I must have looked queer, for Berrisford began to chuckle, and Uncle Peter, after a moment of mystification, jumped hastily to a conclusion that, I am sorry to say, happened to be correct. He rubbed it in all through dinner and on the way to the station, and I suppose when he reached home he told mamma the first thing For the evening of the day he arrived I got a telegram from mamma that said "Redeem watch immediately. Keep this from your father, it would kill him"

Of course Berri had to elaborate the thing in his best style and keep Duggie awake for half an hour while he told him about it

"I made it very graphic," he said to me gloomily, "but somehow or other it didn't seem to take

Editor's Note — The fifth installment of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman will appear in The Saturday Evening Post for December 22.

The Ghostly Christmas Dance

By Frank L. Stanton

'TWUZ Chris'mus in de cabins, wid de fire blazin' bright:
De win' it shuck de shutters, made a riffle at de light,
A-whirlin' all de snowflakes f'um de mansions in de skies;
En de sparks flewed up de chimbly lak a hunderd fireflies.

DE HILLS wuz lookin' skeery — kase dey dress up all in white,
Lak ghosts come f'um de graveya'd fer a frolic Chris'mus night
En dat win'! He whistle lively: den he make his sighs an' moans;
Whar' de tall trees look lak skelintons a-stretchin' er der bones!

'TWUZ Chris'mus in de cabins, in de valley, on de hill,
En de darkies — dey wuz dancin' in de quadrille, fit ter kill!
Dey come right down ter business w'en dey hearn de fiddle sing;
Dey give de double-shuffle, en dey cut de pigeon-wing!

ALL er 'em, 'cept Br'er Williams: he wuz pious as could be,
En he 'low: "Dey ain't no dancin' on de Chris'mus night fer me;
I jine de chu'ch, good people, en I put dem t'ings away:
You des can't dance ter glory, so I'll stay ter home en pray!"

HE SOT down by de fireplace (he feelin' lonesome, too!)
De win' knocked at de winder — ax Br'er Williams, "Who is you-oo?"
En Br'er Williams don't make answer, kase he much in fear en doubt;
Den de win' come down de chimbly en blow de fire out!

EN NO sooner out dan — people! dar wuz trouble in de place:
So dark he couldn't 'stinguish er his two han's fo' his face!
En he holler, "Lawd have mussy!" De win' he howl lak sin,
De cabin do' flewed open en — de ghosts come trompin' in.

DEY lined up fer a quadrille — each ol' ha'nt tuck his stan',
A-feelin' in de darkness fer his partner's bony han'!
En de one dat called de figgers sorter roll 'em out in groans:
De fiddler wuz a skelinton, en constant beat de bones!

BR'ER Williams — he des holler: he sing out long en loud,
Fall on his knees, a-shakin' in de middle er de crowd!
He mos' shake bofe his shoes off, likewise his Chris'mus cloze,
En w'en de win' ax, "Who is you?" Br'er Williams say, "Lawd knows!"

DE WIN' wuz lak a trumpet, des a-blowin' overhead,
En Br'er Williams t'ink dat Gabrul wuz a-wakin' up de dead!
En ez de ghosts whirl roun' him he holler in his fright:
"Dey calls it Jedgment Day, but now it comin' in de night!"

DEY foun' him in de mawn'n': his face wuz black befo',
But when dey hauled him ter de light it had on six coats mo'!
Dey looked de cabin over — des projec'ked all erbout: —
He wuz half-ways up de chimbly, wid his two foots stickin' out!

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The 1094 Other Meals

IN SPITE of the good work which modern philanthropy is accomplishing, the old ideas still cling with a pertinacity that will last through many coming generations. A great Christmas dinner, in the minds of many, cancels the charity obligations of the entire year If we send a turkey to a poor family for the holiday of holidays the fowl in our comfortable imaginations often repeats the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and multiplies itself so as to spread over the whole twelvemonth and keep the unfortunate household from hunger or ingratitude.

Some bright person said not long ago that Dickens had done more harm to the human race than any other man who ever put pen to paper; not that he did it intentionally, for his motives were of the best, but that he intensified the importance of holiday feeding and spontaneous almsgiving. Of course this is an exaggeration. Dickens put some heart into an inhuman world and stirred those emotions which, through the processes of evolution, are reaching something in the nature of systematic and essential philanthropy.

It would be the greatest folly to disparage or minimize the real value of the Christmas generosity. For one day, at least, it makes the heart warmer by adding to the comfort and satisfaction of the material creature. "The turnpike road to most people's hearts, I find, lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind," said Wolcott. And thus on Christmas the hearts are reached. The poor feel better because they have something better to eat, and the rich feel better because they have helped them to get it. It is the one day of the year when the masses and the classes approach nearer each other in rejoicing, even though they come from opposite directions to the common line.

There are investigating persons and pseudo-scientists who assert that a person can live well on two meals a day, but all the theories they may propound between now and the millennium will hardly upset the common experience of mankind that three is the better number. It is not a question of speculation, not a matter of experiment, but the verdict of long experience recorded by the upward progress of the human race. Thus each year each individual requires 1095 meals, or on leap years 1098. This does not include the lunches between meals or the comfortable bite before retiring for the night. Our modern equipments have fully recognized the increasingly short intervals between the demands for food. On the trans-Atlantic liners five feedings a day are provided for. In the big hotels the meal hours are practically continuous, and many of the guests eat regularly four times a day. But for the average person in these modern times three meals is the rule

Several hundred years ago Sir Walter Raleigh made the definition which will always exist. He said: "The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases and the latter when he can get it." In the natural course of things the poor will be always more or less at the mercy of the rich, and while civilization is doing great things for us, building glorious monuments in art and industry, and increasing almost incredibly the luxuries and conveniences of life, at the same time it is multiplying the poor. Every trust that wrings its millions from the public and builds mansions and private yachts, at the same time increases the number of hovels and tenements. Millionaires spring up over night, but all the time workmen are busy constructing public institutions for the dependents of the State

Poverty is always hard, but the most awful type of it is that of which millions are victims—the lot of those who work and get barely enough to keep body and soul together. Most of them get a Christmas dinner, but the other 1094 meals know neither turkey nor dessert. It is the gradual improvement of these that is the problem in the religion and humanity of the day. The safety and the true progress of any nation are not found in the prosperity of the few, but in the soundness and the happiness of the many, and it is hard to be either sound or happy on one good meal a year.

* * *

Here is a way to bust the trusts—make them pay for all the Christmas presents.

The Work Cut Out for Congress

CONGRESS meets this month, spends a few days in shaking hands and gossiping over the late election, and then, wearied of its strenuous life, takes a three weeks' vacation over the Christmas holidays.

It seems somewhat strange that between four and five hundred statesmen should gather from all parts of this great country for so brief a time, but then the hardship is not very great. The Government is liberal, and pays well for their traveling, allowing a mileage of ten cents to each Senator and Representative. Furthermore, even Senators have been known to travel across the continent without contributing very materially to the wealth of either the railroads or the sleeping-car company. Indeed, some years ago a Congressman with a peculiar conscience earned a unique reputation by declining to accept free transportation.

It is impossible to get a big machine like Congress running regularly in a few days, and with Christmas looming upon the horizon. The meeting on the first Monday in December is a precedent, and although we claim to be the most progressive of all peoples and nations, precedent every year gets a firmer hold upon us and our ways.

The present Congress ends on the fourth of next March. After its recess it will come together again early in January, and thus will have nearly two months in which to complete its career. There are big questions for its consideration, but whether or not there will be final action on them is doubtful. The Nicaraguan Canal bill is still on the files, and pressure within and without will be made to get it through. So far it has had an arduous experience, and its future is still a problem.

In many respects the most important measure is the bill for the reorganization of the army. There is no doubt whatever that the country is now committed to a large army. The Administration is calling for 106,000 troops, and more may be needed before all the necessary work in the Philippines and in China is accomplished. To handle such a body of men the present army machine is entirely inadequate. It must be radically reformed. All the best judges are agreed upon the necessity, but they are not one upon the best way to accomplish it, or the ultimate plan to be adopted. In the several bills are radical differences, although they have been largely merged in the measure which the Administration favors.

Then the Ship Subsidy bill, on no less authority than that of its main promoter, Senator Hanna, will be pushed to the utmost in spite of the bad blows it received last spring. Back of it will be powerful influences—the shipping interests and such Senators as Mr. Frye, whose name it bears, and Senator Hanna, who has made it his pet measure.

Several treaties remain to be acted upon, and those will probably get prompt consideration. Then of course there are the innumerable minor bills, and finally the great appropriation bills, carrying as they do more money than ever before. For instance, the naval estimates this year call for something like $87,000,000—an unprecedented naval total in the history of this Government.

At the end of the greatest war in the century, in 1866, the revenues of the Government reached over $500,000,000 in one year—a sum that was never exceeded until the last fiscal year, when the ordinary revenues aggregated $567,240,482, which was $47,291,288 greater than the total of 1866, and an increase of $51,280,232 over the fiscal year of 1899. This enormous income has turned the deficiency of 1899 into a handsome surplus in 1900

It is easy enough to spend money; it is difficult in these days of liberality to practice economy; but in the face of such figures the people are showing a disposition to ask their Representatives to cut down a little, and especially to abolish some of the war taxes, which are not only unnecessarily onerous, but which in themselves are a constant inconvenience and in some respects a general nuisance. This is especially true of the stamp taxes—the taxes on checks, public documents and postal orders. If the present Congress should abolish a few of these, or all of them, it would deserve a better epitaph than the average national legislature receives after it ceases business on the fourth of March.

* * *

Why should people want to discover the North Pole when they can ride in unheated street cars?

Doing the Impossible

IN THE debasing of our words no term has suffered more than the poor old adjective "impossible" From standing for that which in the nature of things cannot be, it has come to be applied to anything that requires the least departure from the beaten path. Impossibilities *real*, and impossibilities *so called*, are two very different matters. The sooner we learn this fact the faster we shall get ahead

The hotel-keeper at the summer resort tells you it is impossible to penetrate yonder forest. Inquire why and you learn that it will necessitate the loss of a dinner. To his mind this is the final bar. The conservative father tells his son it is impossible to get a start in the city without a "pull." But the son takes his chance and finds that he merely had to begin a little lower, work a little harder and put up with a few inconveniences

Most of the great things of the world have been done in the face of the cry "impossible." To the minds of his generals Napoleon's plan to cross the Alps was sheer madness From a conventional standpoint the winning of American freedom was impossible, and so were nearly all the great deeds of history that thrill us most

We find it impossible to walk around a park on a rainy night without overshoes, yet many an explorer has waded water and lain out-of doors for weeks without catching cold. If our eating departs a hair's breadth from the routine we see no hope of escape from dyspepsia and other ills. We were, some of us, incredulous when we heard that a college president had proven his ability to live on fifteen cents a day. Yet Thoreau lived for two years at the rate of twenty-seven cents a week When General Fremont was crossing the plains it is recorded that his bill of fare for many days was "roast mule, fried mule, deviled mule and —— mule." Nansen and his lieutenant lived for a whole Arctic winter on bear meat, and had one bath each in half a teacupful of water; yet they came out well in the spring.

All these things were impossibilities according to the usually accepted standards. Looking at them we learn that so-called impossibilities are not necessarily real ones. The real impossibility is something that cannot be. The conventional impossibility is something that requires a slight divergence from the beaten path. When we are told that our aim is impossible, we will do well therefore to ask ourselves whether the term is used in the absolute or the conventional sense. Ten to one it will be in the latter, and nothing on earth is easier of accomplishment than most of these very same impossibilities so-called.

* * *

Uncle Sam is about the only man in the world who can go Christmas shopping without fear. His income is about two million dollars a day.

Unselfish Parents and Thankless Sons

PARENTS are often surprised to find that their sacrifices for their children are not the means of evoking in them a love which is some sort of adequate return. Perhaps, if they should look back upon their own personal history, they would find that this is not a fault of any one generation, but common to all. We all got into the habit of accepting sacrifices for our comfort and well being as a matter of course; and we discover what rightly belongs to the relation of children and parents only when we look at it from the other side. No man really remembers his youth without discovering what a thankless son he was.

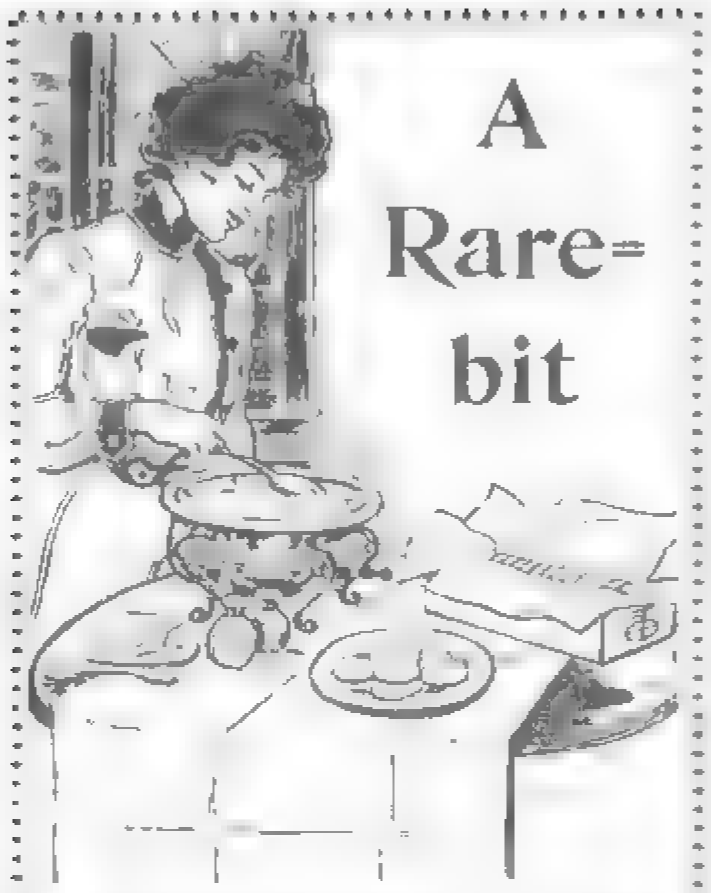
Not that this poverty in gratitude is a necessary evil of human life. It grows out of a very natural mistake in the training of the child. It is constantly assumed that we love those who have done a great deal for us, when in truth it is those for whom we have done a great deal who become the objects of our love. If, therefore, you wish to make a child love you, make him do for you, teach him to think for you, expect him to make sacrifices for you. When this is achieved without violence to his will his affection will attain its proper growth

It is a very common mistake to train a child in selfishness by a lavish outlay of care, while no return is expected from him. It is one of the ways in which a short-sighted love defeats itself, and produces exactly the opposite result from that which it looked for. Love, more than all other human emotions, needs the dry light of thought and experience to guide it to its right ends. The ancients were right in depicting it with a bandage about its eyes, because of the many mistakes it makes in seeking its object.

Nor is it only the affections of the household which illustrate this principle that love is learnt by doing. All the broader forms of devotion exhibit the same method. It is the people who have made the greatest sacrifices for their country who are the most patriotic in their devotion to her A people who have never had to fight for their existence never value their land as do the Swiss, the Scotch, the Americans.

And it is so within the narrower sphere of philanthropic effort. The man who gives his life to the elevation of the degraded or the succor of the impoverished probably began the work under the strain of an awakened conscience, without any special affection toward the objects of his activity. But as time went by he came to acquire a very direct and personal interest in those for whom he worked, and to feel for them the love which calls itself sympathy. He is also in danger of developing a subtle selfishness in the people for whom he works, as does a short-sighted parent. Hence it is that the wisest charity now demands that it shall set its objects at work, and help them to help themselves. Indeed, some of the most successful laborers in this field make it a principle never to associate their labors with gifts of any kind

The same law of loving those for whom we do things runs through the relations of the Divine love to humanity. God teaches us to love Him by setting us to work for Him. Sometimes people are puzzled to know why He does not take things into His own hands, instead of seeming to leave the interests of His Kingdom to the blunderings and the lukewarmness of mankind. But He is keeping school for our benefit, and He would break it up if He were to dispense with us and our feeble efforts at His service, and do directly all that needs to be done. It is in the laboratory of work that love, either divine or human, comes to its rights



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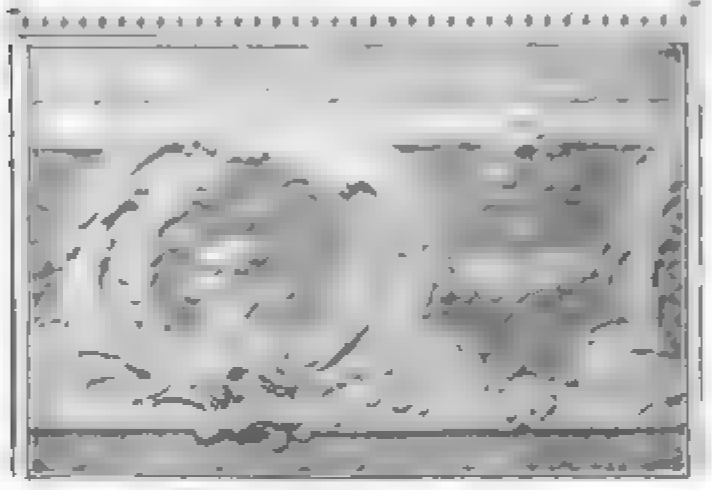

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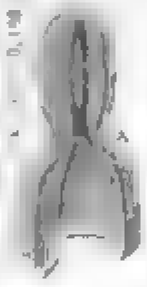

Men & Women of the Hour

The Real Lord Lansdowne

A man rather below middle height, of dead white complexion and Hebraic caste of countenance, with jet black mustachios and an entirely bald head — such is the outward presentment of the Marquis of Lansdowne, ex-War Minister and new Foreign Secretary. At the first word he proves his quality, that of a high class but unpretending gentleman, a little "French" in his manner, not strange in one whose mother was a French Countess, and whose early education was Parisian. This is his best side; the old world courtesy, the true politeness that shows "keenest consideration for the feelings of others," are his in the fullest sense; and in his own house, whether in the great Berkeley Square mansion (let during his Indian Viceroyalty to Mr. W. W. Astor) or in the historic country seat, Bowood, one of the finest residences in England, he is the most courtly and hospitable of entertainers.

He has gifts, great gifts, quick witted insight, a well-balanced mind, a natural intelligence trained in varied and most responsive service to the State, yet his character remains narrow; he has not shown much breadth of view, either in the sense of proportion, in the estimate of his fellows or in the conduct of official business. It [illegible] than [illegible] and in Pall Mall, he has too generally concentrated himself upon small and unimportant matters with the care and minuteness that are rather his faults than his virtues, while the great questions have gone neglected or unsolved. Allied with this is another defect, that of too readily yielding himself to the counsel and support of subordinates — some secretaries or lesser officials who enjoy his confidence when his great colleagues are kept at a distance. No statesman can achieve greatness who is handicapped by such failings, and we need look for no remarkable feats of statesmanship in the new Foreign Secretary. But he will certainly, after much anxious, painstaking, self-communing, deal with external relations in a friendly, conciliatory spirit — guided still and strengthened, by the trusty henchmen on whom he prefers to rely.

The New Head of the War Office

Mr. St. John Brodrick is younger by ten years than Lord Lansdowne, and, being no more than five and forty, enjoys a very hale and vigorous personality. He has little of the suave blandness of his predecessor in Pall Mall, and has clear, resolute views of his own which he has never kept out of sight. He is self-reliant to the extent of cocksureness, strong willed, with but little tenderness for those who differ from him or oppose him. Thus equipped, he is certain to make his influence felt at the War Office. He will import his personal vigor into the new administration and, whether for good or ill, will bring about substantial change.

His manner of doing business, his short, incisive speech, his offhand, abrupt disposal of doubtful questions, have marred his popularity, and he has never been greatly liked by his military colleagues at army headquarters.

His experience has been considerable at the War Office; with a gap of a couple of years, when Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he has held office in it almost continuously since 1886, having been Financial Secretary (a post now abolished), where he learnt economic lessons which may bear evil fruit now that he is the head of the office and liberal expenditure is the essence of army reform.

He is a cadet of the noble house of Midleton, and to the title of Viscount he will some day succeed, but the peerage is Irish, and he may, if he chooses, still retain his seat in the House of Commons. A somewhat serious deafness rather militates against Mr. Brodrick's usefulness in debate or official life.

Sir Wilfred Laurier's Pluck

Sir Wilfred Laurier, who has recently been returned to power in Canada with a big majority of Liberals at his back, is scarcely the steady campaigner of the Roosevelt or Bryan type, although he made a tour of the province of Ontario this year, and on one day, just previous to the elections, made fifteen speeches from his special train.

It was while in opposition that Sir Wilfred did his hardest campaign work, and, just previous to the elections of five years ago, he made an average of three speeches a day. Senator Dandurand, who accompanied Sir Wilfred (who was then plain Mr. Laurier) on that tour, tells the following tale:

"One day when Mr. Laurier was suffering from a frightful cold, but had made two speeches, he was nearly in a state of collapse. He was to be at St. Therese in the evening and, it being a joint meeting of Conservatives and Liberals, his best efforts were needed. We arrived at St. Therese at five in the evening, and, as I was busy with other things, I left Mr. Laurier to go up to his room and rest. I was away perhaps half an hour and, upon returning, I started to go up to see how he was getting along. I felt my way along the dark passageway leading to the stairs, and was about to go up, when I saw a dark mass crouched just to the right. It was our future great premier. He had dropped there exhausted. We got him into bed and called in a country doctor, and when eight o'clock came we had to carry him to the meeting. The Conservative speakers had their first say, and they flayed Mr. Laurier and the Liberals unmercifully. Mr. Laurier sat there in a great fur coat, not moving a muscle. The minute his turn came, however, he jumped up, threw off his coat and began to speak. It was one of the finest speeches of his life, and he carried the meeting by storm. He spoke with magnificent vigor for over an hour, and when he was through fell back into our arms exhausted. Two days later — the day before the election — he appeared at Lachine, nine miles from Montreal. His voice was gone, he could not say a word, but it needed only his presence and smiling bows to create the greatest enthusiasm among the audience."

General Wolseley Only a Stripling

It is pleasant to come across old warriors who, having fought in many climes against many people, are still hale and hearty. The other day one of England's veterans, Field-Marshal Sir Frederick P. Haines, celebrated his eighty first birthday.

Just sixty-one years ago he began his career as a warrior, and fifty five years ago he went through his first campaign, seeing most of the fighting that took place in the Sutlej campaign of 1845. Almost the first time he smelt powder he was desperately wounded.

His next campaign was that in the Punjab in 1848-9, and later he fought through the ill-managed Crimea. Twenty years later he was made Commander-in-Chief in India, and was specially thanked by Parliament for his tact and energy in the Afghanistan operations.

The old warrior is hale and hearty and still has an opinion of his own. It is told of him that a dictum of Lord Wolseley's was quoted against one of his own. Sir Frederick tapped his cane on the floor and shouted:

"Wolseley! Wolseley! A clever lad, I'll admit, but a mere stripling yet, sir, a mere stripling!" As Lord Wolseley is only sixty-seven, that settled it, of course.

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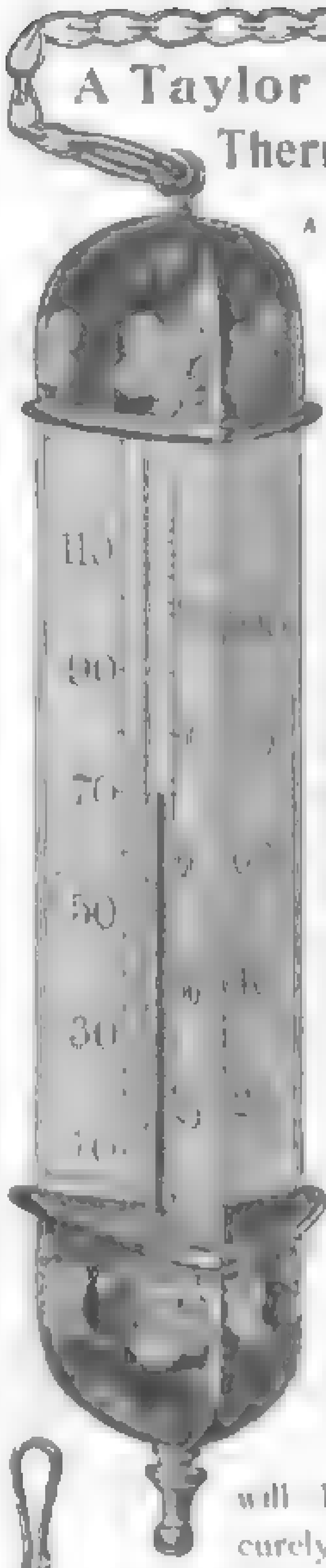

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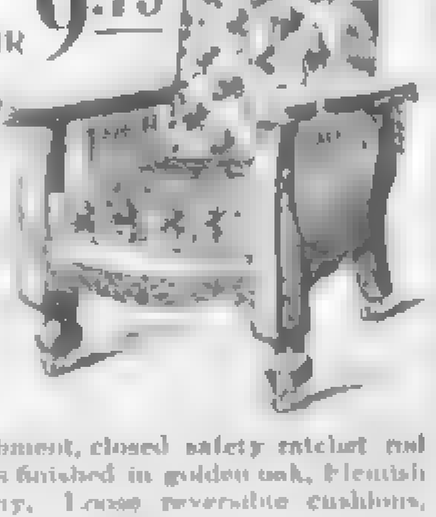

Description
The frame is of [illegible] nut, [illegible] Front and sides of frame are [illegible] ly carved, has large, comfortable arms, carved back, patent detachable [illegible] age attachment, closed safety ratchet and support. Chair is finished in golden oak, Flemish oak or mahogany. Loose reversible cushions, hair filled and covered in the newest and choicest patterns of velour, plain or figured. Seat is supported on thoroughly tempered steel springs, thereby insuring a luxurious [illegible] obtainable in any article of library or parlor furniture at double the price.

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Ash-Cake Hannah and Her Ben

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

CHRISTMAS EVE had come, and the cold, keen air with just a hint of dampness in it gave promise of the blessing of a white Christmas. A few flakes began sifting slowly down, and at sight of them a dozen pairs of white eyes flashed, and a dozen negro hearts beat more quickly. It was not long before the sound of grinding axes was heard and the dogs barked a chorus to the grindstones' song, for they, wise fellows that they were, knew what the bright glint of the steel meant. They knew, too, why Jake and Ike and Joe whistled so merrily, and looked over at the distant woods with half shut eyes and smiled.

Already the overseers were relaxing their vigilance, the quarters were falling into indolence, and the master was guarding the key of a well filled closet.

Negro Tom was tuning up his fiddle in the barn and Blophus with his banjo was getting the chords from him, while Alec was away out in the woods with his face turned up to the gray sky letting the kinks out of his tenor voice. All this because the night was coming on. Christmas Eve night was the beginning of a week of joy.

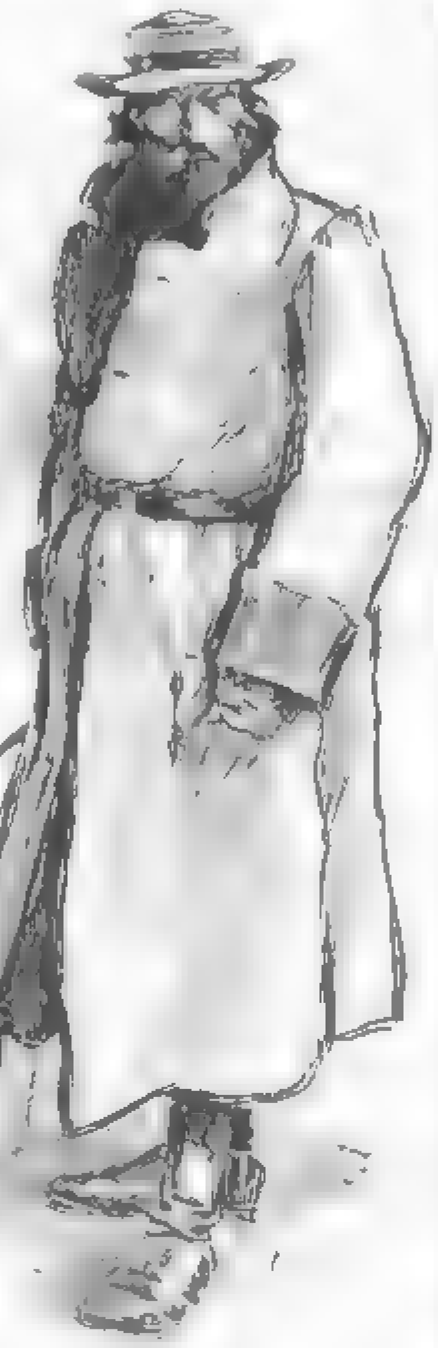
The wind freshened and the snow fell faster. The walks were covered. Old gnarled logs that had lain about, black and forbidding, became things of beauty. The world was a white glory. Slowly, so slow for a winter's night, the lights faded out and the lamps and candles and torches like lowly stars laughed from the windows of big house and cabin. In fireplaces great and small the hickory crackled, and the savory smell of cooking arose, tempting, persistent. The lights at the big house winked at the cabin, and the cabin windows winked back again. Laughter trickled down the night and good cheer was everywhere. Everywhere, save in one room, where Hannah—Ash-Cake Hannah, they called her—sat alone by her smouldering hearth, brushing the cinders from her fresh baked cake, mumbling to herself.

For her there was no Christmas cheer. There were only her dim, lonely cabin and the ash-covered hearth. While the others rejoiced she moaned, for she had taken as a husband a slave on a distant plantation whose master was a hard man, and on many a Christmas he had refused permission to Ben to go and see his wife. So each year, as soon as Christmas Eve came, Hannah began to mope and fast, eating nothing but ash cake until she knew whether or not Ben was coming. If he came, she turned to and laughed and made merry with the rest. If he did not, her sorrow and meagre fare lasted the week out, and she went back to her work with a heavy heart and no store of brightness for the coming year. To-day she sat as usual, mumbling and moaning, for the night was drawing down, and no sign of Ben.

Outside the negroes from the quarters, dressed in their best, were gathering into line, two by two, to march to the big house, where every Christmas they received their presents. There was much pushing and giggling, with ever and anon an admonitory word from one of the older heads, as they caught some fellow's arm making free with a girl's waist. Finally, when darkness had completely come, they started briskly away to the tune of a marching song. As they neared and passed Hannah's cabin they lowered their voices out of respect to the sorrow they knew she was undergoing. But once beyond it they broke out with fresh gusto, stamping or tripping along through the damp snow like so many happy children. Then, as they neared the steps of the great house, the doors were thrown wide and a flood of yellow light flowed out upon the throng of eager faces. With their halting the marching song was stopped, and instantly a mellow voice swung into a Christmas hymn, one of their own rude spirituals.

> Oh, mought dy day at Bet'lehem
> Who dat layin' in de manger?
> De town, hit full, dey ain't no room
> Who dat layin' in de manger?

The old master had come forward to the front of the piazza and around him clustered his family and guests, listening with admiration to the full, rich chorus. When it was done the negroes filed through the hall, one by one, each with a "Me'y Chris'mus" and each receiving some token from the master and mistress. Laughing, joking, bantering,



Nobody need fo' me h w to run my piece'

they went out to their holidays, some to their cabins to dance or eat, others to the woods with the dogs and the newly sharpened axes to look for game. One of the women stopped at Hannah's cabin with the gift for which she so seldom came. At her knock the lone watcher sprang up and flung the door wide, but sank down again with a groan at sight of the visitor. She did not even open the things which the messenger laid upon the bed, but bent again over her cheerless hearth.

The sound of merriment and song were dying away within the neighboring huts when her door was thrown suddenly open again and a huge negro stood before Ash-Cake Hannah. The slightly nibbled cake was hurled into a dark corner, and the woman sprang up with a heart-cry: "Ben!" She threw her arms about his neck and burst into happy tears, while Ben held her, grinned sheepishly, and kept glancing furtively toward the door.

"[illegible]"

"W'at I [illegible] o' 'sh fu', w'en you's hyeah, Ben? I got a min' to hollah," she answered, laughing and crying.

"'Sh, 'sh," he repeated; "I's run off."

She stopped, and stood staring at him with wide, scared eyes.

"You's run off?" she echoed.

"Yes, Mas' Mason wouldn' let me come, so I tuk my chanst an' come anyhow."

"Oh, Ben, he'll mos' nigh kill you."

"I knows it, but I don' keer. It 'uz Chris'mus an' I was boun' to see you."

The woman fell to crying again, but he patted her shoulder, saying: "'Tain't no use to cry, Hannah. Hit's des' wastin' time. I got to pay fu' dis runnin' off anyhow, so I'd des' ez well have ez good a time ez I kin while hit las'. Fix me some suppah, an' den we'll go roun' a little an' see de folks."

As they went out the deadened sound of merriment came to them from the cabins.

"I don' know ez I ought to show myse'f des' now," said Ben stealthily, as they neared one of the places where the fun was at its height. "Ef I should tek a notion to go back, I mought git in widout Mas' Mason knowin' I been gone, 'dough he moughty sha'p eyed."

"Le's des stan' outside hyeah, den, an' hol' han's an' listen, dat'll be enough fu' me, seein' you's hyeah."

They stationed themselves outside a cabin window whose shutter was thrown wide open to admit the air. Here they could see and listen to all that went on within. To them it was like starving within sight of food. Their hearts yearned to be enjoying themselves with their kind. But they only clutched each other's hands the tighter, and stood there in the square of yellow light thrown out by the candles and fat pine torches, drinking in all they could of the forbidden pleasures.

Now they were dancing to the tum tum of a banjo and the scraping of a fiddle, and

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Ben's toes tingled to be shuffling. After the dance there would be a supper. Already a well-defined odor was arising from a sort of rude lean-to behind the cabin. The smell was rich and warm and sweet.

"What is dat, Hannah?" asked Ben. "Hit smell monst'ous familiah."

"Hit's sweet 'taters, dat's what it is."

Ben turned on her an agonized look. "Hit's sweet 'taters, an' p——" His lips were pouted to say the word, but it was too much for him. He interrupted himself in an attempt to pronounce that juicy, seductive unctuous word, "possum," and started for the door, exclaiming: "Come on, Hannah; I'd des' ez well die fu' an' ol' sheep ez fu' a lamb;" and in a moment he was being welcomed by the surprised dancers.

Ben and Hannah were soon in the very midst of the gayety.

"No ash-cake fu' Hannah dis Chris'mus!" shouted some one as he passed the happy woman in the dance.

Hannah's voice rang loud and clear through the room as she courtesied to her husband and answered: "No indeed, honey. Hannah gwine live off'en de fat o' de lan' dis hyeah Chris'mus."

In a little while Fullerton, the master, came to the cabin with some of his friends who wanted to enjoy looking on at the negroes' pleasure. This was the signal for the wildest pranks, the most fantastic dancing and a general period of showing off. The happy-go-lucky people were like so many children released from their tasks. The more loudly their visitors applauded the gayer they became. They clapped their hands, they slapped their knees. They leaped and capered. And among them, no one was lighter-hearted than Ben. He had forgotten what lay in store for him, and his antics kept the room in a roar.

Fullerton had seen him and had expressed the belief that Ben had run away, for Mason Tyler would hardly have let him come without sending with him a pass; but he took it easily, glad to see Hannah enjoying herself, and no longer forced to moan and fast.

For a brief space the dancers had rested. Then the music struck up again. They had made their "'bejunce" and were swinging corners, when suddenly the clatter of horses' hoofs broke in on the rhythm of the music, which stopped with a discord. The people stood startled and expectant, each in the attitude in which he had stopped. Ben was grinning sheepishly and scraping his foot on the floor. All at once he remembered.

With a cry, Hannah ran across the room, and threw herself at her master's feet. "Oh, Mas' Jack," she begged, "don' let Mas' Mason Tyler whup Ben! He runned off to be wid me."

"'Sh," said Fullerton quickly; "I'll do what I can."

In another moment the door was flung open and Mason Tyler, a big, gruff looking fellow with a face red with anger, stood in the doorway. Over his shoulder peeped two negroes. He had a stout whip in his hand.

"Is my—oh, there you are, you black hound. Come here; I'm going to larrup you within an inch of your life."

"Good evening, Mr. Tyler," broke in Fullerton's smooth voice.

"Oh, good-evening, Mr. Fullerton. You must excuse me; I was so taken up with that black hound that I forgot my manners."

Fullerton proceeded to introduce his friends. Tyler met them gruffly.

"Ben, here," he proceeded, "has taken it into his head that he is his own master."

"Oh, well, these things will happen about Christmas time, and you must overlook them."

"Nobody need tell me how to run my place."

"Certainly not, but I've a sort of interest in Ben on Hannah's account. However, we won't talk of it. Come to the house, and let me offer you some refreshment."

"I haven't time."

"My friends will think very badly of you if you don't join us in one holiday glass at least."

Tyler's eyes glistened. He loved his glass. He turned irresolutely.

"Oh, leave Ben here for the little time you'll be with us. I'll vouch for him."

Mellowed already by pleasant anticipations, Mason Tyler allowed himself to be persuaded, and setting the two negroes who accompanied him to watch Ben, he went away to the big house.

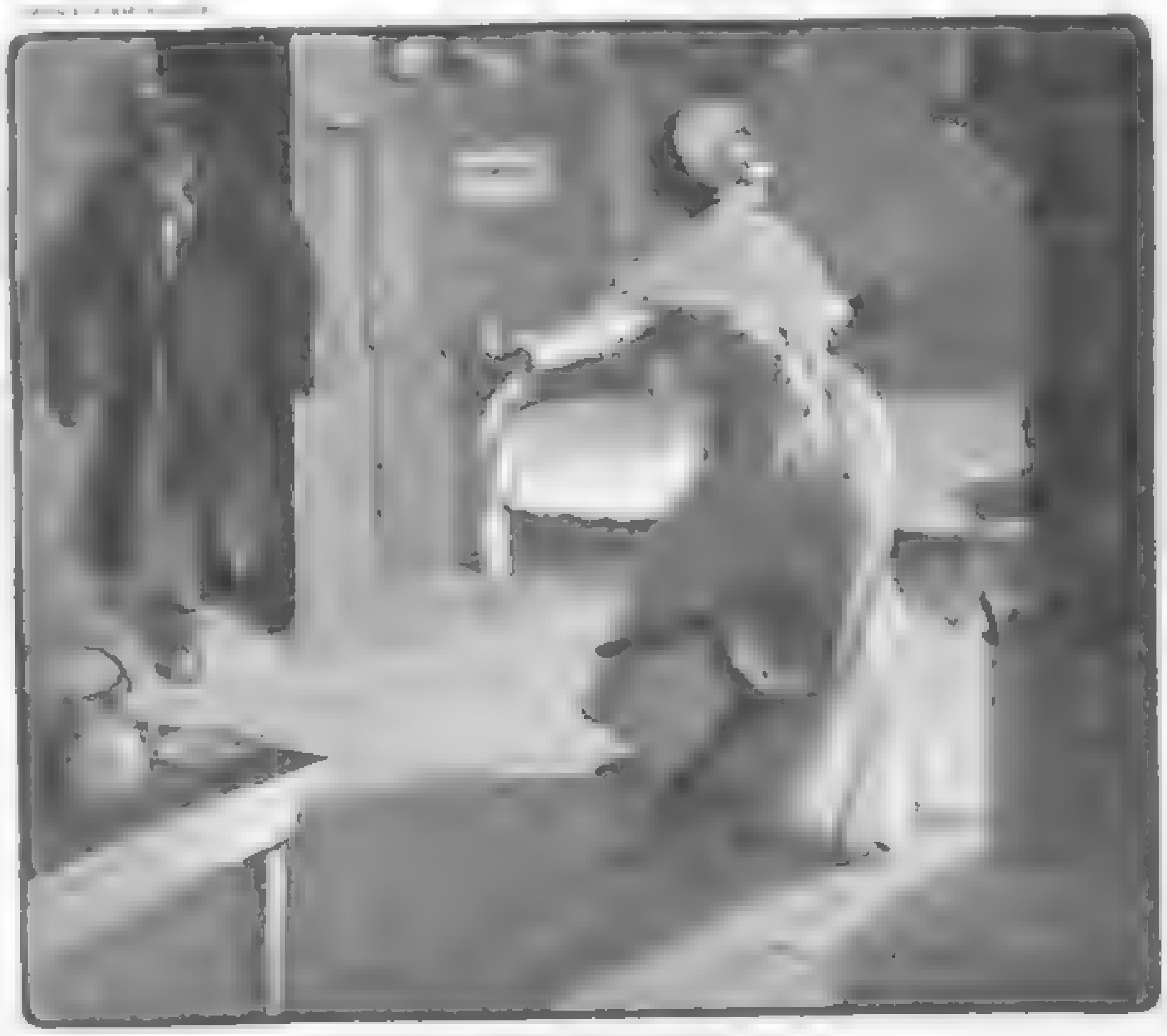
It was perhaps two hours later when a negro groom was sent to bed Tyler's horse for the night, while one of his own servants was dispatched to tell his family that he could not be home that night.

Ben, perfectly confident that he was to "die for an old sheep," was making the best of his time, even while expecting every moment to be called to go home for punishment. But when the news of his master's determination to stay reached him, his fears faded, and he prepared to enjoy himself until fatigue stopped him. As for Hannah, she was joyous even though, womanlike, she could not shut her eyes to the doubtful future.

It was near twelve o'clock on the crisp, bright Christmas morning that followed when Mason Tyler called for his horse to ride home. He was mellow and jovial and the red in his face was less apoplectic. He called for his horse, but he did not call for Ben, for during the night and morning Fullerton had gained several promises from him; one that he would not whip the runaway, the other, that Ben might spend the week. One will promise anything to one's host, especially when that host's cellar is the most famous in six counties.

It was with joyous hearts that Ash-Cake—now Happy—Hannah and Ben watched the departure of Tyler. When he was gone, Ben whooped and cut the pigeon-wing, while Hannah, now that the danger was past, uttered a reproving: "You is de beatenes'! I mos' wish he'd 'a tuk you erlong now;" and turned to open her Christmas presents.

and the woman sprang up with a heart-cry: "Ben!"



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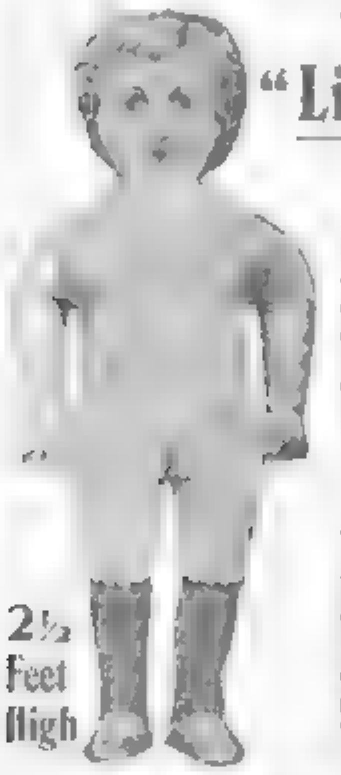

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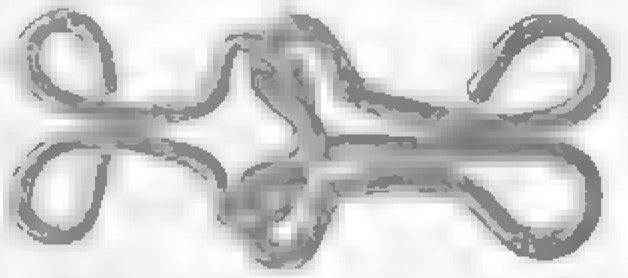

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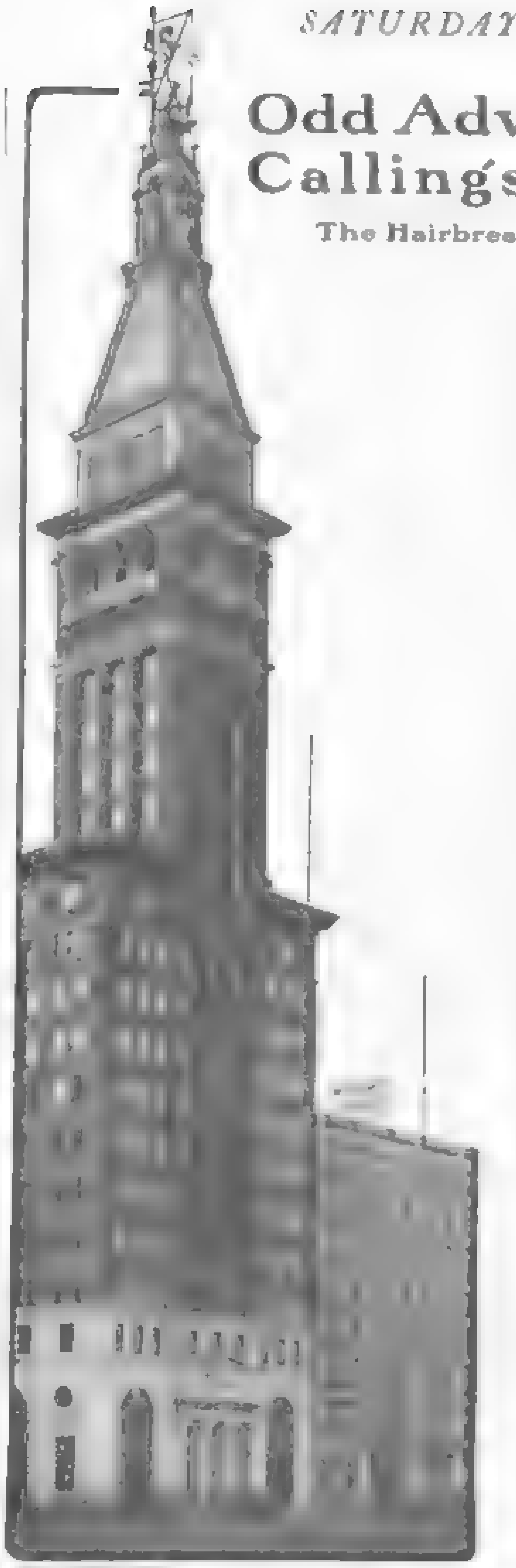
The Hairbreadth Escapes of a Steeple-Jack



Mounting a statue on a high building in Chicago

THE calling of the steeple-jack is unquestionably the most perilous of all odd professions directly connected with the routine activities of the business world. While the aeronaut's opportunities for meeting sudden and violent death may be regarded as more certain than that of the man who climbs steeples and scales smokestacks and flag poles, the balloonist's feats of daring are almost universally for purposes of display, while the steeple-jack does his dizzy tasks as a part of the world's serious work, and does not pose, in any sense, as a performer. He is generally reluctant to confess that he has had narrow escapes from death, although the history of his daily work is an unbroken record of miraculous deliverances, at least from the viewpoint of those whose pursuits do not call them to the heights where the steeple-jack is accustomed to tread.

Most of the fatalities which occur in this calling befall the men who attempt to get into its ranks without the long and gradual schooling necessary to inure them to working at great heights. Scores of painters, sailors, telegraph linemen, tinners, roofers and "steel-structure" men resort to the vocation of the steeple-jack, attracted by the temptation of an opportunity to earn a comparatively large sum of money for a few hours of actual work. They are deluded by the impression that their previous experience in low distance climbing is a sufficient preparation for more hazardous undertakings. Sometimes they pass the test of a first experience, but more frequently many pay with their lives for their foolhardiness.

Lives Risked by Handling the Tackle

In no other matter is the experienced steeple-jack so particular as concerning his tackle. The laws of the Medes and Persians were not more iron-clad than is the steeple-jack's the rule that no person other than its owner shall be permitted to use, or even touch, his rigging. A touch of acid spilled from the soldering kit of a tinner is sufficient to weaken vitally a rope without leaving the slightest apparent evidence of the injury inflicted. The slightest disarrangement of a tackle is likely to cause a serious and perhaps fatal accident. In other words, the steeple-jack must know, whenever he returns to his work, that his apparatus has been absolutely untouched by any other hand.

Whatever may be the line in which any steeple-jack enjoys the greatest reputation, it is certain that he must be, speaking broadly, a jack-of-all-trades. When putting a lightning conductor in place he may be called upon to solder or rivet a misplaced steeple ornament of tin or copper, replace the broken arm of a cross of wood with one of "skeleton" steel construction, and gild its sheaf of copper with a delicate coating of gold leaf. Consequently he must have good command of the tools of the carpenter, the tinner, the pipe fitter, the sheet metal worker, the stone cutter and the mason.

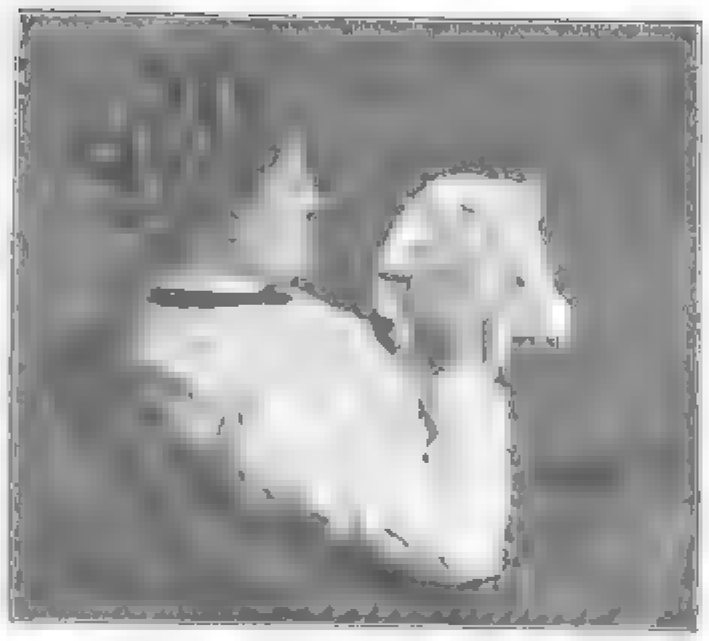
The journeyman steeple-jack in the employ of a contractor in this field generally receives a wage of five dollars a day, "work or play," the year round. Employers of steeple-jacks generally insist upon training their own men, preferring to have their apprentices begin when little more than boys. Lads who are taken into the service in this manner are first put only upon buildings of moderate height, and great care is taken not to force their progress too rapidly or to push them into positions where they are likely to become shocked or frightened. When thoroughly habituated to working with ease and fearlessness at a low elevation, the apprentice is then promoted to a higher altitude.

One of the main things persistently impressed upon his mind is the necessity of never making an unconscious movement. He is taught to be wide awake to the nature and consequences of every step he takes, of each gesture of his arm or turning of his body. Scores of fatal accidents have, according to the men in this calling, resulted from a failure to observe, to the letter, this vital rule. In almost every other line of work, physical action is, to a large degree, automatic; but in this perilous pursuit the worker who allows himself to become so concentrated in his task that some phase of his action is performed unconsciously, is almost certain to meet with sudden accident and very likely with instant death. The lifting or laying down of a tool is a serious matter not only to the steeple jack himself, but to his fellow-workers, or the unsuspecting passer-by on the ground far beneath him.

Perilously Lassoing a Steeple

Perhaps the most difficult accomplishment which the young apprentice is called upon to acquire is that of "steeple lassoing." This is a task, however, which he does not undertake until he has grown accustomed to the dizziest elevations and is in as complete command of his faculties when standing on the arm of a cross at a height of two hundred feet as if walking on the solid pavement. No man who has not forgotten his fears in high places is prepared to make his first attempt in the hazardous feat of lassoing a steeple. His poise must be perfect and his movements free in order to accomplish this perilous passage of his art.

The lengths of the lassos to be used are determined by the varying dimensions of the steeple to be climbed. About the waist of the steeple-jack is a strong belt to which is attached a stout hook having what is termed a lock grip and a spring release. First the jack climbs to the topmost windows of the steeple, or to the highest point to which he can clamber, and then takes his longest lasso in hand and braces himself for the first throw. His rope is tipped with a ball of sufficient weight to give it the proper impetus and direction. Seizing the rope in his right hand, at a point three or four feet from the ball, he twirls it swiftly, then suddenly releases it with a jerk which causes the weighted end to swing around and encircle the steeple. Instantly he darts out his left hand and catches the end of the lasso as it flies around and completes its circuit. The two ends are then fastened by means of a peculiar knot, after the rope is first drawn



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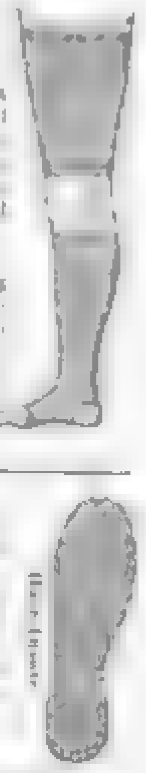

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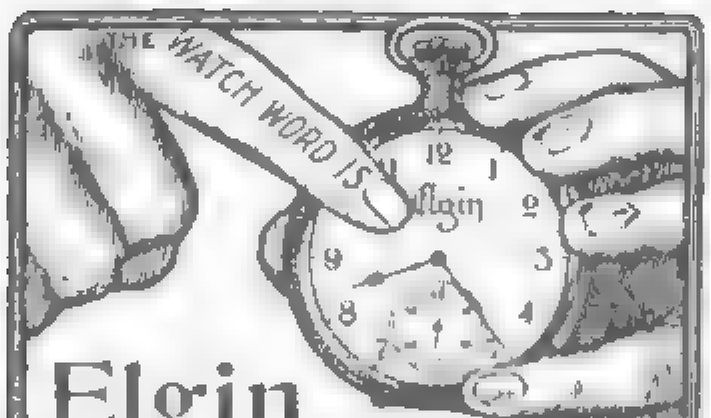
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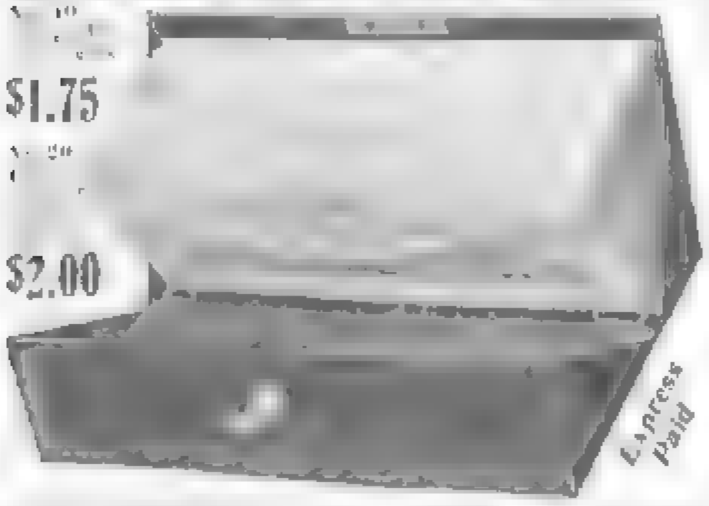

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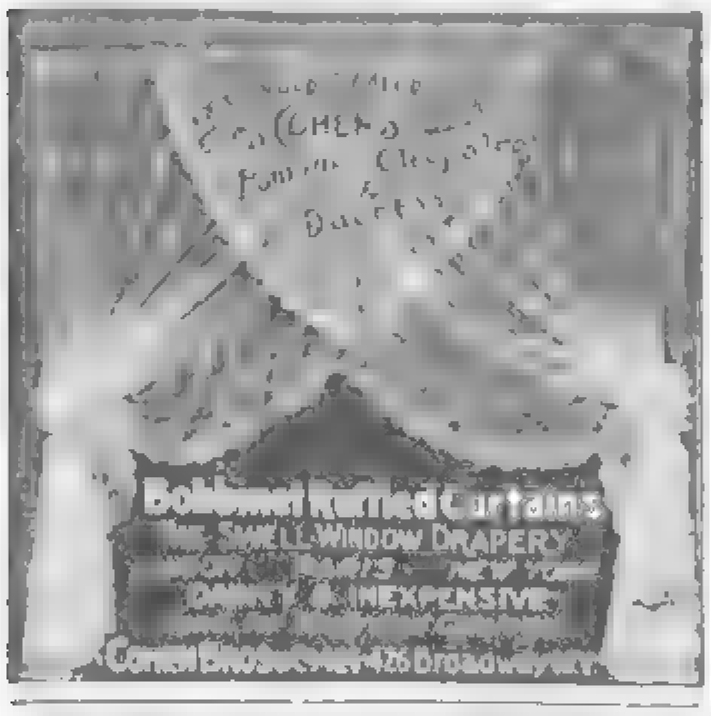
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tightly around the steeple at a point as high as can be reached by the hook in the climber's belt. With the security afforded by means of the hook, the jack is able to encircle the spire with a second lasso at a distance of several feet above the first. Grasping the upper rope with one hand he unlocks, with the other, the grip of the hook, catches the "clutches" attached to the toes of his shoes into the first rope, and raises himself until he is able to fasten his belt hook about the second rope, the first lasso serving as the first rung of the ladder, upon which he has a firm "toe grip."

Next he takes from his shoulder the third lasso, throws, catches and knots it, and then, before releasing the hold of his belt hook, reaches down and unlocks the first rope, slinging it over his shoulder. He is then ready to pull himself up to a "toe hold" on the second lasso, with his belt hook firmly fastened about the third rope. This process is repeated until the top of the spire is reached. As the size of the steeple diminishes with each upward step, the ascent becomes easier instead of more difficult.

Going Sailor-Fashion Over a Huge Ball

Many spires, however, are capped with huge balls, a few feet below the point of the lightning rod. Although these balls appear small to the spectator on the ground, and in the case of very high spires look like mere apples, generally they are really huge globes and impose the most serious of all obstacles to the progress of the steeple-climber bent on putting one of them under his feet while he repairs the weather-vane which whirls on the rod above it.

After satisfying himself that the ball is sufficiently sound and well constructed to bear his weight—for some of them are mere shells of sheet metal mounted on an inferior framework of wood—he proceeds to the difficult operation of lassoing the globe. His rope is thrown over the ball snug up against the rod which supports the wind vane, or cross, with its lightning-rod. When the weighted end of the rope comes back to his hand the steeple jack is able to make a noose which is easily slipped up to the rod at the top by pulling on the end of the lasso which he retains in his hand. Twisting the rope about his legs he squirms up "sailor fashion" over the ball and lands on the top. Of course he also carries with him a long "hand line" for "tackling" purposes, by which he is able to lower himself to his starting point, and also to hoist into place his block and tackle with chair attached. This is used in a double strand to permit it to be pulled down after him when he has lowered himself to a secure stand ground.

Perhaps the most remarkable feat of steeple-jack work recently accomplished in this country was that of placing and stripping of its wrappings, at a height of 304 feet, a twenty-five-foot wind-vane statue, weighing 2200 pounds, on the top of the great tower of the highest structure in Chicago. To add to the gruesome peril of the situation a powerful wind was blowing from Lake Michigan. Whenever this shifted its direction the statue, mounted on double ball bearings, whirled and carried in its circuit the supports which held the steeple-jacks. The rigging of the latter had, however, been constructed to meet this particular emergency, and the movements of the wind-vane did not cause the daring workmen who were stripping it the slightest trepidation.

The Fall of the Heavy Iron Wrench

Only one incident carried momentary terror to the heart of a "jack"—and incidentally to a pedestrian who flatters himself that he is under the special protection of a beneficent Providence. A sudden and furious gust of wind lifted a heavy wrench from its resting place on a derrick brace and sent it shooting through the air to the sidewalk. It struck the pavement half a dozen paces in front of a leisurely pedestrian, bounded twenty feet in the air, and finally landed in the middle of the street. The pedestrian stopped instantly, wheeled about and disappeared down Michigan Avenue at a pace seldom equaled in the streets of a city.

The principals in this marvelous feat of steeple-jack work are thoroughly representative of it. They are Carl Bajohr and Joseph Conradi. After descending from the greatest height to which a statue has ever been hoisted on the American continent, these men were in excellent reminiscent mood and recalled the most thrilling situations in which the exigencies of their calling had placed them. Mr. Bajohr spoke as follows.

The closest call I ever had in placing lightning conductors was on the Polish Catholic Church, of Chicago, at North Carpenter Street and Chicago Avenue. The roof is very steep and the eaves are fully 120 feet from the pavement. I was on the roof, holding to a rope which passed over the gable to a small corner spire on the other side, about which some of my men were working.

A Slide to what Seemed Certain Death

Suddenly, without a second's warning, I felt myself shooting downward. Instinctively I tried to dig my nails into the roof, but there was not the slightest object on which they could catch. Consequently they scratched a burning trail along the smooth surface of the slate shingles. I must have yelled the moment the rope gave way—but of this I can judge only by the fact that my workmen at once knew what had happened. Although my descent to the edge of the roof was only a matter of a few seconds I realized with terrible vividness just what was happening and what the end of my awful slide would undoubtedly be.

I felt my lower limbs pass over the eaves—and then there was a sudden, jolting pause. Both my hands had gripped into the gutter or eaves-trough just as I was shooting over the edge out into space. Had I been on my side or back, as I slid down the roof, this interruption would have been impossible. The desperateness with which I had clutched the roof no doubt served to break the rapidity of my descent and certainly enabled me to grip the gutter at the last moment when deliverance was possible. There I hung, my whole weight resting on my fingers. Every second seemed an hour. The strain was terrible. To hang until I could summon help appeared hopeless—an impossibility! And I realized that to let go meant instant death!

Probably I had not been hanging for more than a minute when I heard the voice of "Billy," my head man, shouting:

"Hang on! Stick to it! I'll get you in a minute. Keep your grip for just one minute longer; only a minute!"

If it hadn't been for the strength his words put into my fingers I would have relaxed my hold, no doubt, and dropped to the stones below. But he just held me right to the scratch and I stuck and hung beyond anything that seemed possible at the start. Of course I wasn't fool enough to glance down, but simply hung there staring at the wall of the church and gripping the gutter in an agony of desperation that made the cold sweat stand out all over me. What was Billy doing? When would I feel his hands grasping me? These were the two thoughts uppermost in my mind as I centred all my energies on keeping my clutch on the eaves-trough.

At last, when the feeling began to creep over me that I could not hold out another minute, I heard the swish of a rope slipping past me. This was instantly followed by the body of Billy, sliding down the line. By taking hold of the eaves he pushed the rope up close to me. He had secured a firm leg-grip himself and was a little lower down than I, so that his shoulders were on a level with my thighs. Then he ordered:

"Don't let go till I tell you to. Just stick and take a twist on the rope with your legs."

Meantime he had carefully taken hold of me, so that if my strength gave way before I could do as he had told me he might have a grip on my clothes. Cautiously I felt for the rope with my legs, found it, and took the twist that is second nature to all climbers.

"Now settle back on my shoulders," was his next command, as he forced his head carefully between my legs. As I did this I relaxed the fingers of my right hand from their hold on the gutter and took a feeble grip on the rope. Then I did the same thing with my left hand. But I was weak as a kitten. And if it had not been for the fact that almost my entire weight was supported by the broad shoulders of Billy I should have dropped sheer to the ground, so it seems to me now.

Slowly and carefully the man slid down the long rope until his feet touched the solid earth, when he dumped me on the ground without ceremony. And you may be sure I stayed there till I was good and rested! It was a long time—several weeks, in fact—before I got my nerve back and took to climbing again. Then I felt as sure-footed as ever, and simply looked at my escape as a lesson to teach me never to trust a fastening made by any other hand than my own.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in the series of Odd Adventures in Queer Callings. Other papers will follow in early numbers.

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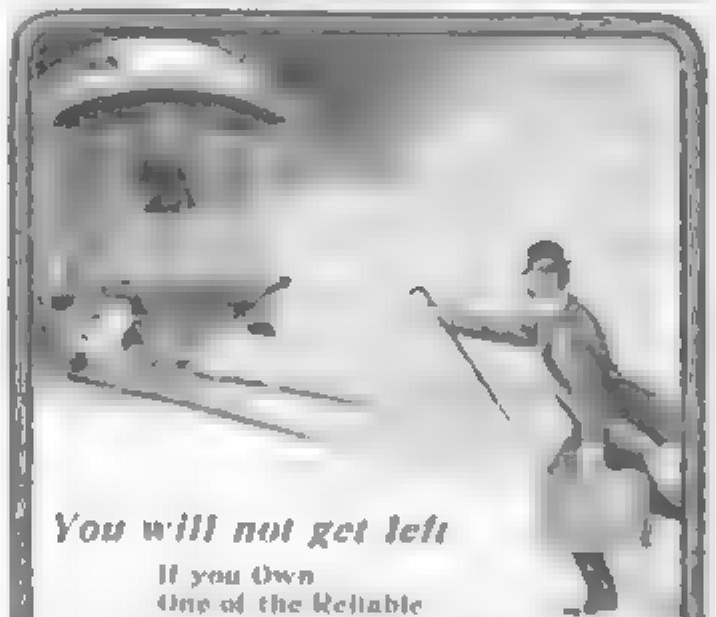

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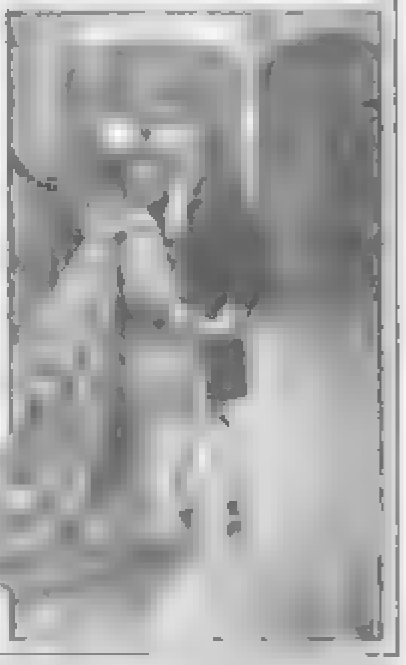

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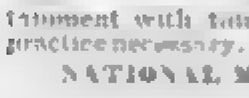

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Photographing Life

(WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR)

By Clifton Johnson

First lessons in whittling

LIFE is the most interesting thing in the world and at the same time the most difficult to reproduce with perfect fidelity, whether in stories, in sculpture and painting, or in photography. It is too elusive to be easily caught, yet that makes it the better worth trying for. Up to a certain point, the accuracy of the camera in depicting life gives the photograph unrivaled merits. It portrays with exactness everything set before it, and its value in recording contemporary work, costumes and manners can hardly be overestimated. This is apparent when it is considered how we should prize photographs, could they be had, showing the people, the habitations and the occupations of the early period of America, or, taking a step farther back, of the Middle Ages in Europe. No paintings, however masterly, could wholly take the place of them; for you can never be sure just how much an artist may have put in or left out, and how much is reality and how much imagination.

Some Old Fallacies Exposed

Perhaps nothing better illustrates the play of the artist's fancy than the difference between the conventional picturing of a horse in motion, and the results shown when the instantaneous photograph revealed to the astonished and protesting knights of the palette that they were all wrong, and that the horse never stretched its legs in any such fashion as the artists were in the habit of representing. Their response was that the horse appeared thus to the eye and, therefore, art required that he should be so delineated. This statement was at first generally accepted as true, and we really supposed we saw horses that way, yet it was merely the effect of a long diet of mistaken pictures. The "contortions" of the creatures in the photographs afforded great sport for a time, but now the public, and the artists as well, have come to accept the view shown by the camera as both truth and good art.

In like manner, the old fashioned pictures of zigzag lightning have lost favor. Most people would not have questioned but that those dreadful forked streaks were facts of Nature; yet the camera has corrected this notion, and we now see clearly, with our unaided eyes, that the lightning, instead of darting earthward in savage angles, seems to rend the clouds in a ragged crack.

Both camera and artist have fields peculiarly their own, and each can give the other useful suggestions. The former is corrective of unreflecting fancy, the latter of mechanical commonplace. Without question, the camera's realism will make the life studies secured to-day by its means very precious to future generations, though only those photographs will be worthy of survival in which care has been taken to select that which is characteristic and so to place the components of each as to obtain effective and pleasing compositions.

The difficulties are too great to hope for frequent complete success, and a beginner does well to practice on landscapes until he is thoroughly familiar with his instrument and with the technicalities of the art. A landscape will wait for you, and stay quiet, and meanwhile you may continue, as long as you choose, in search of the best point of view. But life is seldom in absolute repose. Movement is almost inseparable from it, and unless you convey an idea of this in your picture you fail. Avoid, at all hazards, giving an impression that the work, conversation or whatever it may be that is supposed to engage the persons appearing in the photograph, has come to a stop while they are being pictured. If you get the reality it is certain to have about it a subtle sense of continuity, and a picture lacking this is never first-rate, though it may possess considerable portrait interest and contain a good deal of valuable and sometimes picturesque information.

It should be recognized, for instance, that a group of picnickers not engaged in anything particular, or who are pretending to some sort of more or less playful or serious employment, is not life. Nor do you get a photograph of life even when you pose genuine workers, with their hands on their tools but looking full at the camera. Such pictures are primarily portraiture. It is quite possible to secure an excellent portrait in a picture that is a transcript of actual life, but if the latter is the more important to you, the other had better be sacrificed, unless it incidentally comes of itself. The attempt to attain ease and naturalness in the subject chosen presents difficulties enough, without further additions or complications.

In trying to get lifelikeness it is well to recollect that intensity of action and a dramatic pose are not, as a rule, faithful to truth. Prettiness, too, as a chief object, is to be avoided rather than sought, and one needs to be especially on his guard against it when costuming is done. Nine times out of ten the costumes are too insistent and smack of the stage.

Suppose the study is to be of a Colonial maiden who is busy at her flax wheel—she is more likely to appear in the best ancestral gown that can be had than in the simple garments of a country lass in an old time kitchen. It may be the maiden's fault fully as much as it is the photographer's, for people seem possessed with the idea that it will improve your picture to attire themselves in fine raiment, no matter what the task or the environment. They have to be restrained, and assured that plain clothes photograph best and that rents and patches by no means detract. Surely picturesqueness is better than elegant mediocrity, and whatever is out of place in a picture hurts its charm.

The Farmer and His Old Artistic Cap

I have more than once discovered, to my discomfiture, that not every one understands this even when it is explained. For example, two or three years ago I came across an old New England farmer, on a chilly April day, sawing wood under a rickety shed. He had on a great cap, very ancient and soft-toned and attractive for art purposes; and it had been worn so long that it seemed a part of the man. After a few general remarks I broached a desire to make

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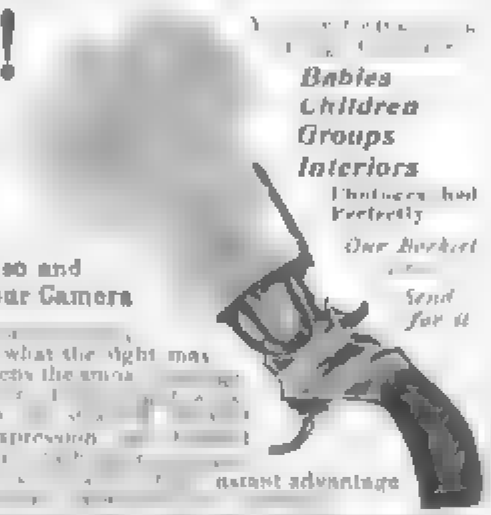

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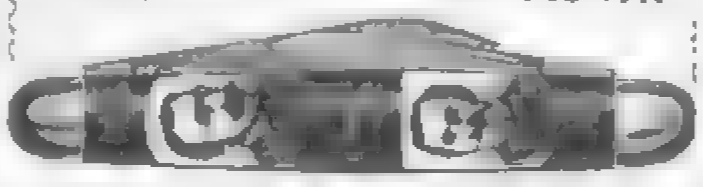

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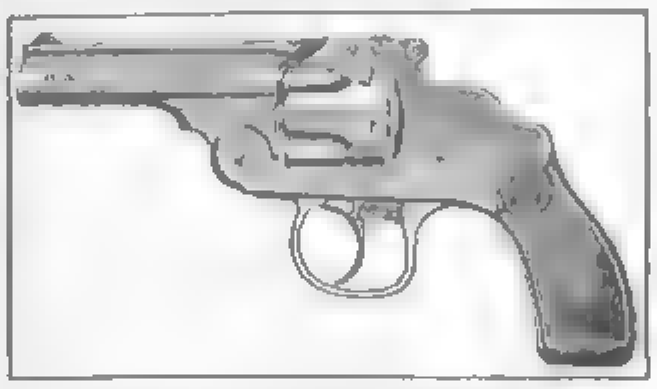

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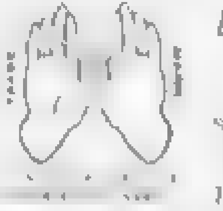

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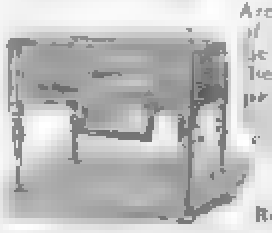

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a picture of him, and he was willing, only nothing would do but he must first go in and change his head covering. I could not dissuade him, and he returned in a distressing modern derby that he had bought at some cheap town shop. No invention of the hat-makers could well have been more unbecoming to the gray octogenarian, but he was fixed in the opinion that his personal appearance was greatly improved thereby

I have said that the beginner should practice on landscapes before attempting life. In no other way can he so well learn how to select compositions that by their lines and arrangement of masses are attractive to the eye. The badness of composition in the usual figure photograph is sufficient argument for the need of such education. One should become so expert that he instinctively selects the best vantage the scene offers, with no more thought than the accomplished pianist gives to the keys of his instrument as he plays

The simpler the background and surroundings of your figures the better, for it is to be remembered that the figures tell the main story and all else is secondary. If you fall in love with a landscape which has a good deal of variety and detail, it is advisable not to introduce life unless it is incidental and distant

To get good massing, and a proper separation of the figures from what lies beyond, it is well to aim toward the light. Even if the features of the persons introduced are even darker than is desirable, you at least avoid flatness, which is a far more serious fault In seeking strength, however, do not lose mellowness, and take care that the contrasts shall not be rasping and unpleasant

A detractory keenness is an almost certain accompaniment of brilliant sunshine and the effect is rarely more than tolerable, especially if faces are of any account in the picture. The white lights and dense shadows in themselves distort, and the brightness inclines to twist the mouth and squint the eyes. If the figures are small, this is of no great consequence, but if they are important and near, a hazy or clouded day is to be preferred

Make Your Posers Look Unconscious

The thing most essential of all in life photography is that the persons photographed shall seem unconscious of the presence of the camera. That they should really be so is seldom possible except in a crowd The hurly burly of a city street offers a fair chance for concealment to the man with a hand camera, though no matter how cautious he is the prints all too often show some pair of eyes turned suspiciously on the instrument. But in the country he cannot help being conspicuous, and he has to confess his purposes and ask his subjects to pose. This is perhaps just as well, for it is next to impossible, with a hasty snap-shot, to make the surroundings count for all they might in relation to the figures. One does best when he has chosen with some deliberation the position for both his camera and those who are posing

After all preparations have been made I like to tell the people who are to appear in the photograph to go on with whatever they are doing just as if there were no such thing as a picture machine in the world. Then I make a snap. To avoid under-exposure, I give all the time to the plate I reasonably can; and, for the sake of sharpness, I try to catch the motions of the figures when they are slowest — for instance, if I am picturing a man chopping, I either snap when the ax is aloft at the turning point or when it has descended. Otherwise, the implement would most likely turn to mist in the picture or disappear altogether

The more figures there are in a photograph the greater are the difficulties in securing naturalness and a good composition. Single figures are apt to be the most effective, and beginners should not be in a hurry to make groups When more than one or two individuals are in the picture it is a very troublesome matter to get concentration of interest, pleasing arrangement and perfect ease. Probably the safest way, with a group, is not to trust to one plate, but to try twice

Advantages of Being a Bit of a Poet

To be really successful in life photography I think one needs to be something of a poet and to have a genuine liking for the things he pictures. He needs also to be simple in tastes and habits and sympathetically companionable, without playing a part and without assumption or an aristocratic sense of superiority. Unless those you photograph feel comfortable in your presence you will fail of best results

It does not do to get nervous, and it does not do to be fussy, and it does not do to be so long about the operation that your subjects get tired. These things are doubly important if you attempt to picture children. Some preliminary acquaintance is always an advantage, as it tends to dispel shyness in the smaller children and affectation in the older ones. Chaffing will not answer the purpose nor will gifts of money. You can win them most easily, perhaps, by showing them some of the mysteries of your camera and letting them look through it. The latter privilege is, for the majority of little folks, an unfailing source of interest, and it will usually put a photographer who is of the right sort on familiar terms with them. Then they will do almost anything for him. But if not approached rightly they are absolutely unmanageable

For the photographer of rural life I know of no example more worthy of study than the artist Millet. In sentiment, in atmosphere, in the simplicity of pose which characterizes his figures, and in the noble art possibilities he discovers in commonplace rustic ways and doings, his pictures are unequaled. You may at first think his work crude, but its power will grow on you and you will more and more realize its freshness and sincerity Something of all this is possible to the photograph, though it, perhaps, must always fall short of complete realization

But it must not be forgotten that the secret of Millet's greatness was that he himself was profoundly moved by the things he painted He painted himself into his pictures; and in the same way the man with the camera photographs something of himself into the subjects he selects. Only through sound character and a sensitive nature, responsive to all life's joys and troubles, can he hope to do the finer things in this or any other of the world's arts

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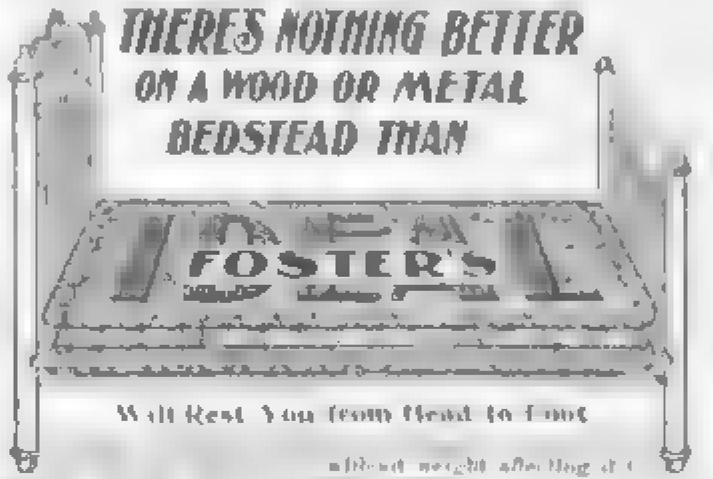

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An Unrecorded Miracle
By Florence Morse Kingsley

THE lark fell in a flash through the [illegible] air, striking the earth not ten paces—child paces—from the spot where her nestlings, eager-eyed and open-mouthed, awaited her return.

The nestlings, hearing the sound and concluding in their innocence that their mother had already come back to them, stretched out their callow throats with eager twitterings of joy and confidence. But it was not the brown head and bright, wise eyes of the mother lark which leaned compassionately above the nest. A brown head and bright eyes indeed interrupted the flickering sun-motes which made their way betwixt the thick, green leaves; but the head was that of a child. The nestlings shivered vaguely and beat their naked wings against the yielding walls of their cradle.

In her hand the child—she was herself little more than a nestling—held the dead bird. As this innocent witness of the sudden tragedy stood gazing at the hapless orphans her rosy lips drooped suddenly; then her bosom heaved and two large, limpid tears [illegible] in two large, sweet eyes of clearest brown; appeared and lingered irresolute, preparatory to a swift descent down smooth, sun flushed cheeks.

"Mara, Mara! where art thou?" The voice was both familiar and well loved, therefore the child laid the bird solemnly down in the shelter of the bush and, emerging into the sunshine, looked inquiringly in the direction of the stream.

The owner of the voice—a boy perhaps a [illegible] than herself, but in his own [illegible]—beckoned to her imperiously. "Come quickly, small one," he cried, "and see what I have found in the water. A red stone [illegible] with spots of pink, of yellow and of green [illegible] hast seen nothing so beautiful!"

The little maid shook her head. "I do not like stones," she said, whereat the irresolute drops, which yet lingered amid her long lashes, fell off incontinently and sparkled just as brightly from the heart of a little blue flower at her feet. "I do not like stones," she repeated with decision; "I do not wish to see one."

"Why not?" demanded the boy, astonishment manifest in arching brows and parted lips. "But, nay, thou dost like stones—pretty stones like this one. I will find its double for thee."

The girl frowned. "Stones are not pretty," she persisted; "they are hard and ugly. They kill birds."

"Who said it?"

"Tobi flung a stone at our mother lark, she lies dead in the bush yonder. Her babes are crying now; dost thou not hear?"

The lad bent his head attentively. "I hear," he said gravely. Then he straightened himself; his eyes flashed. "I will beat Tobi that he also cries aloud; he is a cruel, wicked boy!"

"Tobi is larger than thou," remarked Mara, eying her companion with anxiety. "He would beat thee."

"He would not. I have terrible strength in my arms; canst thou not see? Also I hate him for what he has done!"

"But there is the mother lark."

"Yes, truly. Well, we will bury the mother lark; thou shalt wail and cast dust on thy head after the manner of women, and I will rend my tunic after the manner of men. I will also weave a bier out of willow branches, and for it thou shalt bind garlands. Yonder shall be the tomb, where the big stones are at the brookside."

"Yes, we will do it!" cried the little maid, a dawning smile touching the dimples in her brown cheeks. "What a wonderful boy thou art, Dan, to have thought of it!"

The boy looked down at his small person with honest pride. "I have many thoughts," he said modestly. "After I have torn my tunic there will be linen to spare; out of it we will make a winding sheet. And, look you, I will take the nest out of the bush, thou shalt carry it in thy hand after the bier. The little ones will cry aloud and louder for their dead mother; this, too, is custom."

Mara's face fell. "Thou shalt not take the nest," she said decidedly; "I will not wail at the burial if thou dost."

"But I tell thee that thou must wail," urged the boy, drawing his black brows together. "Thou art a woman and must therefore obey me—a man. Moreover, women wail for divers reasons; if thou art not pleased with what I do thou wilt but shrill the louder. I will fetch the nest now."

"No, no!" begged the girl. "Come, let us first make the bier; thou shalt choose the willow while I gather flowers for the garlands."

"I will do that; but afterward I shall fetch the nest."

"Will it not happen that the little ones die if we take the nest?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "Who will find them food now that their mother is dead?" he demanded; "they must starve in two—three days."

"There is the father bird."

"Father birds are not mother birds. What now wouldst *thou* do with but thy father to feed and care for thee?"

There being manifestly no answer possible to this terrible question, Mara fell to plucking the flowers for her garland, while Dan betook himself to the willows which dipped their green branches into the bright waters of the stream. She could hear his active feet as they trampled down the withered twigs. In a moment he had returned with empty hands and shining eyes. "We will not bury the lark," he said with decision. "I have thought of another thing altogether. Dost thou remember what I told thee yesterday?"

Mara twisted her red lips thoughtfully. "About the pigeons?" she ventured.

"Pigeons! No, little foolish one; what have live pigeons to do with a dead lark? About the strange men—the—prophets in the village yonder. They are curing sick people—even lepers, who are as good as dead. We will carry the mother bird to them; a stone bruise will be as naught in their eyes. They will restore her; she can then feed her little ones."

Mara's brown eyes opened wide. "It is a far more beautiful thought than the other," she said slowly. "Truly thou art very wise. I love thee!" She offered her rose-soft lips for a kiss, which the boy bestowed with a touch of impatient superiority.

"We must go at once," he said authoritatively. "I will wrap the bird in leaves and carry her myself."

"But I should like to carry her. It was I who told thee of her death."

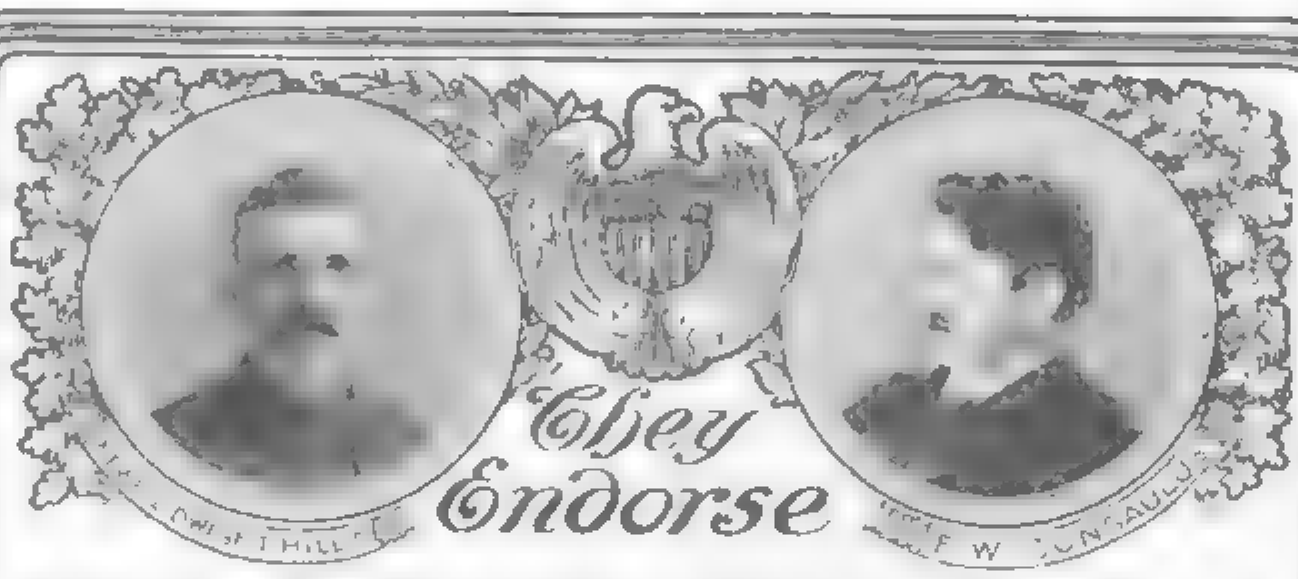
"It was I who thought of restoring her," quoth the boy sagely. "Also the path is steep; I am stronger than thou. If thou dost indeed love me—as thou art always saying—thou wilt do as I have said."

After the immemorial manner of her kind the small maiden acquiesced with meekness, and the two presently set forth upon their pilgrimage.

"Good by, little hungry ones," whispered Mara, tenderly addressing the disconsolate nestlings; "the mother will soon return, and ye shall eat and be warm beneath the shelter of her wings."

The followers of Jesus, that strange Carpenter of Galilee, had indeed wrought noteworthy cures among the sick folk of the towns and villages. They had restored sight to blind eyes, quenched the burning heat of malignant fevers, stopped the shaking of palsied limbs, straightened and strengthened bent and aching backs—in a word, they had healed all manner of diseases.

As for the fashion of this practice, it was after the simple teaching of their Master, who had sent them forth for this very purpose. These marvelous feats of restoration were performed with the aid of neither herb nor medicament; contrary also to the usage of



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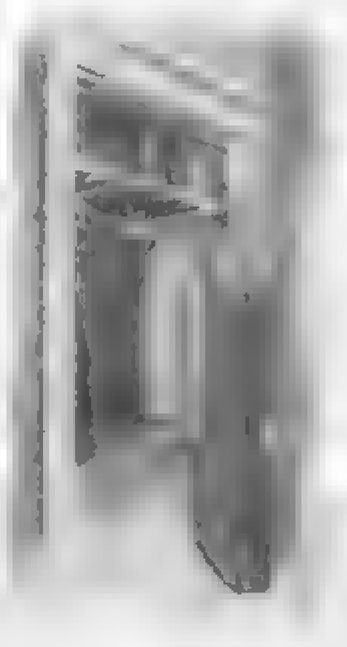

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the most learned physicians, these persons [illegible] of the sicknesses which they cured. Whether it were a mad clashing of those mysterious unseen strings whereon the soul gives forth immortal harmonies, or merely a ragged ulcer, tearing its savage way through flesh and muscle, a word spoken in the name of Jesus of Nazareth rebuked the evil thing and it fled before the healing light.

The people cried aloud that the physicians were great prophets, and they strove amongst themselves for the honor of feasting them in [illegible] acre, "whether these miracles be not the visible signs and tokens of the final triumph [illegible]

As for the women, they were ready to kiss [illegible] of these Galilean peasants, they compounded savory messes for them in their kitchens and courtyards, and spread their couches with treasured coverlids of blue and white.

In secret the Nazarenes themselves marveled at the astounding cures which they performed with such ease, and their hearts swelled mightily within them at the voice of the popular plaudit. "Doubtless the kingdom of Messiah is at hand," they said one to the other; "and in this kingdom who but we shall be great princes and potentates?" Also, they reasoned strenuously among themselves as to which of them should be greatest in that approaching glory.

"It will be I," declared one, "because I was first called from the fishing."

"Not so," said another loudly, and he frowned with quick anger as he said it, "remember that I am older than thou, and of wisdom I have greater store. Have I not diligently studied the law and the prophets, and [illegible] thereof? Who then but *I* should be greatest in Messiah's kingdom?"

As they contended thus among themselves — being even then on the road to join their absent Lord — two small figures approached, toiling along the dusty highway. One carried the body of a tiny bird, whose [illegible] throat, hung limply from the plump, brown hand of its bearer. This person planted himself with confidence directly in the path of the Nazarenes, the other — a tiny maid — hung back, one rosy finger in a rosier mouth, regarding the flushed faces and excited gestures of the healers with manifest apprehension.

"Are ye the disciples of the Man, Jesus?" The question, put in a shrill, boyish voice, brought the reasoners to a standstill. One [illegible] than a prince and a potentate — made answer with an air of haughty condescension: "W[illegible] wilt thou?"

"[illegible] thee, she is a good mother, and her little ones are crying for food. Speak thou the word, honorable sir, and she will fly to them."

Anger and mirth struggled for an instant in the eyes of the men; then anger mastered the diviner emotion, and without a word the four — there were four of them — swept past the petitioners down the steep hillside.

The little maid burst into a passion of weeping; but the lad straightened his small shoulders. "Ye are surly knaves," he called out shrilly, "and no healers!"

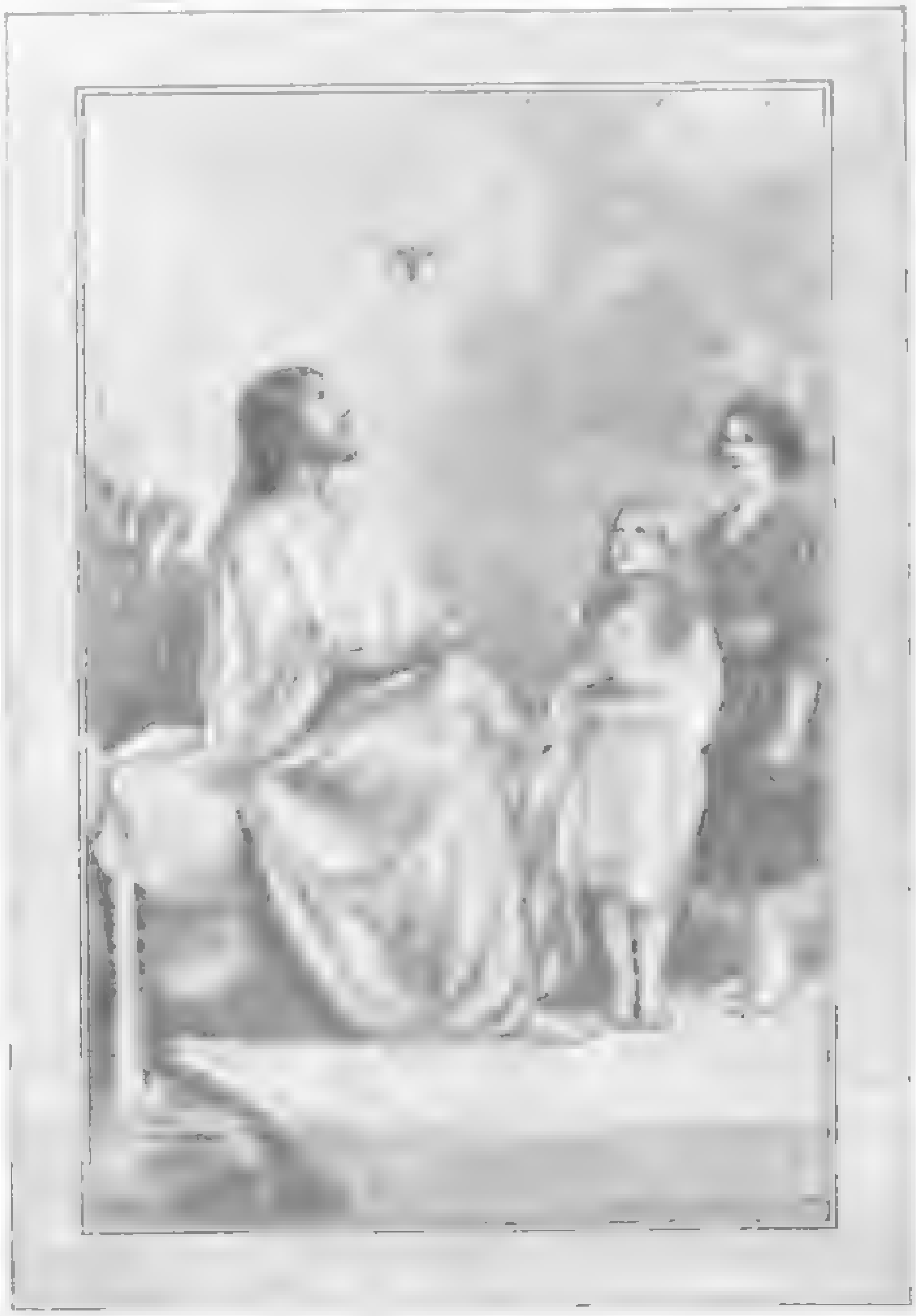
Whereat Mara caught at his sleeve and begged him to be silent, lest the terrible man with the long beard should return to beat him.

"I am not afraid of him — nor of them all!" cried the boy fiercely, struggling with the lump in his throat which threatened to force unmanly tears.

"Come," he added gruffly, "we will go back. We will bury the lark, as I said at first. And, look you, I will not take the nest."

But Mara was not to be consoled even by this concession. "I wanted her to be well!" she wailed. "I wished to see her fly away to the nest again! And oh, I have hurt my

— and the mother lark rose into the sunlit air with a long, loud trill of triumphant life



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foot on a stone, and I want to see my mother!"

Here was a terrible trio of demands: Dan's small, plump countenance became overcast with gloom. He looked back over the rugged road which they had just traversed, then down at the tiny brown foot, which his companion was nursing in her lap and bedewing with large, abundant tears. Manifestly this was no time for aching lumps in one's throat; the situation demanded firmness of a resolute and masculine character. He swallowed once and again; he winked [illegible]. "We will go back," he said doggedly. "We *must* go back, for I am hungry."

He paused after delivering this weighty reason and stared hard at Mara, who still asserted betwixt sobs that she wished to see her mother. "Thou shalt see thy mother, small one," he said tentatively, but with rising impatience. "I also wish to see my mother; by this time she will have cooked the red lentils into a porridge. They are good—red lentils. Come, we will go!"

"I—I cannot go; and I want—to see—my—mother!"

"And I say that thou *must* go—if thou wilt see thy mother. Little foolish baby, thou art not fit to be the companion of a man! I also have hurt my foot. Do I weep? Look thou!" He thrust out a bare foot.

Mara stopped crying for an instant. "I see a great thorn," she said.

"Assuredly! Now behold me while I pluck it out! Again, do I weep? Come, there is a fountain below; I know the place; there are pink flowers there. We will cool our feet in the water; afterward we will go home."

In the quiet, green, translucent shadow which wrapped the fountain and hid it from the scorching sun-rays, as a jewel of price is hidden from the greedy eyes of the passing crowd, a man sat quietly.

Perhaps it was a stray sunbeam which dazzled their eyes, so that they could not see Him—clad all in a seamless robe of white—who sat at the water's edge, but the children came quite up to the fountain, fearless as sparrows.

"It would have been so beautiful to have seen her fly away to her nest once more," Mara was saying with a faint sob; "so beautiful!"

Then she stopped short, and turned with wide eyes of clearest, sweetest brown. "There is a man," she cried, "a man!"

Dan rubbed his eyes. "Ay, truly," he began, and he also stopped short. The stranger was regarding them, a faint yet tender smile touching His features with radiance.

How it was they knew not, but in two or three minutes they had told Him all; first the boy, then Mara, in short, disjointed, eager sentences. The lark dead; her little ones crying for food; their hope; their bitter disappointment.

"It would be so beautiful to see her fly away to her nest!" sobbed Mara, and laid the sadly limp, sadly ruffled body of the dead bird in the outstretched hand of her new friend.

A soft stirring of disordered plumage; a quick lifting of a helpless head; bright eyes glancing fearless into the eyes of her Maker; and the mother lark rose into the sunlit air with a long, loud trill of triumphant life.

When, within the hour, the followers of Jesus of Nazareth made their way to the trysting-place beside the hill fountain, they found their Master in close conversation with two small children, both of whom were leaning upon His knees, their eager eyes fastened upon His face. And the sight displeased the would-be princes and potentates, who had in truth lingered long by the way in heated argument. Verily, there were other matters to be brought to the attention of their Prince, matters of precedence, of statecraft; of purple robes, perchance; of armies, of captains, of crowns, kingdoms and authorities. And so it was that they advanced into that cool and quiet spot with feet which trampled rudely on the opening flowers, and with loud, harsh voices which scattered the tiny creatures of fur and feathers which had crept near to bask in the profound peace of the place and hour.

As for Dan and Mara, they started back with affright before the frowning faces. The boy, indeed, would have run away, but Mara only clung the closer to the kind hand.

Then Jesus called the little lad and drew him to His side. "Verily I say unto you," he said—and silence fell upon them all—"except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven. And whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me: but whosoever shall cause one of these little ones which believe on me to stumble, it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea."

And to this no one of them all durst make any answer.

Uranus and its Four Moons

ASTRONOMERS are turning their telescopes in the direction of the planet Uranus, which has become interesting of late by reason of the fact that it has assumed such a position in the sky that its four moons, revolving about it like so many little golden shuttles, are at present in a plane at right angles with the line of vision from the Earth.

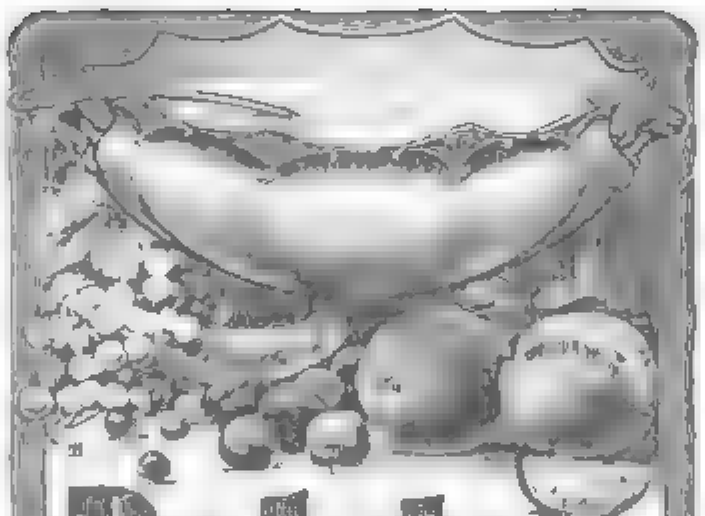
It is hardly necessary to explain that Uranus is one of the great planets of the outer group in the solar system. The inner group is composed of Mercury, less than half our own distance from the Sun; Venus, seven-tenths of the distance; the Earth, and Mars, which is half again as far away from the central orb as ourselves. Then comes an immense gap in space, on the farther side of which are the planets of the outer group—namely, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.

Uranus is a very interesting sort of a world in more than one respect. It is about sixty times as big as the Earth, and one of its years is equal to eighty-four of ours. From the viewpoint of its inhabitants (supposing any such to exist) the sun rises in the west and sets in the east, while all of the four moons have the same peculiarity. To them the sun looks only one four-hundredth as large as it does to us, inasmuch as they are [illegible],000 miles away from that luminary, and daylight is proportionately dim, though bright enough to see by comfortably, inasmuch as at midday it is equal to the illumination of fifteen hundred moons like ours.

Uranus has a diameter of 35,000 miles, and its distance from the Earth is 1 700 000 miles. Being so far away from the sun it receives very little heat, relatively, from that orb; yet, for ages to come at all events, it can afford to do without any warmth derived from that source, inasmuch as it is itself in an exceedingly hot condition. To all intents and purposes it is a minor sun in a dying state, and there is no good reason for imagining that it has any inhabitants whatsoever. Indeed, such a thing would seem altogether out of the question, inasmuch as its mean density is only slightly greater than that of water, while its surface must be gaseous.

One may imagine the planet Uranus to be substantially in a liquid state, solid perhaps in the middle, but having no permanent consistency at or near the surface. It is going through the early stages of world-development, such as the Earth must have undergone in its time, and there is every reason to suppose that some day, millions on millions of years hence, it will become, like the Earth, necessarily much reduced in size by contraction, and that it may support forms of life which will develop and grow upward through the *processes* of evolution.

The creatures that may inhabit Uranus in the remote future will be obliged to adapt themselves to conditions very strange from our point of view. Dwellers anywhere near the North Pole of that planet will have forty years of continuous day, followed by forty years of continuous night, the poles being alternately turned toward the sun for such extended periods. It is difficult to see how they will endure the cold after the surface of the planet has become hard enough to be habitable, but Nature may have resources of which we know nothing for meeting such contingencies.



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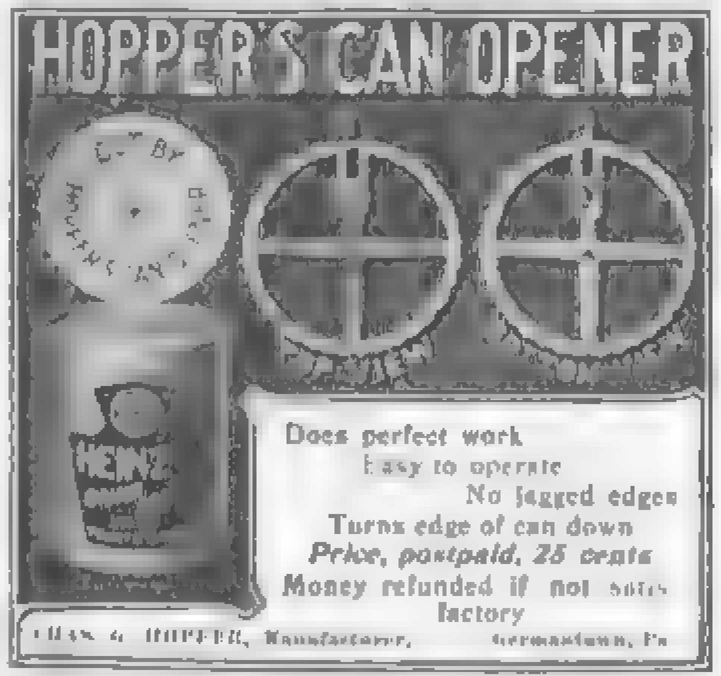

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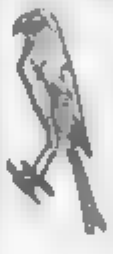

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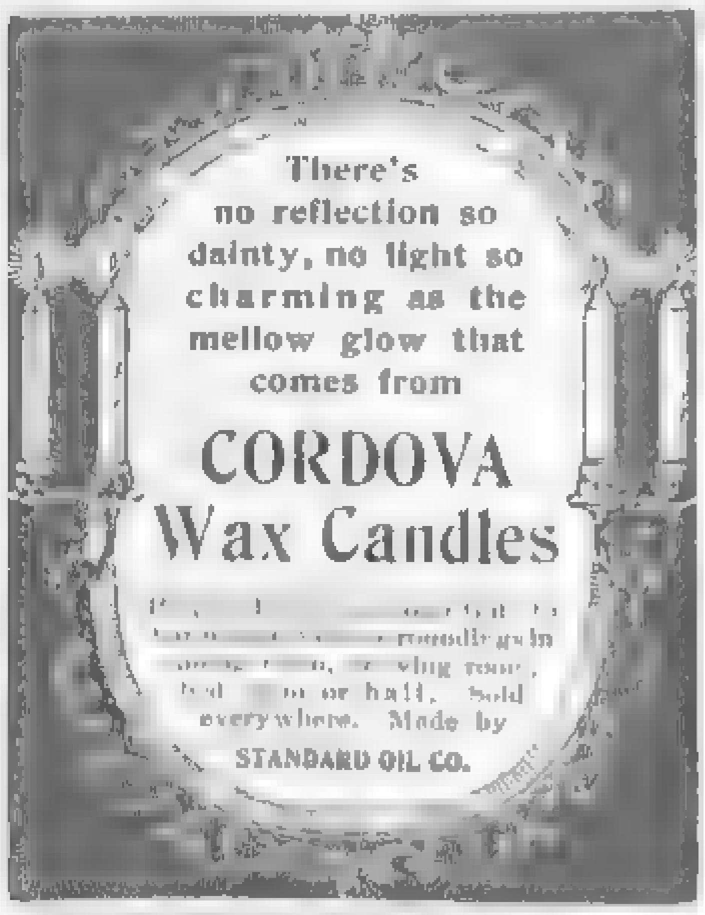

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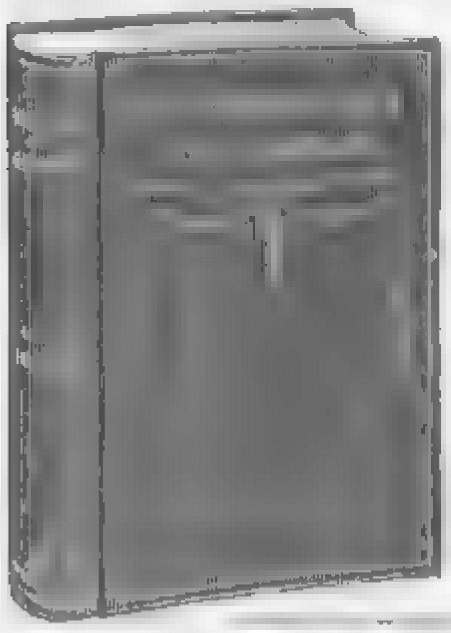

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Little Miss Johns

(Continued from Page 8)

"Oh, must I?" she exclaimed with heat. "Then why not make me? I dare you!" she exclaimed, as he took a step forward to release the poor red hands. "Why not go about your business? You are doing nothing but harm here." Doctor Dorrington was not used to such treatment as this, and the fact that it was unprecedented in his experience since Matthew Clopton used to order him around, left him with nothing to fall back upon but his delicate consideration for the views and feelings of the fair sex. He paused, regarded the young woman curiously, and then turned away and sat down.

It is unnecessary to go into all the details of the treatment which Zepherine's patients received at her hands. For one thing, she flatly refused to carry out the doctor's orders with respect to some matter which he deemed important; she insisted on having her own way, and in almost every instance it turned out to be the better way. This was especially true of her treatment of poor Peter Valicombe. Doctor Dorrington had told her more than once that it would be almost impossible for Mr. Valicombe to recover. Zepherine, however, insisted that it was absolutely necessary that he should recover; she clung to the idea, and worked in the light of it, and finally her faith was rewarded. Mr. Valicombe became convalescent, and at the first fitting opportunity the doctor had, when Zepherine was out of hearing, he told the patient that he owed his life to Miss Johns.

"All right, all right," said Mr. Valicombe. "She'll lose nothing by that. I will make her very glad of it."

It will be readily believed that Dr. Randolph Dorrington, though he was very popular personally with everybody in the county, made no social visits while he was in charge of these victims of the infection. But when he did resume the regular practice of his profession, all danger of the spread of the disease being over, he had to put up with a very severe lecture from the ready tongue of Mr. Billy Sanders.

"I declare, Randolph, I'm ashamed of you, be jigged ef I ain't! Why, supposin' that little forrin gal had 'a' took the smallpox an' 'a' died? Wouldn't that 'a' been a purty piece of business for you to stagger around under? Why, in the name of charity, didn't you ketch her by the ear an' lead her out of the room?"

"Well, I heartily wish you had been there to carry your plan out. I couldn't do a thing with her."

"Why, I could tote her on the palm of my hand, Randolph; she ain't bigger'n a sparrer," persisted Mr. Sanders. "Whyn't you put her out by main strength?"

"Well, there are several reasons," responded Dorrington. "One is that she slipped in before I knew she was within a mile of the place; another is, that she had hold of Nan's hands before I had any idea what kind of a caper she was going to cut; but the real reason why I didn't insist on driving her away is, that I didn't want to have a fight with a woman."

"But, Randolph, that child is as shy as a flyin' sqir'l, an' lots gentler than old Kate, the nag you drive to your buggy," Mr. Sanders persisted, but there was a sparkle in his eye as he spoke. "Do you mean to tell me, Randolph," he went on, "that that child, not much bigger'n a hummin' bird, an' mighty nigh as cute, reelly frailed you out up thar whar you couldn't holler for help?"

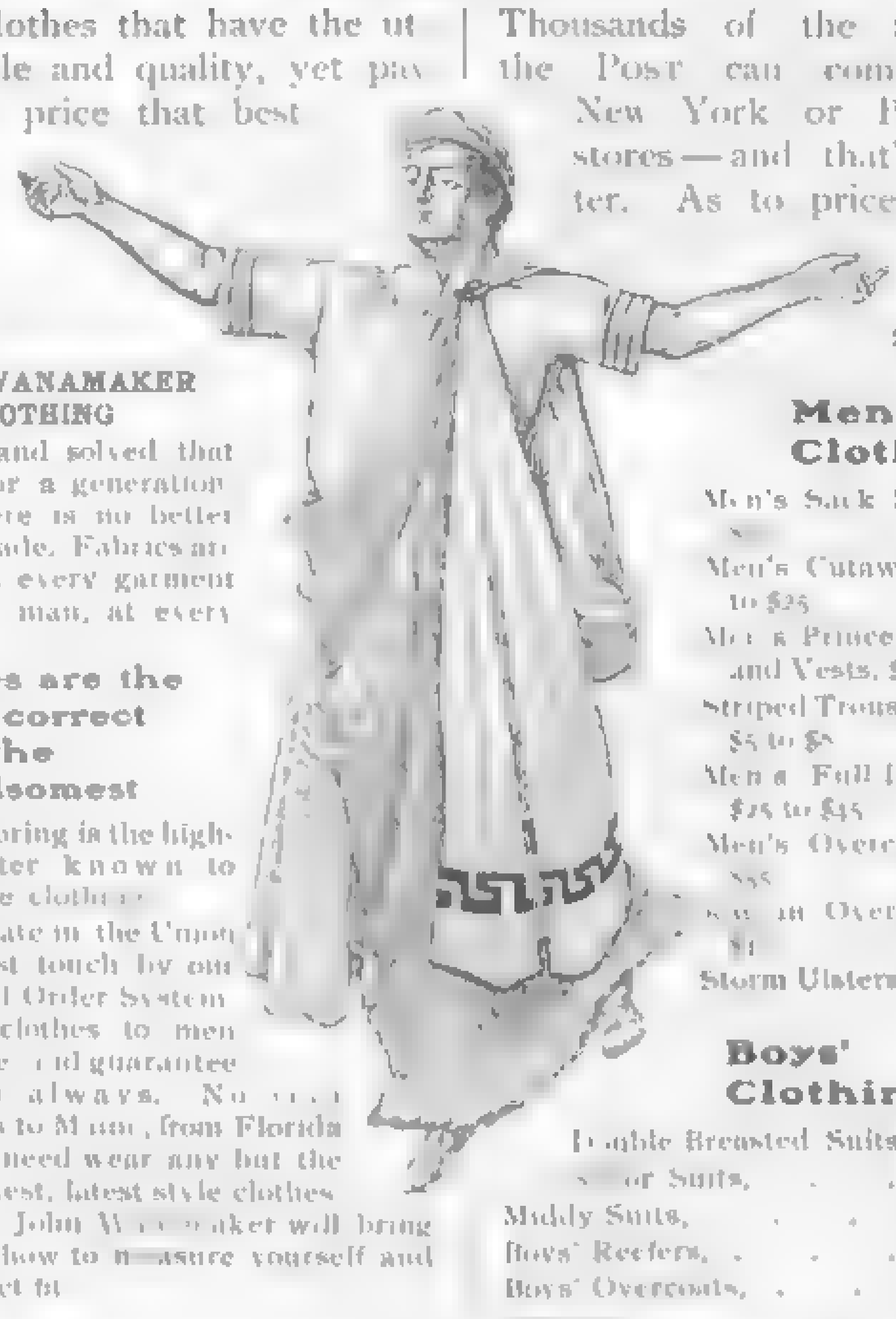
"No, I didn't say that," replied Dorrington, with a laugh; "but you'll say it, and I'll never hear the last of it. Well, you may say what you please; she's a very brave little woman, and the best nurse I have ever seen. There is no doubt in my mind that she saved the lives of Nan and Valicombe."

"That bein' the case, Randolph, why don't you take her into your business as a partner?" inquired Mr. Sanders dryly.

The physician laughed at the suggestion. "The fact is," said he, "I made her angry the moment she came into the room, and she has never recovered her good humor so far as I am concerned. I honestly believe she has a contempt for me, though she's wonderfully fond of Nan, as Nan is of her."

"Maybe it's bekaze you haven't apologized for your rowdyism when she fust made herself prominent as a self nominated candidate for the office of nurse and gener'l superintendent of smallpox cases." Mr. Sanders would have his joke.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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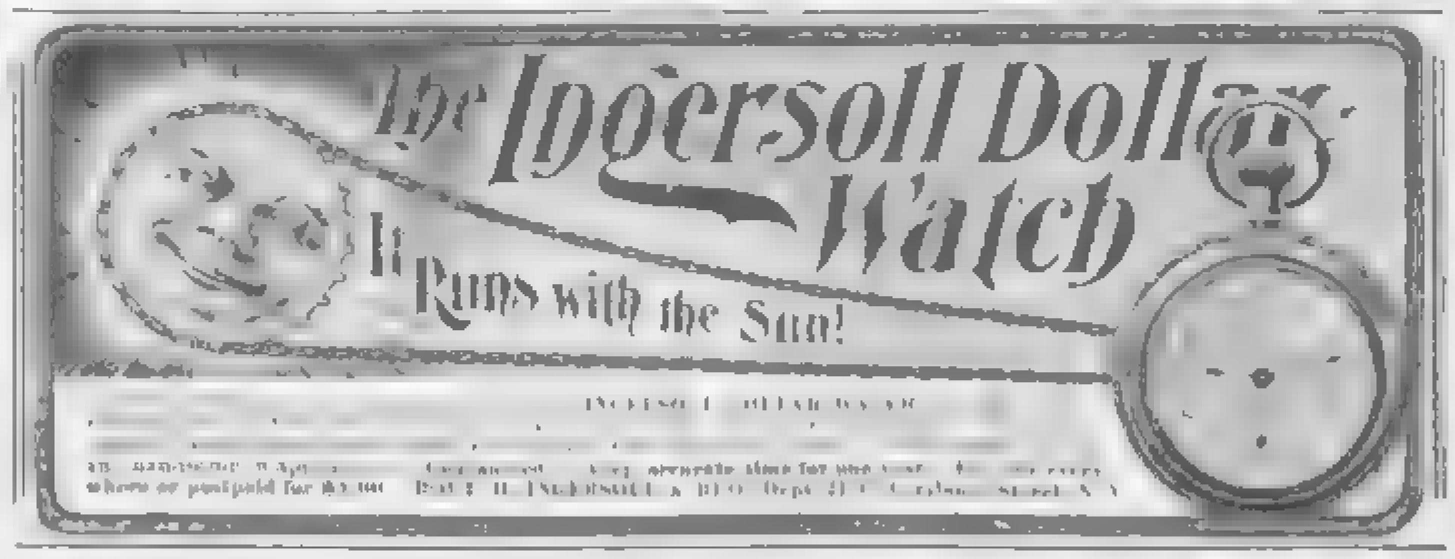

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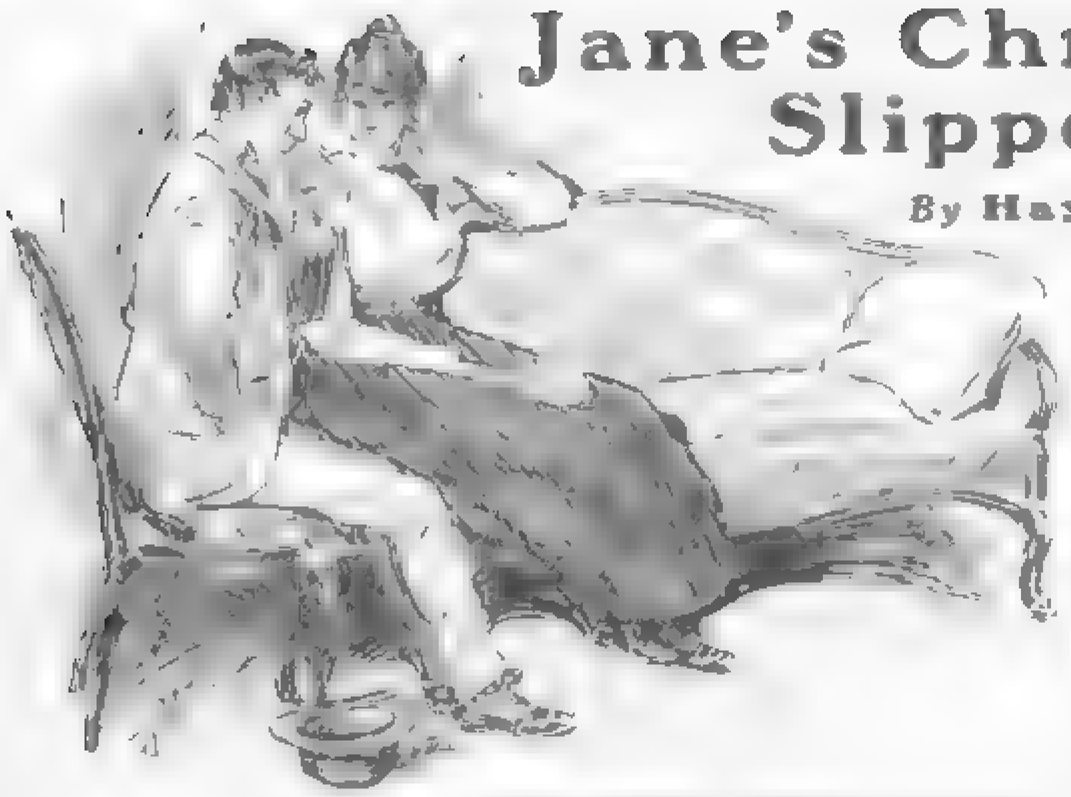


I wasn't ten minutes till he had the thing all fixed up

Jane's Christmas Slippers

By Hayden Carruth

THE Dominie used to complain sometimes about the character of the stories the rest of us told. He said they were too economical in their use of the element of truth. And truth was so cheap, and also so interesting, he would say. We were always ready to admit that it was interesting, but were not so free to acknowledge its cheapness. Like other exotics it seemed to us expensive. Fiction, being so much more easily produced, appeared to be the true mental provender if economy were to be considered. At least this was the case in the Corn Cob Club, a social institution where we decided questions of great pith and moment by the aid of the civilizing and ennobling influence of tobacco incinerated in cob pipes. The Dominie had quit smoking when he entered the ministry, but he always said the cobs smelt good, so we had hopes of his reclamation, besides, the air was usually so thick that he absorbed enough to bring him up, in a large measure, to the high philosophic plane occupied by the rest of us

It happened on Christmas Eve that somebody told a story appropriate enough to the season so far as the subject went, but palpably impossible considered as a happening At least the Dominie said it was, and threatened to tell a Christmas story himself; and being counseled by the Professor, who was classical in his language, to "blaze away," the good man complied as follows

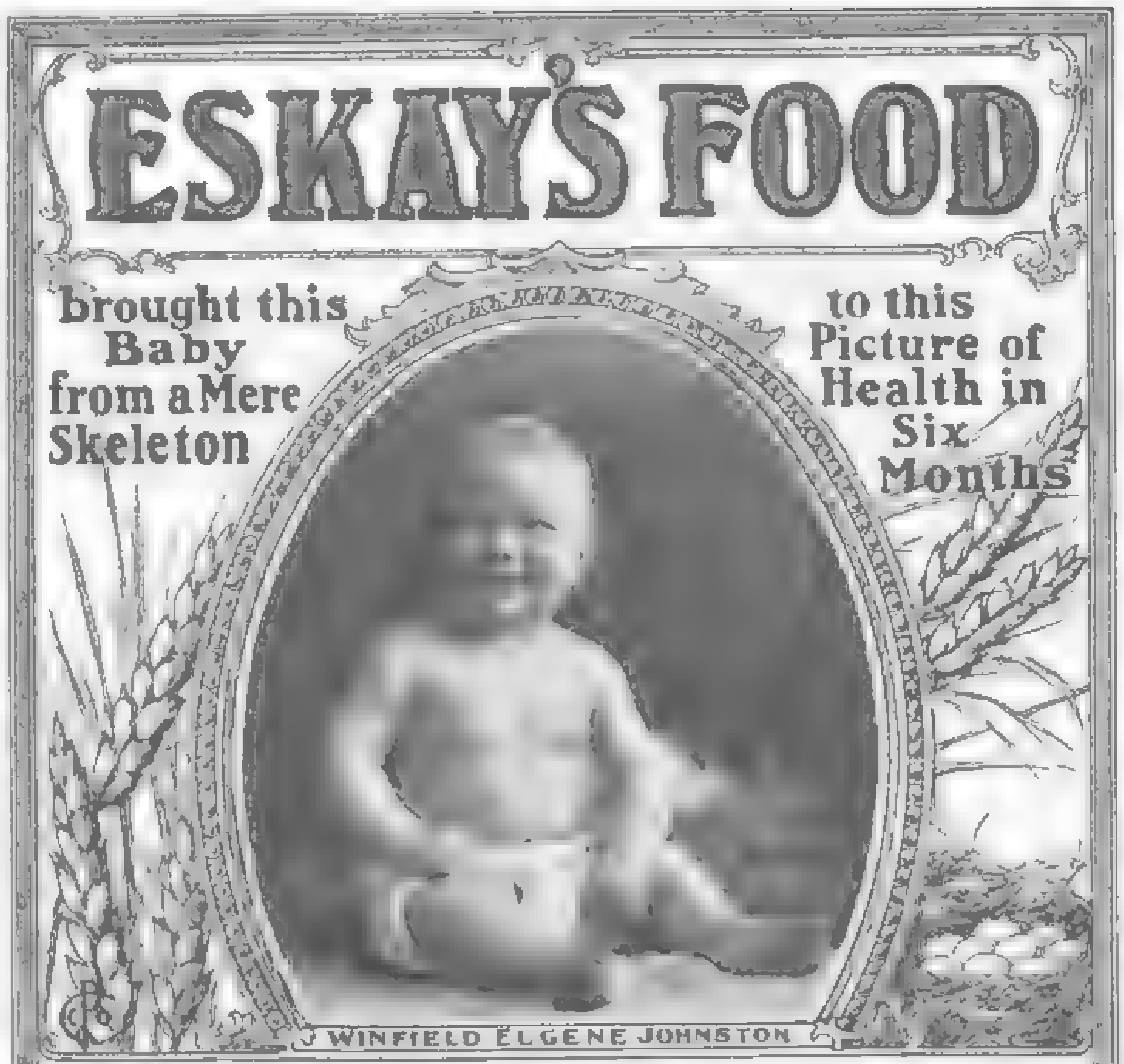
There used to be a young man named Stanwix who was rector of a church at a little town in New Jersey called Appleburg. Very amiable young man, not long in the ministry, and unmarried. Nice looking chap too, and a bright fellow, but he had his trials at Appleburg. Mainly it was the women—they thought he ought to marry, and of course they were right. But thinking so wasn't enough for those dear Appleburg ladies, with the true feminine desire to help they resolved to see that he *did* marry. But here again they showed a universal feminine trait by refusing to combine and work together They all labored hard enough, but independently, and each with a view to inducing the minister to marry a different woman. There were something like a hundred and thirty six marriageable young women in his flock, and obviously he couldn't marry them all. It would have been asking too much Still, the ladies couldn't seem to combine on any one What they ought to have done was to call a convention, listen to nominations, and then vote on the candidates and so select a bride for their pastor. Then they could have appointed a committee to wait on him and inform him of what they had done. He was young and tractable, and striving hard to please, it being his first charge, and I've no doubt would have bowed to the will of the convention. It would have been a pleasing instance of the office seeking the man. But the ladies didn't do any of this, but kept on laboring, each independently, trying, at best to rope him in for her own family, and often, I fear, for her own individual self. The consequence was that the good man found himself between the upper and the nether millstones—and with the stones buzzing around like whirlpools.

It had been going on for some months when Christmas approached. Now of course there isn't much you can give any man for Christmas—slippers and pipes and shotguns and slippers. And in the case of a parson it's still worse—you've got to drop off the pipes and shotguns, leaving only slippers—and slippers. Of course there are book-marks and easy chairs, but the first are trivial and the latter expensive; besides, if he is unmarried and you are of the opposite sex and in the same state, you will see that you ought to give him something made with your own fair hands and you can't make an easy chair. So slippers it had to be for the Reverend Mr Stanwix, especially after his landlady had been sounded on the subject and reported that the poor man didn't have a slipper to his name, except a pair of old dilapidated ones which he kept nailed to the wall about a yard and a half above the floor, and before which he used to draw up his chair, and then slide down and sit on the back of his neck with his feet thrust into them as he thought out his sermon for the next Sunday

Well, the result was, of course, that the whole hundred and thirty-six marriageable ladies at Appleburg went to work on slippers; and a few of the flock who already had husbands also began slippers, out of the goodness of their hearts, probably, or maybe thinking that they might be widows some day and might as well have a pair to their credit The slaughter of plush and embroidery materials was something cyclonic, and the local [illegible] Jane Wilkinson went at a pair hammer and tongs, though everybody said she hadn't a ghost of a show. In the first place Jane was too young—her older sister Katharine was conceded to have a right to enter for the contest but it was universally held that Jane had no right to compete at all. Besides being too young—she was really nineteen or twenty—she was also plain. She might have a certain girlish prettiness, but not the beauty which the wife of so handsome a shepherd as the Rev. Mr Stanwix should have. Furthermore, Jane was in no other way adapted for the position—she had been a good deal of a tomboy, and was yet, for that matter; she was frivolous and careless, and was always putting her foot in it. The first time the pastor had called at the Wilkinson house, and while Katharine was entertaining him in [illegible]spect manner, Jane had blundered in, and inside of five minutes asked him why he didn't get married—all the girls said he ought to. Jane had explained to everybody [illegible] and in bad taste

But poor Jane kept working away on her slippers regardless of the talk. Everybody said that Jane's slippers wouldn't fit, or that they would both be for one foot, or that she would get the heels sewed on the toe end, or *something*. Still Jane worked on, embroidering blue rose buds and red leaves, and all that sort of thing. Some of the older people pitied Jane, but the other girls said her mother wasn't doing her duty by her in not putting her alleged slippers in the fire and sending Jane to bed without her supper. But Jane worked on, though everything went wrong, and the worst that folks had predicted about her slippers bid fair to come to pass. The rose-buds really looked more like June-bugs, and the leaves resembled nothing so much as the seals on a legal document; but Jane thought the slippers a veritable work of art, and slept with them under her pillow. Then the shoemaker, who was pretty well run down by the time he reached Jane's, got the left sole on the right slipper, and the right sole on the left slipper; but of course Jane never knew the difference, and put them in a pasteboard box and tied it with pink ribbon

Then she got her other Christmas presents ready. She had a lot of handkerchiefs for an aunt, and a shopping bag for a married sister, and a little knit shawl for her grandmother, and a pair of skates for a boy cousin, and various other things for divers other persons, including a fine meerschaum pipe and a pound of his favorite smoking tobacco for her brother who was at college, and who wouldn't be home till New Year's. Each thing she carefully put up in a box or bundle and laid it away. Then the day before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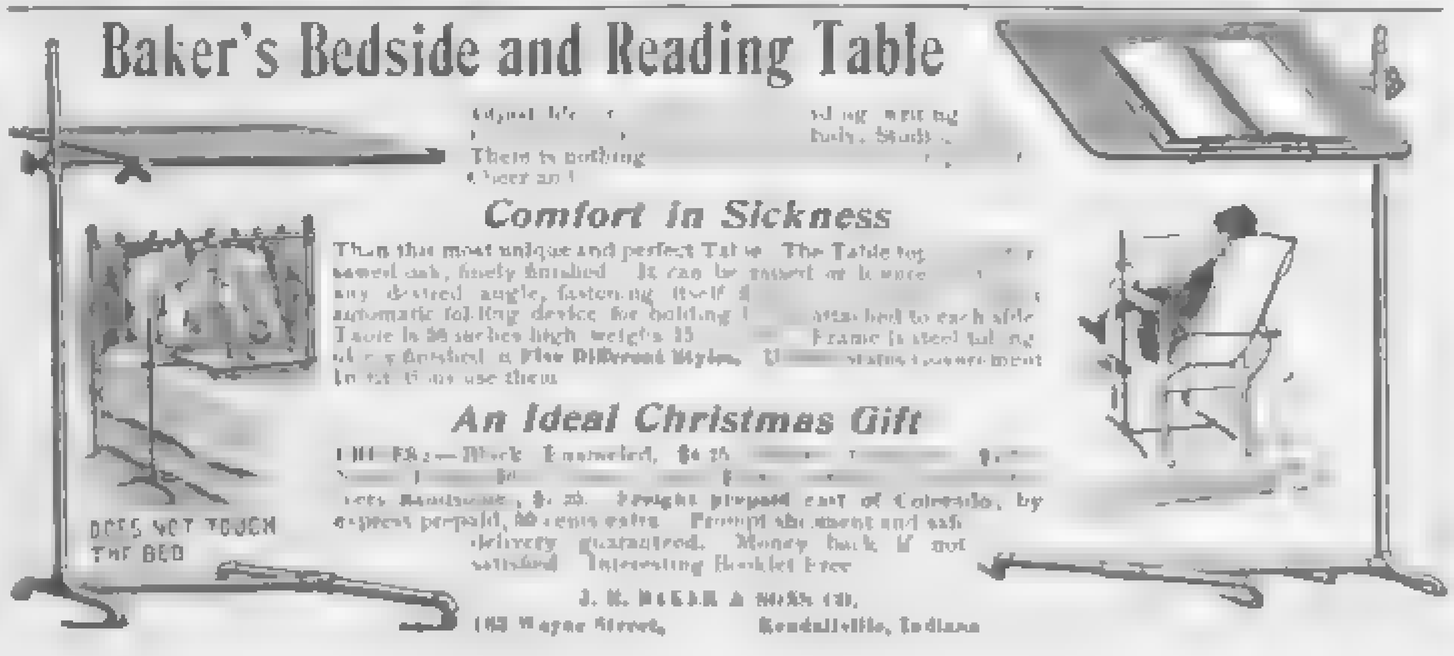
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Christmas she labeled them and got them all off, including those impossible slippers with the toes turned out like a pair of shears, though her sister came to her at the last moment and implored her not to send them and disgrace the family. But Jane was stubborn and sent everything off by the expressman just as she had planned; though, of course, anybody but Jane could see at a glance that the unfortunate clergyman, if he ever tried to wear the slippers would walk [illegible] with one leg and [illegible] the opposite way with the other leg and get all folded up like [illegible]

The day before Christmas was [illegible] never to be forgotten time for the Rev. Mr. [illegible] slippers just came down on him like an Egyptian plague. Ten pairs turned up before breakfast. The postmaster came up with twelve more right after breakfast—said it wasn't a delivery office, but that he'd got to make room for the other mail matter. An [illegible] about one o'clock the postmaster sent up, in a grocery wagon, a special sack containing thirty one pairs. And the expressman dropped in six or seven times during the day while private messengers were streaking in across the lawn from all directions. They used to say that one pair came by carrier pigeon—I don't know how this may have been; but I do know that the landlady's dog took a turn around town and came back with a neat parcel tied to his collar and directed to the Rev. Mr. Stanwix.

[illegible] the world in his lap writing his Christmas sermon on it. Mighty tough sermon it was, too, and got tougher as the slippers continued to arrive. Fact is, he was getting pretty mad; and every new pair sent his temperature up five degrees. Consequently, at ten o'clock he was just boiling. Of course he couldn't swear, but the way he tramped up and down that hall and ground [illegible] amounted to the same thing. The arriving slippers now began to fall off. For ten minutes nothing came, and he was just starting down to ask the landlady if she couldn't put a cot in the hall so he could go to bed, when in came another box. It was from Jane—just her luck, of course, to be late and strike him when he was all worked up to the bursting point. But let us draw a veil over the scene right here and leave the poor man alone as he opens Jane's box.

It was not more than half past nine the next morning when the Rev. Mr. Stanwix mounted the Wilkinson steps and tugged at the door-bell. He asked for Jane. It seemed rather queer, but they ushered him into the parlor and sent Jane in. Well, to make a long story short, it wasn't ten minutes till he had the thing all fixed up. He had his chair drawn close up beside her end of the sofa.

"Jane," he was saying, "I've loved you ever since the first time I saw you, but I never knew it till I opened your box."

"Then you liked them, did you? I'm so glad," murmured Jane.

"I should say I did! Why, it's one of the finest meerschaums I ever saw, and that tobacco used to be my favorite brand at college. But, Jane, how did you know that I used to smoke, and was dying to begin again?"

Jane had stopped breathing at the word meerschaum. Now she caught her breath, and for once in her life rose to the occasion and didn't put her foot in it. She simply looked up at him and smiled demurely.

"Oh, I guessed it," she said.

"It was the best guess you ever made. I should have died last night amidst that awful landslide of slippers if I hadn't smoked about half of that tobacco. I mean to keep on smoking now—that is, if you don't object, dear?"

Jane scored again.

"I rather like the smell of good tobacco," she said.

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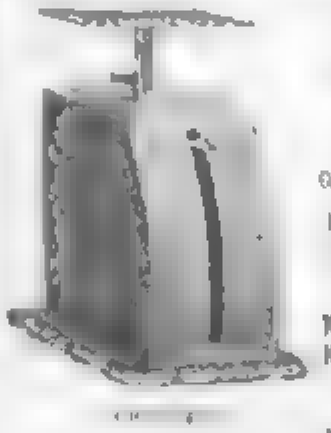

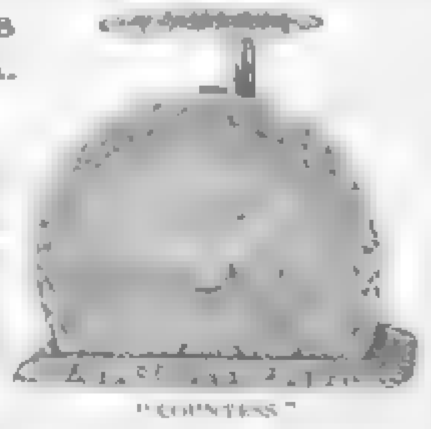

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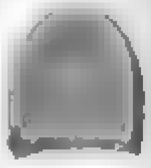

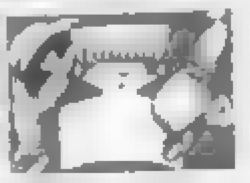

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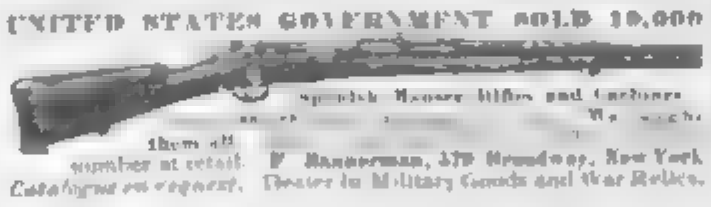

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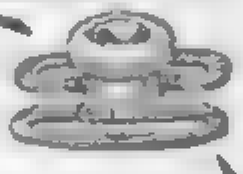

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Christmas a Century Ago

A hundred years ago about five million Americans, free and slave, enjoyed a humble Christmas without so much as a cooking stove in all the United States. This month, nearly seventy-seven millions will observe the same holiday with almost everything that the palate can desire, and with every means from hot coals to electricity for cooking it. The American of a hundred years ago undoubtedly had a better stomach and a larger appetite than the American of to-day, but all the same, we are all glad we are living in the year 1900.

In no point of contrast is the growth of this country so wonderfully shown as in the census figures. In 1800 there were, in the eight Northern States, and in Maine, Indiana and Ohio, which were not States at that time, 2,601,521 whites, 47,154 free blacks and 35,946 slaves; in the eight Southern States and Mississippi and the District of Columbia there were 1,702,980 whites, 61,241 free blacks and 857,095 slaves; making a total of 5,305,937.

The Americans of To-Day

Contrast the figures above with those in the following table, which, though not absolutely final, gives the population of the States and Territories in 1900 as compared with the census of 1890.

	1900	1890	Indians not taxed 1900
The United States.	76,295,220	61,069,756	134,158
Alabama	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Arkansas	[illegible]	[illegible]	
California	1,485,053	1,208,130	1,548
Colorado	539,700	412,198	597
Connecticut	908,355	746,258	
Delaware	184,735	168,493	
Florida	528,542	391,422	
Georgia	2,216,329	1,837,353	
Idaho	161,771	84,385	2,297
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Indiana	2,516,463	2,192,404	
Iowa	2,231,853	1,911,896	
Kansas	1,469,496	1,427,096	
Kentucky	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Louisiana	1,381,627	1,118,587	
Maine	694,366	661,086	
Maryland	1,189,946	1,042,390	
Massachusetts	2,805,346	2,238,943	
Michigan	2,419,782	2,093,889	
Minnesota	1,751,395	1,301,826	1,768
Mississippi	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Missouri	3,107,117	2,679,184	
Montana	243,289	132,159	10,746
Nebraska	1,068,901	1,058,910	..
Nevada	42,334	45,761	1,665
New Hampshire	411,588	376,530	
New Jersey	1,883,669	1,444,933	
New York	7,268,009	5,997,853	4,711
North Carolina	1,891,992	1,617,947	
North Dakota	319,040	182,719	4,692
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Oregon	414,532	313,767	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Rhode Island	428,556	345,506	
South Carolina	1,340,313	1,151,149	
South Dakota	401,559	328,808	10,932
Tennessee	2,022,723	1,767,518	
Texas	3,048,828	2,235,523	
Utah	276,565	207,905	[illegible]
Vermont	343,641	332,422	.
Virginia	1,854,184	1,655,980	..
Washington	517,672	349,390	2,531
West Virginia	958,900	762,794	.
Wisconsin	2,068,963	1,686,880	1,657
Wyoming	92,531	60,705	
Total for 45 States	74,627,907	62,116,811	44,617
Territories, etc			
Alaska, estimated	44,000	32,052	.
Arizona	122,212	59,620	24,622
District of Columbia	278,718	230,392	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Indian Territory	391,960	180,182	
New Mexico	193,777	153,593	2,937
Oklahoma	398,245	61,834	5,927
Persons in the service of the United States stationed abroad, estimated	84,000		
Indians, etc., on Indian reservations, except Indian Territory	...	145,282	
Total for seven Territories, etc.	1,667,313	952,945	[illegible]

The Wonderful Growth of Cities

A hundred years ago no city in America had 100,000 people.

To-day there are sixty-two cities in this country that have a greater population than New York or Philadelphia had one hundred years ago.

We have not space to enumerate all of them; but here, in the order of size, are the fifteen leading cities of the country. There are also the figures for 1890, giving their order in that year, thus showing that even in cities there are changes in position.

		1900		1890
New York, N. Y.	1	3,437,202	1	2,492,591
Chicago, Ill.	2	1,698,575	2	[illegible]
Philadelphia, Pa	3	1,293,697	3	[illegible]
St. Louis, Mo	4	575,238	4	[illegible]
Boston, Mass	5	560,892	5	448,477
Baltimore, Md	6	508,957	6	434,439
[illegible]	[illegible]	381,768	9	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	12	287,104	11	[illegible]
Detroit, Mich.	13	285,704	14	[illegible]
Milwaukee, Wis	14	285,315	15	[illegible]
Washington, D. C	15	278,718	13	[illegible]

A Popular Census Unknown

The figures of the 1900 census represent not only the best census ever taken in the United States, but the best in the world. All census figures previous to 1790 were largely guesswork. The census became a part of our political system, not because it was especially desired, but because it was necessary in our scheme of government. We had to have the figures for a basis of popular representation and taxation.

No census was ever popular and it is quite likely that none ever will be. Not only do the people resent the unavoidable inquisitiveness of it, but inbred in all races is an aversion to being counted. It is not characteristic of one class or of any particular part of the world, but is general; and it has existed from the very beginning.

When David was king a census was followed by a pestilence that destroyed 70,000 men, and for a long time it was almost impossible to make another count of the population. The opposition ran through centuries and was encouraged by the early Christians and by the Mohammedans; and it thus got into the bone and fibre of the races. So late as 150 years ago, when it was proposed in the British Parliament to institute a census, a member arose and stated that "the people looked upon the proposal as ominous, and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemical distemper should follow."

So, when we resented the enumerator's questions, we might have ascribed our aversion to heredity as well as to our own dislike of being interrogated.

Collecting All the Facts

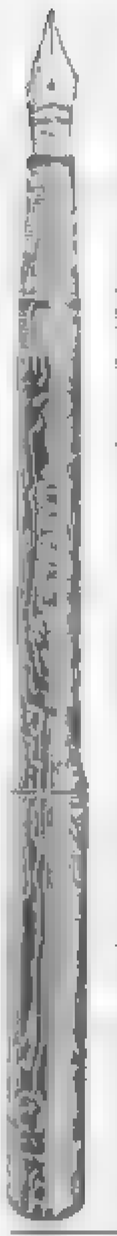
When Peter the Great took a census of Russia he did not count the women. In this country the Government not only counts the women, but carries its inquiries so far as to find out how many old maids are in the land.

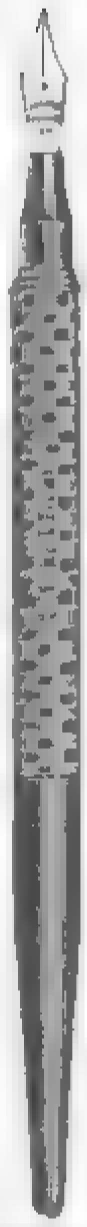
Our first official census, which, by the way, required nine months in the taking, covered only six points — viz.: the name of the head of the family, the number of free white males of sixteen and upward, the number of free white males under sixteen, the number of free white females, the number of other free persons, and the number of slaves. Through the century the census developed until, in 1890, it comprehended almost everything upon the earth, beneath the water, and in the air. The consequence was a Herculean task that extended practically over ten years and that met the usual fate of trying to do too much. This year better counsels prevailed, and thus we have the figures of population within a few months, and the other statistics are coming in.

The Greatest in the World

There will be enough information to show the greatness and increase of the country. The figures will be given to us from week to week, and those that have been already received show gains in all directions. Every State has increased in population, and the only city which has apparently lost is the one which padded its returns ten years ago and now suffers for its folly.

The United States now has a larger population than any European country except Russia; and the average of our wealth and productive capacity carries us far beyond that kingdom in real greatness. Germany, among European countries, comes next to the United States, but it can show only a population of 52,279,901, or about two thirds of our total. In area, the United States, with its new possessions, is about as large as all Europe. In wealth it is the richest nation the world has ever known.





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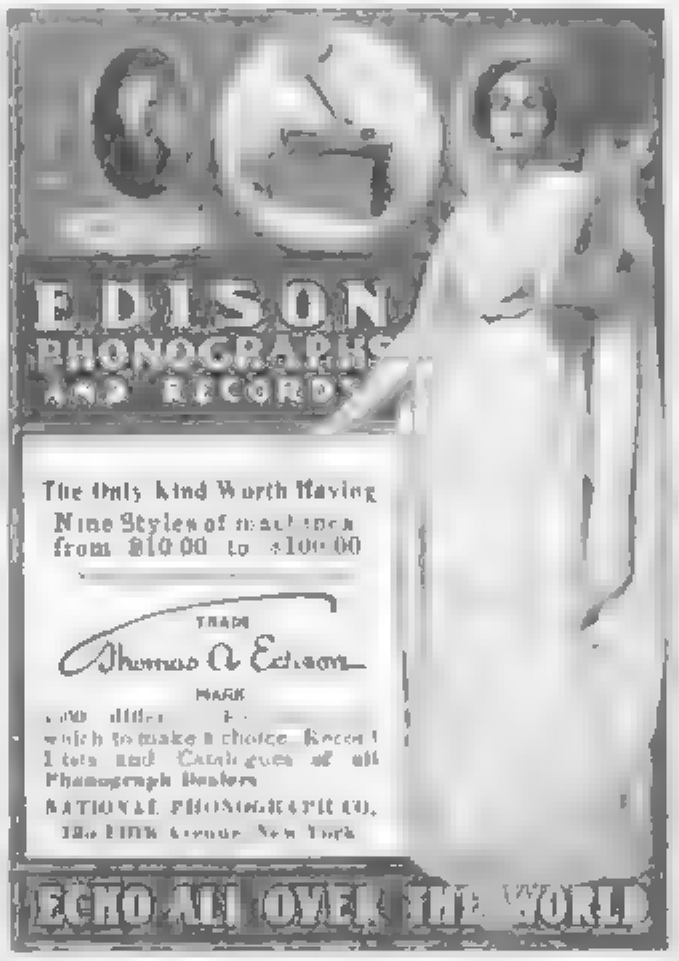

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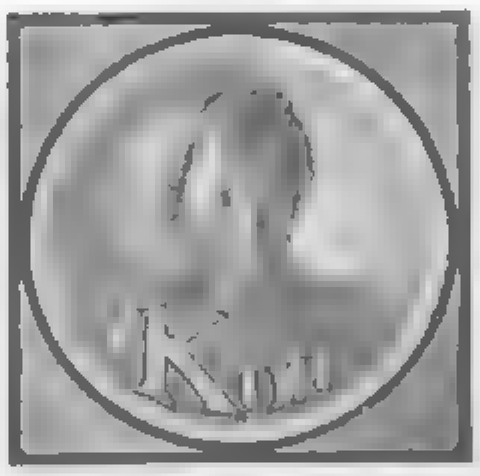

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The illustrations are by **J. Lockwood Kipling**, father of the author, and **Edwin Lord Weeks**. Both of them have lived and worked for years in India.

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Mrs. Humphry Ward's Eleanor

Mrs. Humphry Ward has chosen Italy as the setting for her latest novel, Eleanor (*Harper & Brothers*), and the choice is beyond measure a wise one. No one can describe as she does the intimate and penetrating charm of its loveliness. We felt the beauty of the English home in Helbeck of Bannisdale; we feel now doubly and trebly the haunting grace of the South, until, like [illegible] nor, we "hunger pitifully for a land that can never be shaken from our hearts. Italy is, moreover, a convenient spot for a writer whose imagination is dominated, like Mrs. Ward's, by the Church of Rome. She cannot let it alone. The very passion of her revolt from this domination sets us fancying, with the Queen in Hamlet, "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." Alternately drawn and repelled, she circles around her subject, piling up gossamer arguments against the ancient creed, only to yield suddenly, and again stiffens herself into a defensive attitude with what seems a suspicious exuberance of scorn.

Here lies the interest of the book. For the rest, the story of two women who passionately love one man takes no great hold upon our fancy. Eleanor is an exquisite creation—the most charming woman whom Mrs. Ward has yet given in any of her novels, and one we cannot think she treats with sufficient kindness. Lucy is a "hearsay" study of a girl, an austere young Puritan whose beauty we must accept, since we are assured of its existence, but who carries no conviction of other qualities. I wonder why they both find Manisty so irresistible. He is, to be sure, the only man in the Villa, and propinquity may sufficiently account for Lucy's infatuation. Any girl of nineteen will naturally fall in love with a tolerably attractive man if she sees him every day, and sees nobody else to dispute his supremacy. But Eleanor's piteous self-surrender to a passion that consumes her life lik[illegible] smouldering on the hearth is not to be so easily credited or endured. Eleanor has helped Manisty with his work. She knows his weakness, his egotism, his love of dispute and argument—a trait most trying to the finely poised feminine mind. She has not even the glamour of success to dazzle her, for Manisty, restless and versatile, is made for failure. She has seen the world and the men that walk thereon, and yet she dies because this arrogant young god pushes her without commiseration from his path. Nor is this the worst. To die with dignity and reserve, even for a foolish love, is not so hard a fate. But Eleanor, a sweet and gracious woman, flings the best of her womanhood to the winds, begs pity and help from her rival, plots and counterplots, struggles and deceives, before she can accept what seems so small a loss. It is too cruel, too humiliating.

One other protest, a trivial one, the critic feels bound to make. Throughout the book a somewhat persistent stress is laid upon Eleanor's faded charms, her long-buried past, the tragic background of her life, the pity of her childless widowhood, the intention she has formed of bringing forward a young cousin into London society—everything is said, or hinted, that can indicate advancing years. And then we are told that she is twenty nine—twenty nine, and so, of course, unfit to cope with the radiance of nineteen. Does Mrs. Ward really consider that a woman has spent her youth, and reached the staid barriers of middle life, at twenty nine?

—*Agnes Repplier*

Gilbert Parker's Literary Future

At the time of the recent general election in Great Britain there was a possibility that several well known novelists would be able shortly to write M. P. after their names. But Mr. Gilbert Parker is the only one who obtained the coveted distinction. Some admirers of Mr. Parker's stories may have had a moment of disappointment when the news was announced, because they wondered whether political interests would not take up too much of the time which they thought ought to be given to literature. It ought, however, by this time to be a truism to every one, that the only man who can easily take on extra work is the man who is already a very busy worker. There need be no fear of Mr. Parker's deserting literature. He himself puts it quite definitely. "I am, and I always shall be, first of all a writer." He may be interested in politics, and most deeply, but his work is the most important thing, and his work is literature.

Mr. Parker for Federation

Mr. Parker's services in connection with the passing of the Canadian Copyright bill will be remembered, and as a new copyright bill is likely to be introduced into Parliament this winter, it is possible that he will be of service as the special mouthpiece of the Society of Authors. But it is as an advocate of Imperial Federation that Mr. Parker expects to find his work. It is true that he has specialized somewhat in social questions, last year appearing on the committee for founding a Home for Working Girls. He has, however, if one may put it that way, specialized still more in Imperial Federation questions. He knows his Canada, north, south, east and west; and he knows better than almost any one the French Canadian who makes the problem of closer union between Canada and the mother country so delicate a one. From the British point of view it is significant and encouraging that a man who writes so enthusiastically and so sympathetically of the Queen's French subjects believes with equal enthusiasm in the possibility of their increasing loyalty and devotion. Australia Mr. Parker might also be said to have in his gripsack, for he spent four years there as a journalist. And he has lived enough in England to understand the problem at home.

The Empire and the Colonies

Mr. Parker's political policy is, briefly, that the Federation of the Empire shall come as quickly as it can and as gradually as it must. In the immediate future, army reform is the path by which the first steps must be taken. If the Colonies are to contribute their quota of men to the army there must inevitably be a central administration from Pall Mall. Then there must be payment from Pall Mall. And if the Colonies are to pay they must have representation. Thus runs the argument.

Campaigning in England is short work, but lively while it lasts. Mr. Parker made four speeches almost every day, and besides appearing before his own constituency, spoke in Scotland. There seem to have been no incidents in the campaign of a specially literary flavor. It is said, however, that there are sixteen different forms of alleged jest founded on some connection between the title of Mr. Parker's novel, The Seats of the Mighty, and the question of his sitting in the House of Commons.

The New Books of the Week

The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures: Florence K. Upton	Longmans, Green & Co.
Urchins of the Sea: Marie Overton Corbin and Charles Buxton Going	Longmans, Green & Co.
The Heart of the Ancient Wood: Charles G. D. Roberts	Silver, Burdett & Co.
The Duke of Stockbridge: Edward Bellamy	Silver, Burdett & Co.
The Bread Line: Albert Bigelow Paine	The Century Company
Eothen: Alexander William Kinglake	The Century Company
The Pilgrim's Progress: John Bunyan	The Century Company
The Vicar of Wakefield: Oliver Goldsmith	The Century Company
My Winter Garden: Maurice Thompson	The Century Company
Paris of To-Day: Richard Whiteing	The Century Company
Wanted—A Matchmaker: Paul Leicester Ford	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Wonders of Nature: Esther Singleton	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Stringtown on the Pike: John Uri Lloyd	Dodd, Mead & Co.
A Woman Tenderfoot: Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson	Doubleday, Page & Co.
Golf Don'ts: H. L. Fitzpatrick	Doubleday, Page & Co.
The Bandit Mouse: W. A. Fraser	Rand, McNally & Co.
A Bicycle of Cathay: Frank R. Stockton	Harper & Brothers
Devil Tales: Virginia Frazer Boyle	Harper & Brothers
Eleanor: Mrs. Humphry Ward	Harper & Brothers
The Riddle of the Universe: Prof. Ernst Haeckel	Harper & Brothers

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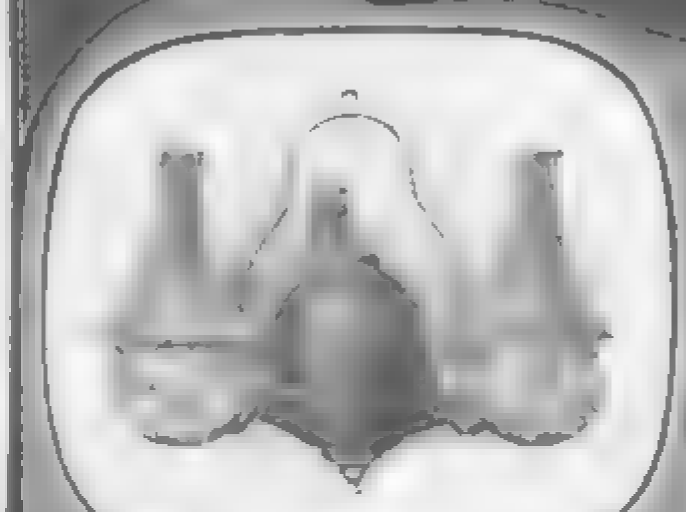

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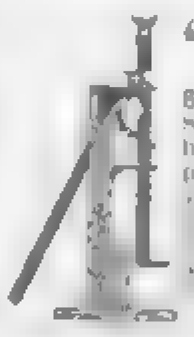

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

EXCAVATIONS in the most ancient burial-places have proved the fact that people in olden times lost their teeth, just as their descendants do nowadays, by their dropping out — a trouble wholly distinct from the decay which is itself such an affliction.

Up to the period of maturity the chewing instruments of human beings are markedly subject to the complaint which engenders the casual cavity, and demand precautionary attention. After adult age, however, what is technically known as dental *caries* is unusual, comparatively speaking, and the victim might have reason to feel cheered on this account were it not that he is extremely liable to attack by a much worse complaint.

At least one person out of four suffers sooner or later from this more serious danger to his or her dental equipment, and one of its worst features is that it is apt to attack people when they are hardly past their youth, causing their teeth to fall out one after another in a most annoying and even distressing way.

Now, perhaps the most remarkable point about the complaint in question is that not one dentist in twenty, at the present time, has any idea of the proper method of treating it and stopping its ravages. Yet the disease is simple enough. Its immediate and obvious symptom is the deposit of carbonate of lime, popularly known as tartar, about the bases of the teeth. The tartar very slowly and gradually invades the sockets in which the teeth are held, setting up — because it is a foreign body — an inflammation. The next step is a tendency on the part of the gums to withdraw from the roots of the teeth and, when the trouble has reached a certain point, the teeth become loose. It is then merely a question of time when they will drop out.

The ancient Egyptians used to lose their teeth in this way; their mummies, examined by modern dental experts, prove it. It is hardly to be expected that we should escape the malady, but unquestionably we have the advantage of understanding its nature and of knowing a cure for it.

But if the malady has not gone far it can be prevented from advancing farther, and in its early stages it can be cured, as the removal of the tartar, by the application of carbolic acid and iodine solutions, under careful directions, and the regular use by the patient of suitable mouth-washes, will accomplish the end. Bleeding of the gums is the first noticeable symptom of the disease.

Pneumatic Typewriters

Electric typewriters, of which more than one pattern is already on the market, will find rivals in the equally new pneumatic typewriters. These latter, as their name would indicate, utilize compressed air, which furnishes power to operate the type-bars or wheels, according to the style of machine. The air is stored under pressure in a cylinder, the mechanism being similar to that of a bicycle pump and as easily managed. Admission of the air from the cylinder to the operating mechanism is controlled by the keys — that is to say, by the touch of the fingers of the operator.

When the A key is touched, for example, the air rushes from the cylinder to the connection for the A type-bar, and the latter prints the letter without the exertion, by the operator, of any force worth mentioning. A mere touch furnishes the pressure required to open a valve, which allows the air to come from the cylinder. In short, the same end is gained as by the electric typewriter, the operator being relieved of all necessity for muscular effort. This is the simple end and aim of the power typewriter, whatever the character of its mechanism.

Where an ordinary typewriter is used, the exercise of the necessary force by abrupt, sharp blows, repeated with great rapidity, tends to fatigue the operator, not so much by reason of the amount of work performed, as on account of the nervous tension which the peculiar mode of doing such work requires. When labor of this kind is kept up all day long, day after day and year after year, it is likely to have an injurious effect upon health.

Incidentally, the pneumatic typewriters render much greater speed practicable, and another advantage they have is that all the letters they print are equally distinct. In ordinary typescript the distinctions of the letters varies considerably, as the strength of the stroke of the operator varies.

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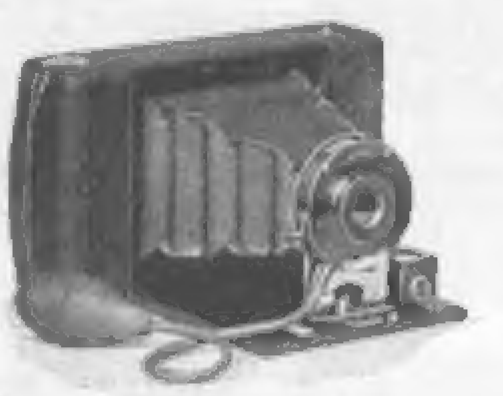

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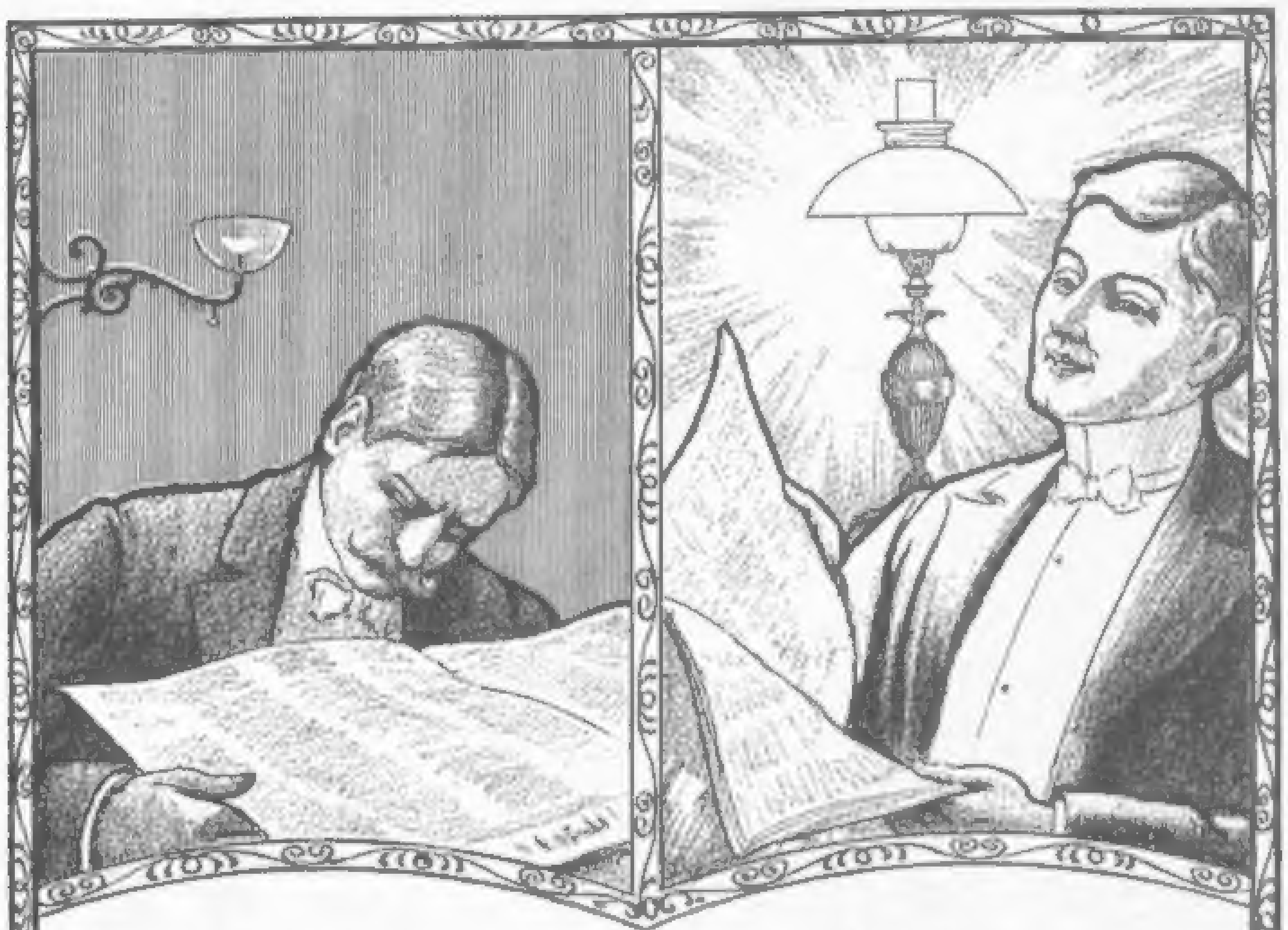

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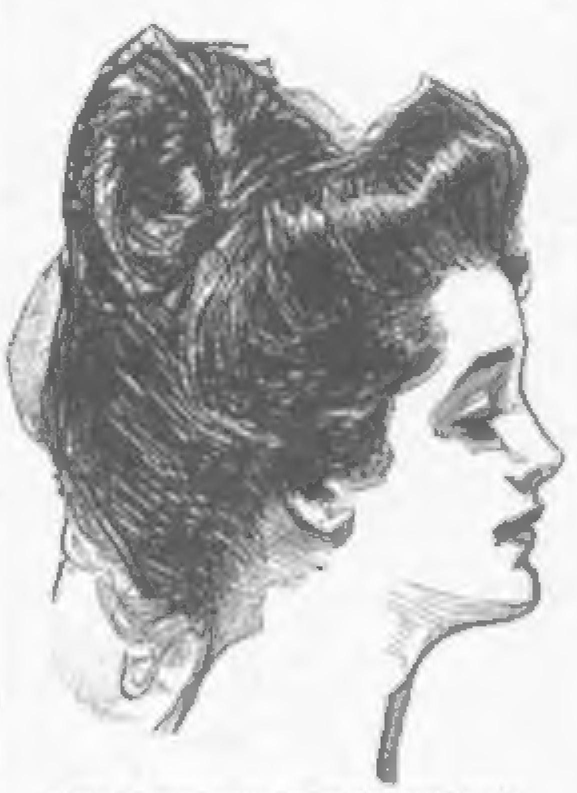

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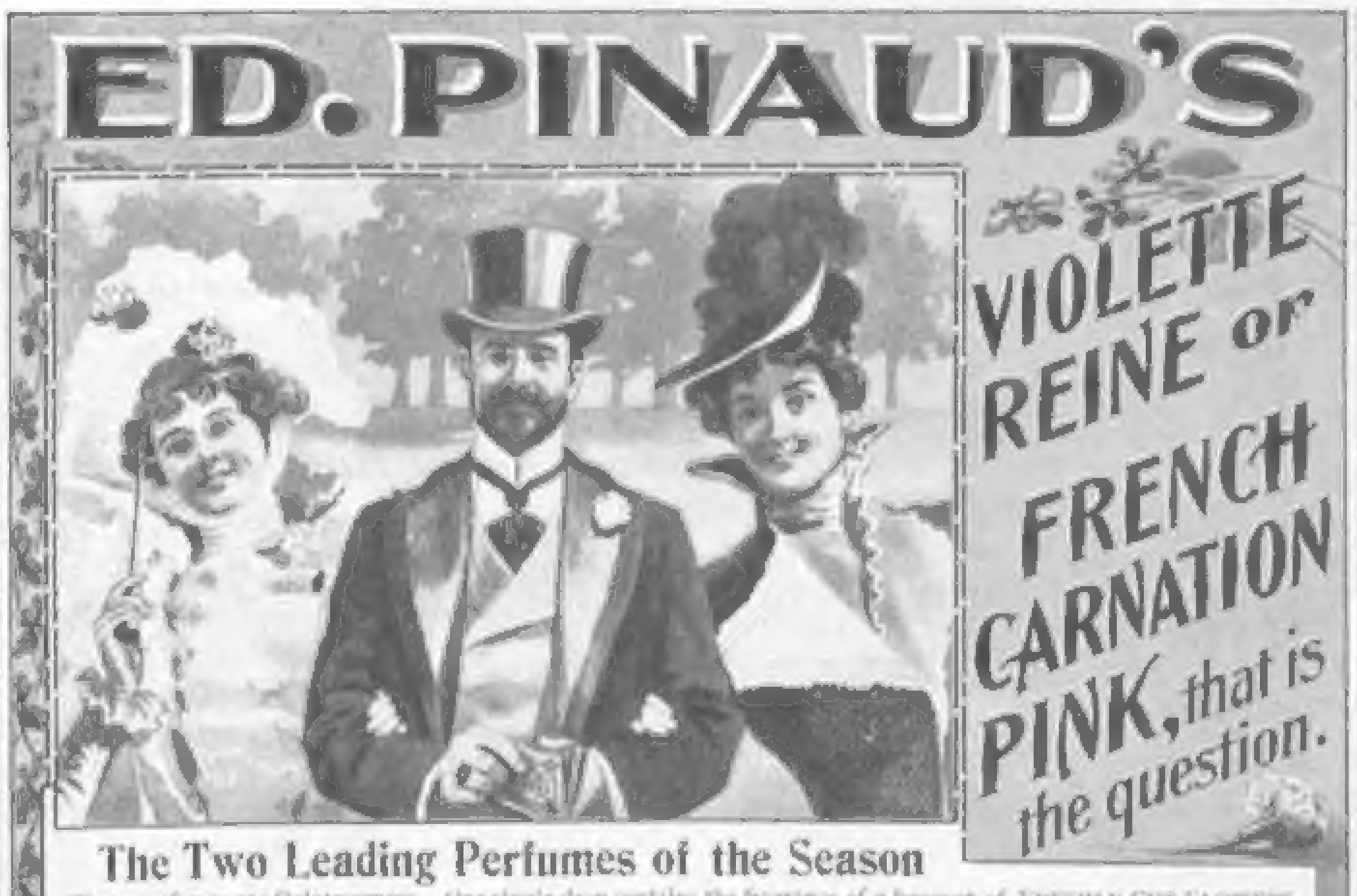
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